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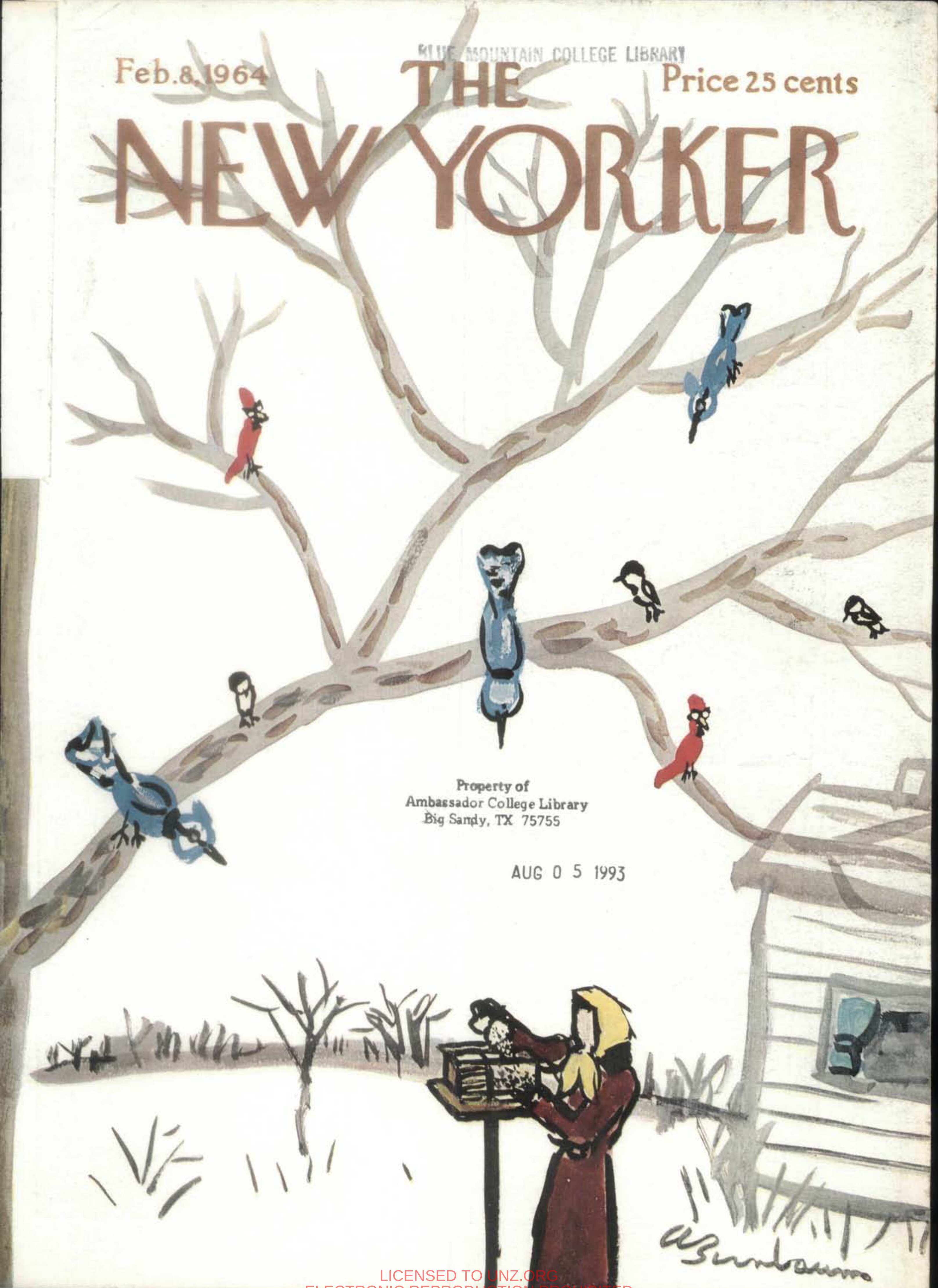

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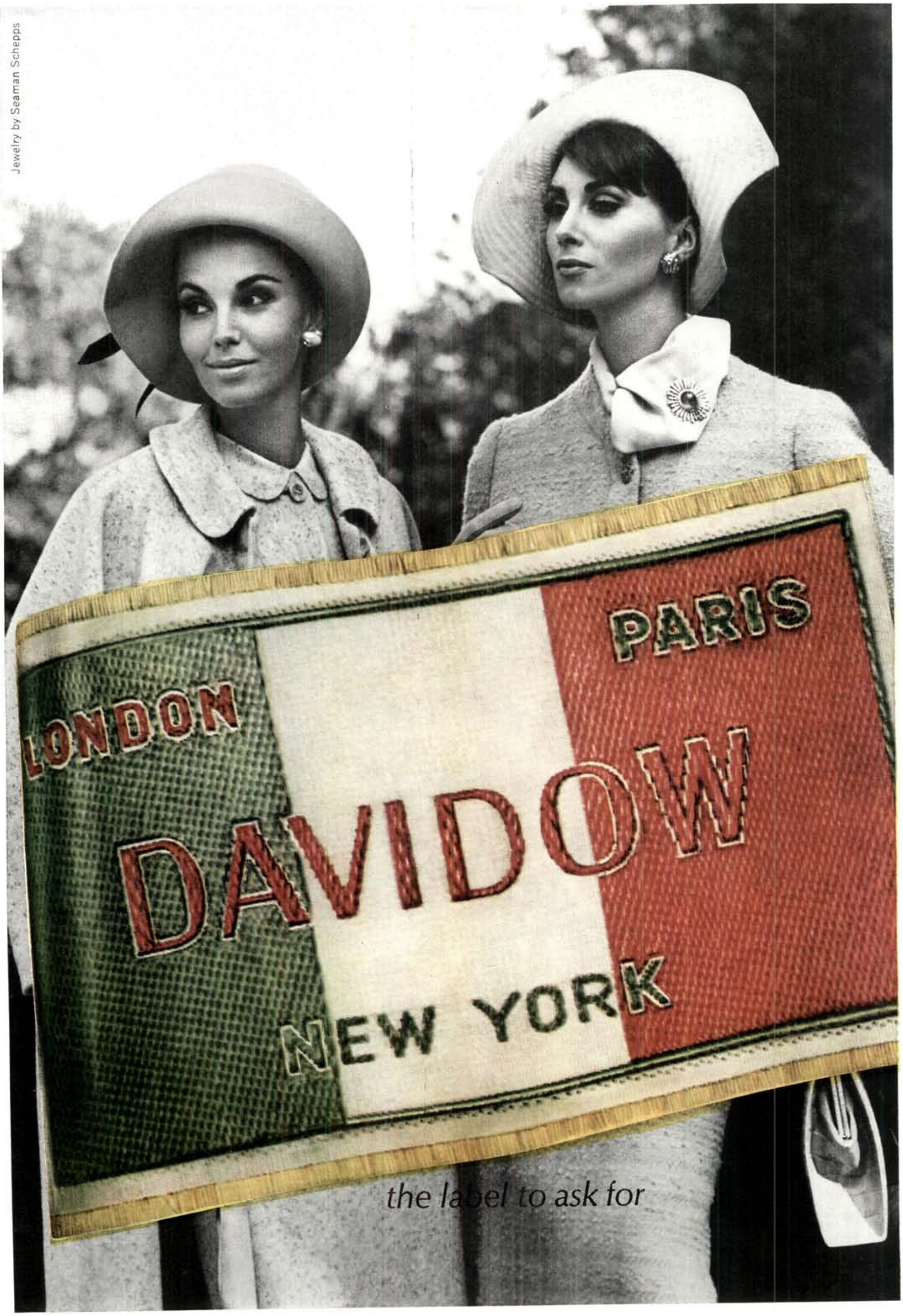
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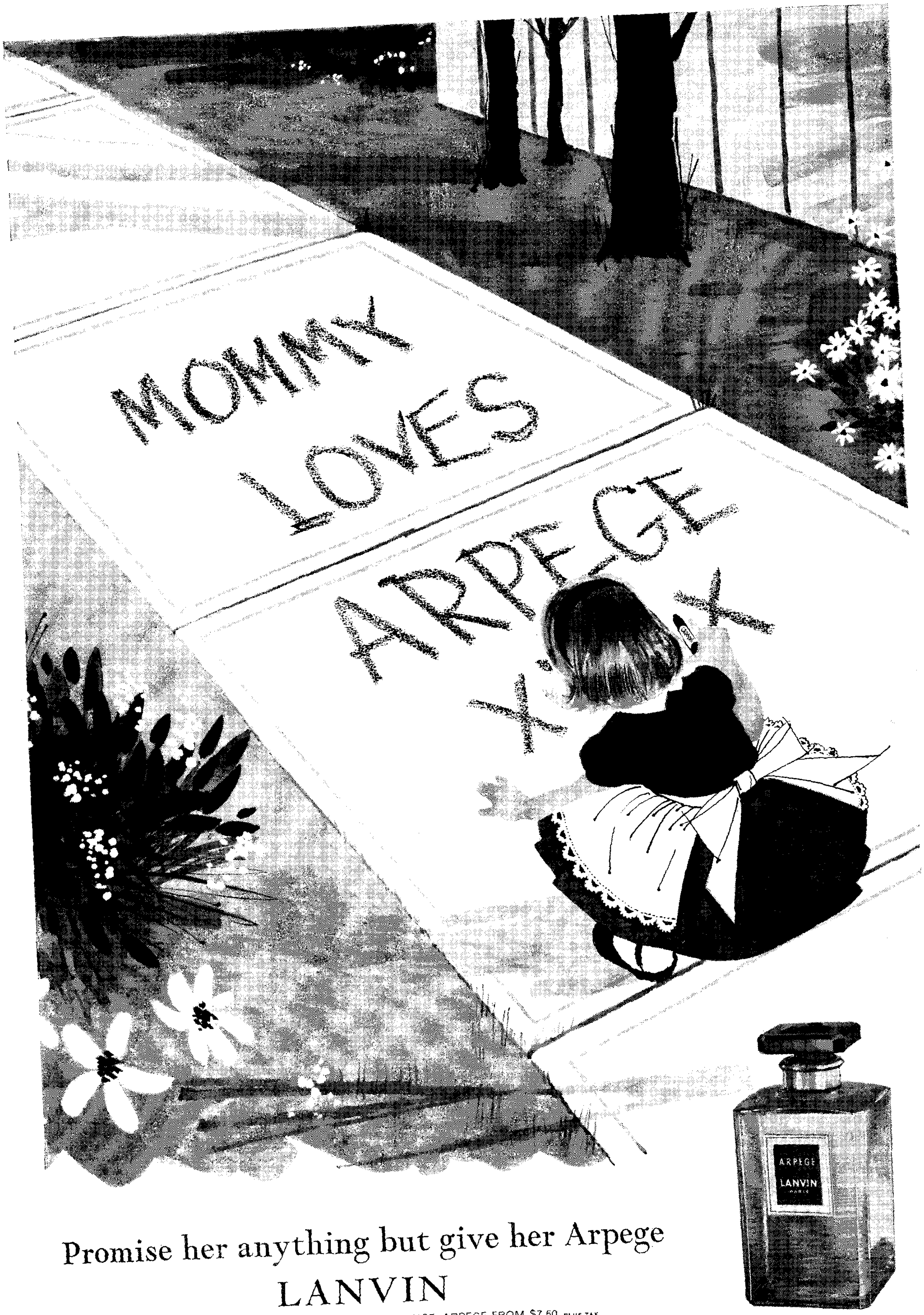
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Every so often, this play by Edward Albee, who adapted it from a novelette by Carson McCullers, comes up with a decisive scene, but on the whole it is a rather murky affair. Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Dunn, and Lou Antonio are splendid as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in the central roles. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—A lady just reaching seventy decides to give her children the back of her hand in this comedy by Enid Bagnold. Rather slow going, but distinguished by the performances of Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams as assorted old-timers. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—A ramshackle drama by Arnold Wesker about an R.A.F. boot camp where the young men feel oppressed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 8.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Habimah—S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk" is the first in a series of three plays to be presented in a seven-week engagement by the National Theatre of Israel. Earphones provide a simultaneous English translation. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Luther—John Osborne's powerful reconstruction of the career of the great reformer. John Heffernan has recently replaced Albert Finney in the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 9.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston, prancing about amusingly, is head man in this comedy about Hollywood television. The play was written by Ronald Alexander and directed galvanically by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—A pair of one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, the first of which is pretty dreary and the second of which has a bit of bounce. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 29.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964:** Four lively wits (Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue, now revised, with new material added. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **ENTER LAUGHING:** A comedy about a Jewish boy (Alan Arkin) who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

The Girl Who Came to Supper—A short order of schmalz having to do with a Middle European grand duke who gets involved with a Milwaukee hoofer in the course of the coronation of George V. The musical, which was adapted from the play by Terence Rattigan, has tunes and lyrics by Noël Coward and features Tessie O'Shea, Florence Henderson, Sean Scully, and José Ferrer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine supporting cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in, the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—Although not quite as stimulating as "The Rainmaker," from which it was adapted, this musical still has merit, mostly because Inga Swenson, as the heroine, is wonderfully beguiling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. Dick Shawn will succeed Mr. Mostel on Monday, Feb. 10. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** Dickens' "Oliver Twist," more or less. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Rugantino—A Roman musical, with an English translation by Alfred Drake and Edward Eager projected above the actors' heads. Nino Manfredi, Ornella Vanoni, and Aldo Fabrizi are in the cast. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen and Jack Hylton. Opens Thursday, Feb. 6. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fair Game for Lovers—A comedy by Richard Dougherty, with Leo Genn, Forrest Tucker, and Maggie Hayes. Directed by Paul Shyre and produced by Herbert Swope, Jr., in association with Bufman & Seiden. Opens Monday, Feb. 10. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; open-

	Page
BOOKS	128
THE CURRENT CINEMA	106
MUSICAL EVENTS	110
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	114
THE RACE TRACK	126

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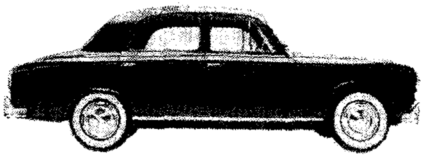

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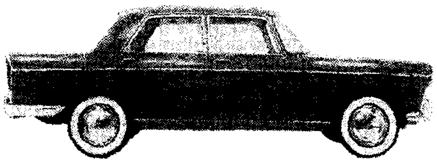

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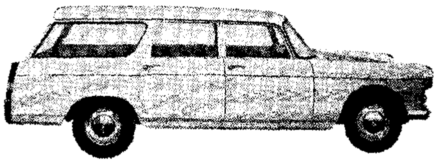

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ing-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Passion of Josef D.—Peter Falk and Luther Adler in a new play by Paddy Chayefsky, who is also the director. The producers are Arthur Cantor, E. E. Fogelson, and Mark Lawrence. Previews through Monday, Feb. 10. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 11. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Foxy—A musical version of Ben Jonson's comedy "Volpone," with a book by Ian McLelland Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., lyrics by Johnny Mercer, and music by Robert Emmett Dolan. Bert Lahr and Larry Blyden head the cast. The director is Robert Lewis, the producer David Merrick. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 11-12, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 13. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A musical based on the novel by Budd Schulberg, who, with Stuart Schulberg, wrote the book. The music and lyrics are by Ervin Drake, and the cast includes Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, and Robert Alda. Produced by Joseph Cates and directed by Abe Burrows. Previews through Friday, Feb. 14. Opens officially on Saturday, Feb. 15. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," the initial offering of the talented group of performers, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. . . . ¶ Previews for the second play in the repertory, a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions," with Hal Holbrook and David Wayne, will take place on Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening on Thursday, Feb. 20. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

City Center—A two-week return engagement of Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons," with William Roderick, Bruce Gordon, and Albert Dekker. Directed by Noel Willman and produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a Marine Corps prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cabin in the Sky—Rosetta LeNoire in a revival of the Lynn Root-Vernon Duke-John Latouche 1940 musical. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Caretaker—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Funnyhouse of a Negro—A one-act play that portrays, in Expressionistic fashion and with a kind of grim wit, the anguished, spectre-ridden world of a desperate Negro girl. Adrienne Kennedy is the promising dramatist. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Thursday through Saturday at 8 and 10, and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Wednesday, Feb. 12.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. OR 5-3213. Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30.)

A Lovely Light—Dorothy Stickney in a return engagement of the one-woman show that she adapted from the poems and letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play and The Lover—Samuel Beckett's "Play" involves three corpses, encased in urns, who talk separately and in chorus, to no apparent purpose. "The Lover" is Harold Pinter's very funny new comedy, which may be part parody of Noël Coward and Edward Albee but is stamped in every line with Mr. Pinter's own delightful originality. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

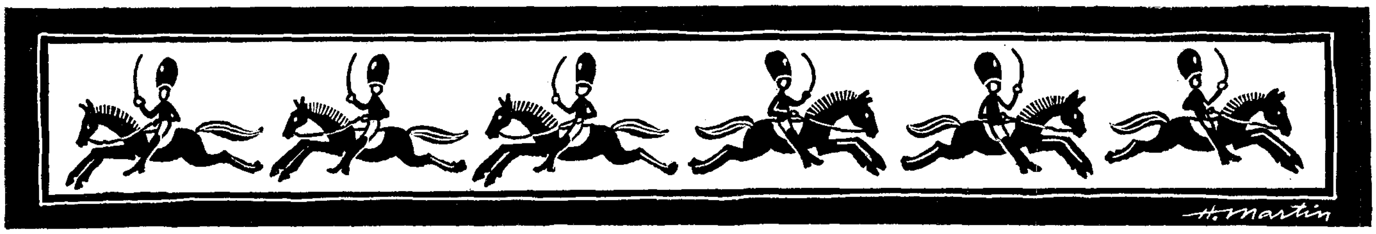
Riverside Drive—Sylvia Sidney and Donald Woods are the whole cast of a pair of two-character plays—"Damn You, Scarlett O'Hara" and "All My Pretty Little Ones"—written by John Donovan and directed by Douglas Seale. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4. No performance Thursday, Feb. 6.)

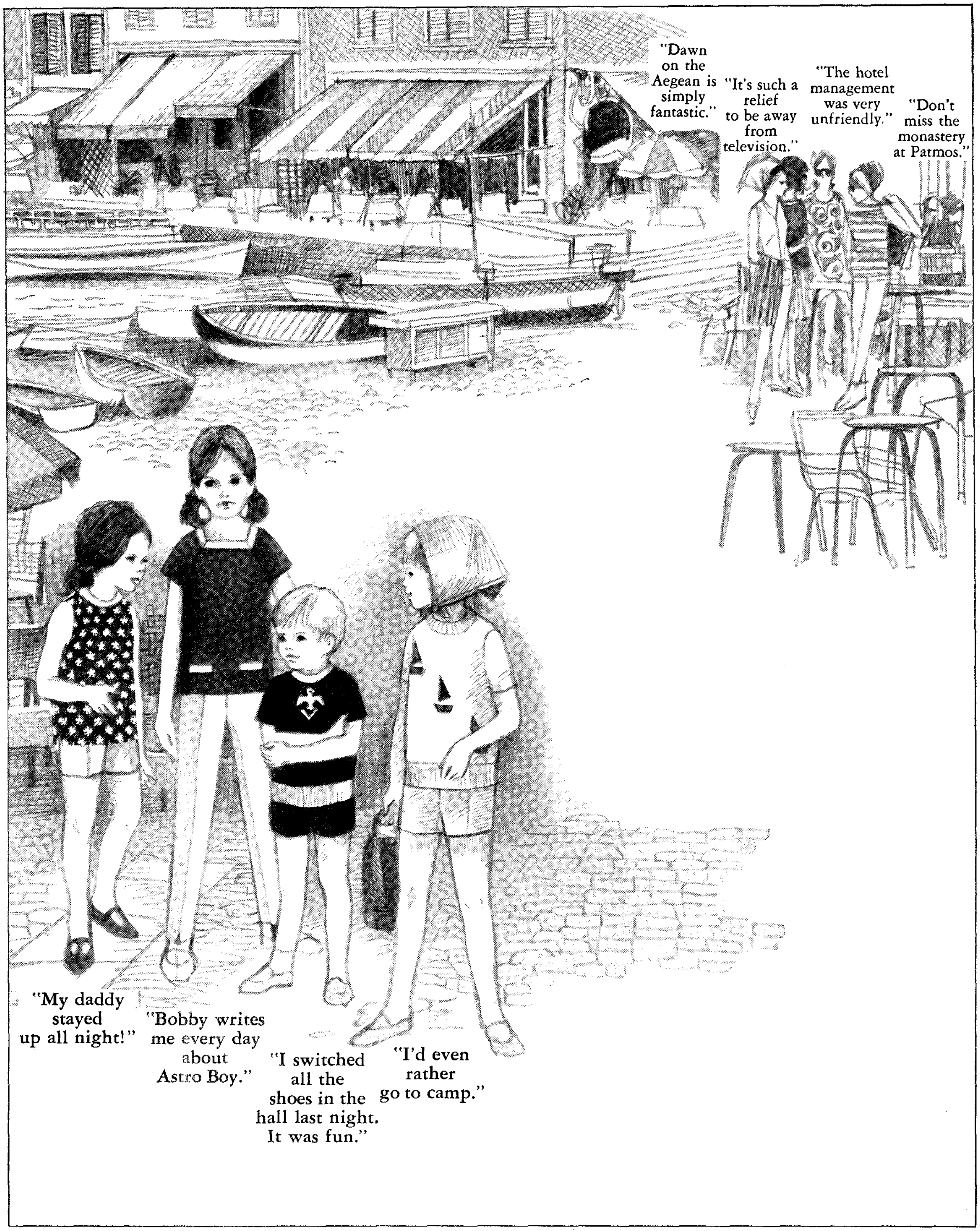
Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and

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10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Feb. 9.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—The combination of a set of poems, by James Weldon Johnson, with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mazowsze—A company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra. Presented by S. Hurok for a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Feb. 11, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 23. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Josephine Baker—With her company of dancers (including Geoffrey Holder), plus an orchestra. Presented by Sherman S. Krellberg for a two-week engagement. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald, the goodness of whose nature improves whatever she sings, takes charge of the Royal Box at dinner and supper. She inclines more toward the ballad and less toward jazz than she used to do, but no matter; whatever she does comes under the heading of irresistible force. Roy Eldridge's quartet gives her the proper support. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The floral tributes that adorn the walls of the restaurant come from Never-Never Land, but the dance music, which runs from nine to one, is for real. Charles Turecamo's little band is doing it now; on Monday, Feb. 10, George Anaya's little band, which is Latin, takes over the job. There's dinner music, of the table-to-table sort, as well, between eight and ten. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The animal kingdom—nutria, mink, chinchilla, sable, ermine—at play. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do dance music for anyone for whom this pageantry is not enough. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, Renato Rossini plays guitar, brisk at dinner and hand-kissing later on. He's absent Mondays, but a Ben Cutler band is in a good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room we find Dorothy Loudon, one of the seven lively arts (and one of the brightest, too), whose words and music have a way of reducing the unctuously sublime to the ridiculous. This sleight of voice goes on at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's industrious groups do hour after hour of dance tunes for the patrons. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Peter Duchin's orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns represents great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays for people who feared that tea dancing on Fifth Avenue had been permanently abolished. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Shepheards, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The spirit of the Cairo Shepheards back in the days of Empire lives on, seven nights a week, to incessant but jovial dance music (part machine-made, part man-made) that begins at eight. Some of the décor is Peter Larkin's merry Egyptology (he's made the place look like a den of Thebes); the rest is black tie and diamond coronet.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Milt Shaw's band is percolating around the Embassy Club, which is back on its old routine of dinner and supper and eurythmics—eight to one in general, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, whose eager-beaver operatics have a forthright, innocent charm all their own, is gaily bruising the acoustics of the Empire Room twice an evening. A more than usually jaunty Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz are also in action. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): On an evening's stroll among the dinner tables in this Florentine garden, one can encounter not a few old-school musicians, Puccini and Leoncavallo among them. The baton man for the singers is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, Mr. B. expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **Café Ambassador,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

takes place every night but Sunday.... **ARCHIE'S**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): A prankish glimpse of the nineteenth century, made festive indeed by Hugh Shannon, who gives his pianoforte a sturdy barroom bounce and his all-in-fun ballads a firm, round, fully packed tenor. Michael Burr's bass fiddle joins in the romp. The Downeys, of Eighth Avenue public-house renown, are the management. The music, not audible on Sundays, begins at ten. ... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays.... **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little bower, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. Closed Sundays. ... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): This wing of the Empress's palace is more a monument to Napoleon than to Josephine. It is completely staffed—chef, barman, court musician, and all. The musician is Jules Kuti, whose piano discourses knowingly from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg, part of it is a smaller flock of accordionists.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio during the week; on Sundays, they find a jazz duo. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar of a restaurant that reminds one of dining in state in San Francisco or Sausalito, a full-fledged organ muses from five-thirty to seven and from eleven to three every night but Sunday.... **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. The music breaks into dance rhythm now and again; Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity. Seven is the zero hour. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): This happy hunting ground for night owls has decided to put its small dance floor back to work, so a trio checks in at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the piano of George Feyer, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. The waves are tiny, but nobody seems to mind. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who's part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Home, home on the range where the gypsy and the zimbalon play. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dim are the lights, dark is the panelling, and dark are the Russian eyes that Marina Fedorovskaya, the clear-as-a-bell and unmannered innkeeper, sings of between seven-thirty and two. The air is Russian (Imperial), too; so are the ruminative piano and violin; so is the chef. Closed Mondays.... **GOGI'S**, 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): In the bar, Bob Phillips, a new hand, does mellow piano from five to seven. Closed Saturdays.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings.... **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which is often an Ivy League forum at the cocktail hour, Joan Bishop applies herself assiduously and calmly to her piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A potpourri of girlery is the basis of "Diamond Fair," a mighty and munificently endowed extravaganza, for aside from a few male acrobats, magicians, and dancers, all dressed to the nines, there's little but bloom-of-youth ladies, dressed to the threes, twos, and ones. The shepherd of this pulsing flock is Bobby Breen, a youth himself when there was still a Hollywood, a vaudevillian today. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The shining light is Miriam Makeba, who is better able than almost any other singer around to combine imperial majesty with simplicity; it's a mixture that makes folk music grow to great heights. Also on hand: a quartet in which Stan Getz and Jimmy Raney take solos that aren't altogether jazz but *are* handsome as can be, and a monologue by Bill Cosby, who hasn't yet got the hang of how to be really funny. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Once again, in "Baker's Dozen," his new revue, Julius Monk is holding the mirror up to life, and once again, his imitation thereof is not the sincerest flattery. As befits the world panorama, the mood is more serious these nights, but it's also as searing as it ever was. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, Delphi Harrington, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Richard Blair. The band is the pianos of William Roy, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. Exhibitions at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The narration is by Woody Allen, up from the sidewalks of Brooklyn, whose memoirs of a childhood that he's still in the midst of are wild, woolly, and witty indeed. Dinner and supper are always part of the course. A trio rambles through the lounge from two until curfew, except Sundays.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Severn Darden as a man of few but fulminating words, Barbara Harris as a mindless urchin—these are the unending delights of the Second City company's new revue, a sometimes ambulatory, sometimes

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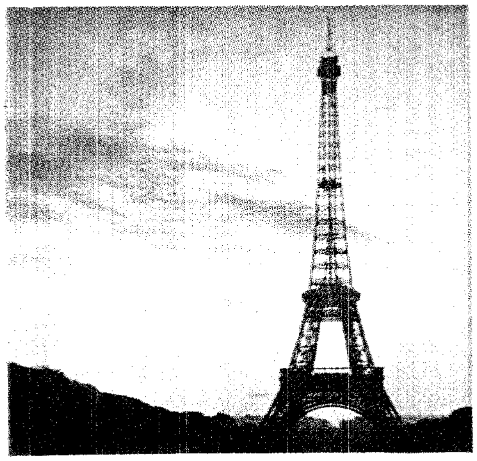

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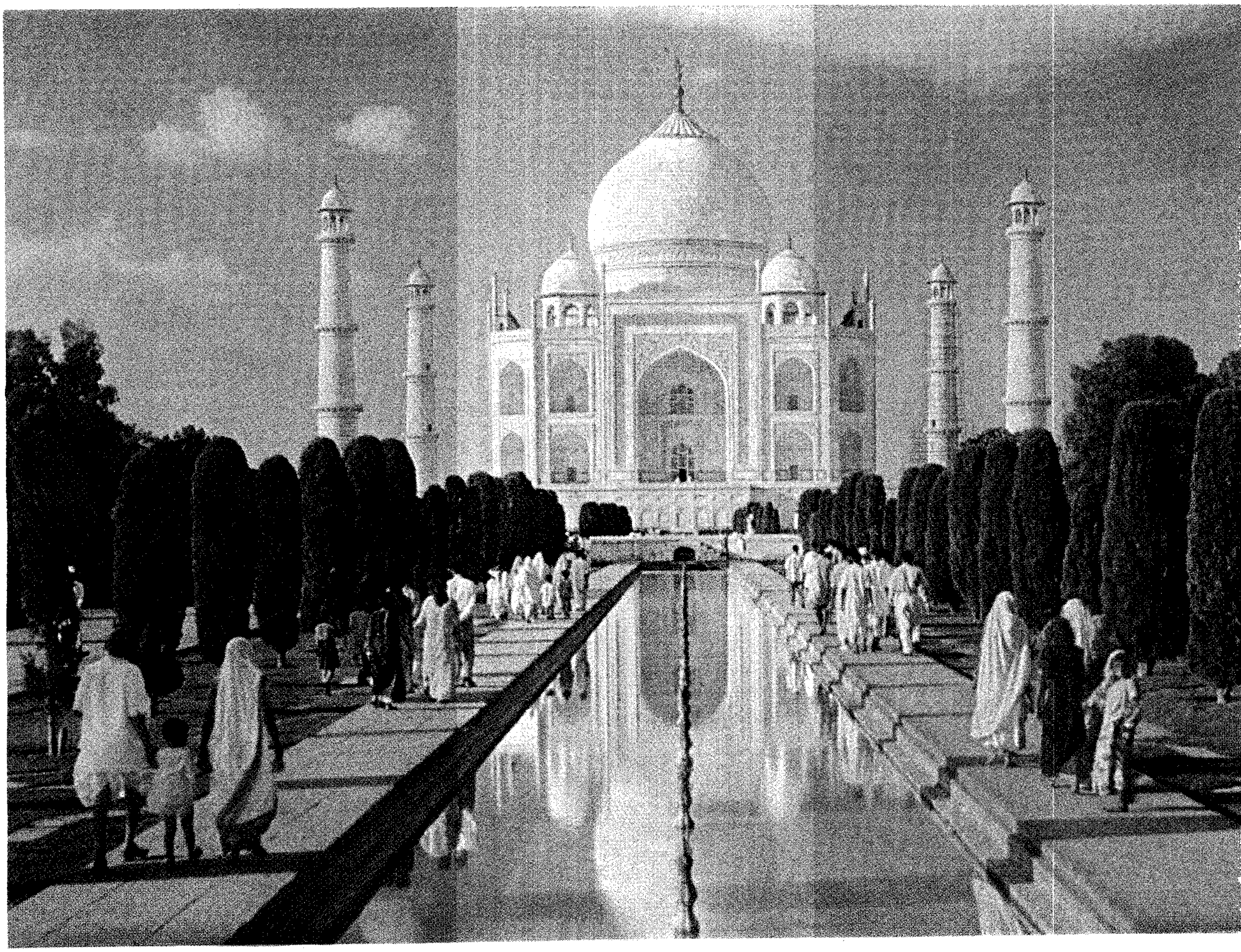

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headlong venture into sardonicism. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. The schedule: Tuesdays through Fridays at nine and eleven-thirty; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at nine. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment" is the third, and unsparing, round of a London charivari addressed to the removal of stuffing from the shirts of the mighty and ramming it down their throats. Peter Cook is its eminent principal author and thinker. Except for the darkling and delightful Carole Simpson, the expert cast—Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby are the rest of it—is new. Miss Simpson's lyrics were invented by Stephen Vinaver. Hearings are held Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and on Sundays at four and eight. A rather British cuisine goes with all this, and so does Marian McPartland's semi-abstract American trio, which gets its second wind in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Some of "Twice Over Nightly," the Compass Theatre revue in progress, is midnight pranks in a coëducational dormitory; the rest is a well-put minority report on certain ingrained national habits. Mary Louise Wilson, Macintyre Dixon, and Paul Dooley are the chiefs; Richard Libertini is the leading Indian. They take off at about nine-fifteen and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The backroom is peopled by the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España, whose trumpets speak the purest Castilian and whose voices speak the purest passion. These words are put into flamenco action by the feet of Isabella and Miguel. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The heel of Achilles is not part of the equipment used by Marcelo, the furious little acrobat who leads a tiny flamenco troupe onstage now and then. Like the dancing, the menu is resolutely Latin. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The Bon Soir as it used to be comes to life again when Isobel Robins puts on her madcap and sings, and when Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames twist the tails of a few tunes. All else is extraneous and needless. On Tuesday, Feb. 11, Thelma Carpenter, whose pleasure it is to light a torch song at both ends, will be added to the cast. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Marian Montgomery, a singer new to this town, is the main reason for dropping in here. Dancing. Sunday matinées, too, from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Fridays and Saturdays only is the current rule. Feb. 7-8, the principal event will be the quartet of Nina Simone, who likes to pretend she's walking in her sleep when she gets up to sing a song. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffeehouse that sets the Village standard for its genre. Among the perquisites that go with it are Juan Serrano's mastery of flamenco guitar and the country songs of Lydia Wood and Brooks Jones, the sort of nice young people we could use more of. A folk singer who seems to have the habit of changing his name (this week he's John Holmes) makes a distinct contribution, too. His final night is Monday, Feb. 10. Tuesdays are devoted to other music. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): A strange world, full of jazz buffs and such, assembled now to hear Jackie Paris do his roller-coaster act with a set of ballads. Ernie Furtado's threesome is on hand, too. They all stay away Sundays, when Benny Golson leads a new-school band into action. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty, after which Marty Napoleon's fivesome and Red Allen's thunderers (the Allens are practically permanent participants) get going. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A great place for weekenders who don't want to get away from it all. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 7-9, the best music will come from the fivesome of Dizzy Gillespie, a half-bearded prophet. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Ben Webster and his indomitable blowpipe are the mainstays of a quartet that is convinced that progress will get you nowhere. On Friday, Feb. 14, the group will be replaced by Wes Montgomery's trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The pilgrim's progress of the band run by Charlie Mingus, a pioneer if there ever was one, is on display in all its earnestness, fury, and iconoclasm. On Mondays, the place is assigned to the Upper Bohemia Six, which plays—rather unevenly—for listening and dancing, and to the quartet of David Amram, composer and seeker of the truth about the new music. On Sundays, there's a four-to-eight session for visiting artists. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Lawson in befitting fashion. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Youth will be served—that is, if it's over twenty-one—with beer, whiskey, hamburgers, peanuts, and audience-participation music. The G-String Strugglers, six men strong and armed with banjo, tuba, and washboard, begin at eight and desist at two. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd, Joe Bushkin's quartet bounces along every night but Sunday. Jo Jones, Milt Hinton, and Stuff Smith are his helpers. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits Mary Lou Williams, an intense, dedicated, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Marshall Brown's battering-ram trombone augments Mr. J. every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Thursdays through Saturdays, his aides are Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four Wednesdays through Sundays, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and come-as-you-are devotees. Mondays and Tuesdays, a counterpart known as the Red Onion Minstrels works out. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): J. C. Higginbotham, George Wettling, and Hank D'Amico are among the instrumentalists who are talking over old times here. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAT ADAMS—Abstract gouaches and watercolors from the past ten years; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

AFRO—Gouaches by the contemporary Italian abstractionist; through Feb. 29. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Bronze and wood sculptures; through Feb. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronze nudes; through March

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Moshe Elazar Castel—Paintings by an Israeli artist; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Villard Denis—Paintings by a Haitian artist; through Feb. 16. (Coimbra, 160 E. 64th St.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—An exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, and memorabilia, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through March 7. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Fenton—Abstract-imagist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ruth Gikow—Figurative oils; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstractions; through Feb. 22. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract oils; through Feb. 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marsden Hartley and Alfred H. Maurer—Still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnold Hoffmann—Paintings of natural rock forms; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Robin Ironside—Oils and gouaches; through Feb. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Leo Jensen—Sculptures by a pop artist; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings and drawings of heads depicting Bowery types; through Feb. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Katzman—Portraits; through Feb. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Kleinholz—Cityscapes with figures; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Karl Knaths—Abstract oils done during the past two years; through Feb. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Guitou Knoop—Abstract sculptures; through Feb. 29. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Richard Kozlow—Landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Robert Kuhner—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 13. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Joe Lasker—Figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Sylvia Lowen—Pen-and-ink drawings; through Feb. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 21. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Seong Moy—Oil paintings, mostly landscapes and figures treated abstractly; through Feb. 20. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Ernst Wilhelm Nay—Abstract paintings by a contemporary German artist; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—A benefit loan exhibition tracing his development from the early figurative paintings to the all-over abstractions of his later years; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick—Early paintings (1937-59); through Feb. 29. (Feiner, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings; through Feb. 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Rosenquist—Paintings by a pop artist; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Georges Rouault and the School of Paris—Oil paintings by Rouault, set against a background of paintings and sculptures by his colleagues in the School of Paris, including Soutine, Maillol, and Miró; through March 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

James G. Snodgrass and Amanda R. Block—Sculptures by the former and paintings by the latter; through Feb. 21. (Revel, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Snow—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Soulages—Abstractions by one of the leading Paris moderns; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuben Tam—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Tania—Painted constructions; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters, marking the centennial anniversary of his birth; starting Friday, Feb. 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstractions; through Feb. 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Paul Zimmerman—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Chinese Art—Paintings and calligraphy by masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Feb. 29. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: The thirty-second annual show of works in all mediums by the gallery artists, including Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Nathan Hale; through Saturday, Feb. 15. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and watercolors; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: An exhibition of American folk arts from the Stony Point Folk Art Gallery, in Stony Point, New York. On view are (for instance) stone sculptures by William Edmondson and life-size images made by Clark Coe, of Killingworth, Connecticut. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Philip Guston, Salvador Dali, Kurt Schwitters, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: An exhibition entitled "The Classic Spirit in Twentieth Century Art," comprising paintings and sculptures by fifty-three purist artists, from Brancusi, Mondrian, and Malevitch to today; through Feb. 29.

Europeans; Group Show—Vieira da Silva, Jean Arp, Pierre Soulages, and other twentieth-century painters; through Feb. 29. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Prints by forty-five artists from eleven countries; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including items from every century since the fifteenth by, among others, Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Thirty-five purchase-prizes (by Will Barnet, Robert Conover, Antonio Frasconi, and others) from the Museum's past print biennials; through Feb. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of recent French hand bookbinding; through Feb. 23. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Maine and Its Artists: 1710-1963;" starting Tuesday, Feb. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 6: "La Sonnambula," with Roberta Peters, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 7: "Aïda," with Lucine Amara, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 8: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, Nicolai Gedda, Morley Meredith, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 8: "Otello," with Leonie Rysanek, Janis Martin, James McCracken, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit *performance; for tickets*, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 10: "La Traviata," with Mary Costa, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, and Igor Gorin. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 11: "Lohengrin," with Régine Crespin, Margaret Harshaw, Sándor Kónya, Hermann Uhde, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 12: "Otello," with Leonie Rysanek, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 13: "Aïda," with Lucine Amara, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 14: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, Nicolai Gedda, Morley Meredith, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 15: "Otello," with Leonie Rysanek, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 15: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and Giorgio Tozzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3 (all with John Corigliano, violin, and David Tudor, piano). . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting on Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 14, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano).

Vienna Symphony Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program, in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting, with Josef Suk, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

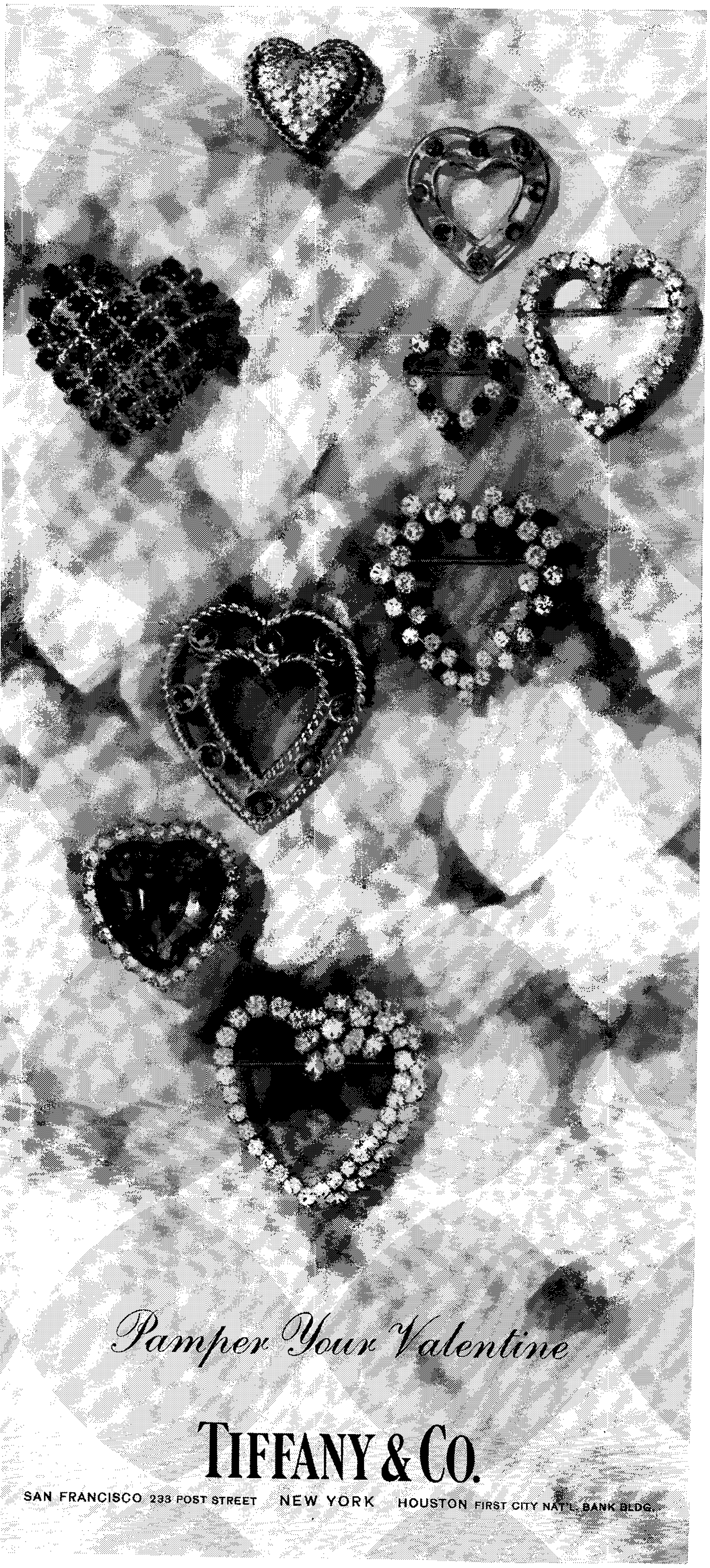
Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn conducting a De Falla-Monteverdi program, with Martina Arroyo, soprano, and Charles Bressler, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Saudhi Ramirez, piano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano, and Howard Hillyer, French horn. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schul-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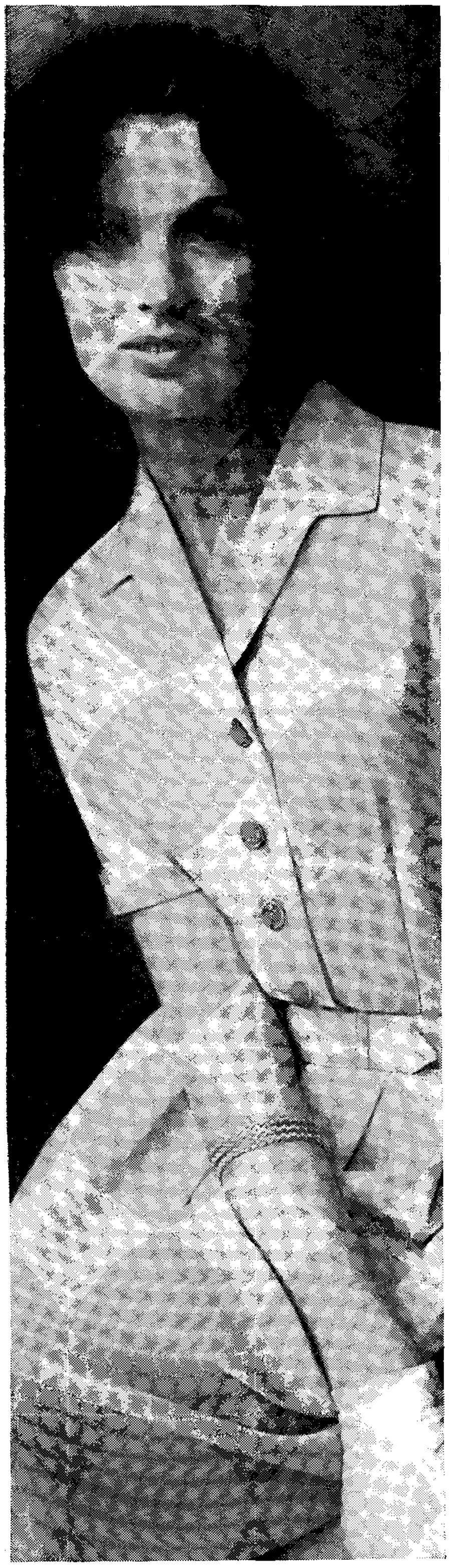

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CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ler conducting a chamber ensemble in the second in a series of four concerts, this one devoted to the music of Leifur Thorarinsson, Arthur Berger, Milton Babbitt, and Alban Berg, with Matthew Raimondi, violin, and Paul Jacobs, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing, with Renato Bonacini, violin; Igor Gorin, baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

St. Olaf Choir—Olaf C. Christiansen directing a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing "The Twentieth Century and the Past," an *a cappella* program of sacred music, with Lillian Garabedian, mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the American première of Willy Burkhard's oratorio "Das Jahr," with Maria Stader, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, both at 8:30.)

Michael Oelbaum—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Ellen Faull—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 5:15.)

Alexander Schneider's String Quintet—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of Burgundy, Flanders, and Austria. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-64—The second in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Robert Conant, harpsichord; Jacob Glick, viola; and composers Elliott Carter, Roger Hannay, John Herbert McDowell, Vincent Persichetti, and Elliot Schwartz. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 5:30.)

Hans Richter-Haaser—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Anthony di Bonaventura—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Suzanne Bloch—Playing virginals, recorders, and a lute, and singing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Leonard Shure—Piano, in a sonata recital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8:40.)

The Beatles—The first appearance here of the singing group that has driven England wild and that the French laconically call "*le quatuor yé-yé*." (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 7 and 9:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus—With Norman Shetler, in a program of Bach and Mozart concertos for one, two, and three pianos and orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—In the second in a series of four programs of Mozart piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Alirio Diaz—Classic guitarist. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Ruben Varga—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Note—The Fine Arts Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 10, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be the Orchestra of America and the Manhattan School of Music Chorus, directed by James Christian Pfohl, Hugh Ross, and Herman Neuman, in a concert sponsored by the National Association for American Composers and Conductors. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

The Music of Earl Robinson—"The Lonesome Train" and other folk works performed by the Robert DeCormier Singers, Leon Bibb, and Mr. Robinson himself. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:40.)

Jazz Concerts—The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by Gunther Schuller, plus the Modern Jazz Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Miles Davis and his quintet, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 8: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 7: Joey Archer vs. Holly Mims, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14: Frankie Narvaez vs. Luis Molina, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 10-11.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2.)

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 21.

Track Meets—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30. For tickets, call CI 5-1540.) . . . ¶ New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Trapshooting—The Joseph J. Lordi Memorial shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **New York Philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein and Gunther Schuller conducting, with Aaron Copland, piano. (Philharmonic

Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 8, at noon.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting, with Joel Rosen, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30.) . . . **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** The fifth in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Verdi, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 1, and 3.) . . . ¶ "Young Tom Edison." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30.) . . . **IMAGE THEATRE:** "The Beggar Boy of Baghdad." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood." Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel." Saturdays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. For tickets, call GR 5-9647.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 2 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "The Wolf and the Woodsman." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30. Tickets at the box office only, after 1:45 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Galileo and the Stars," demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Lincoln's Birthday at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

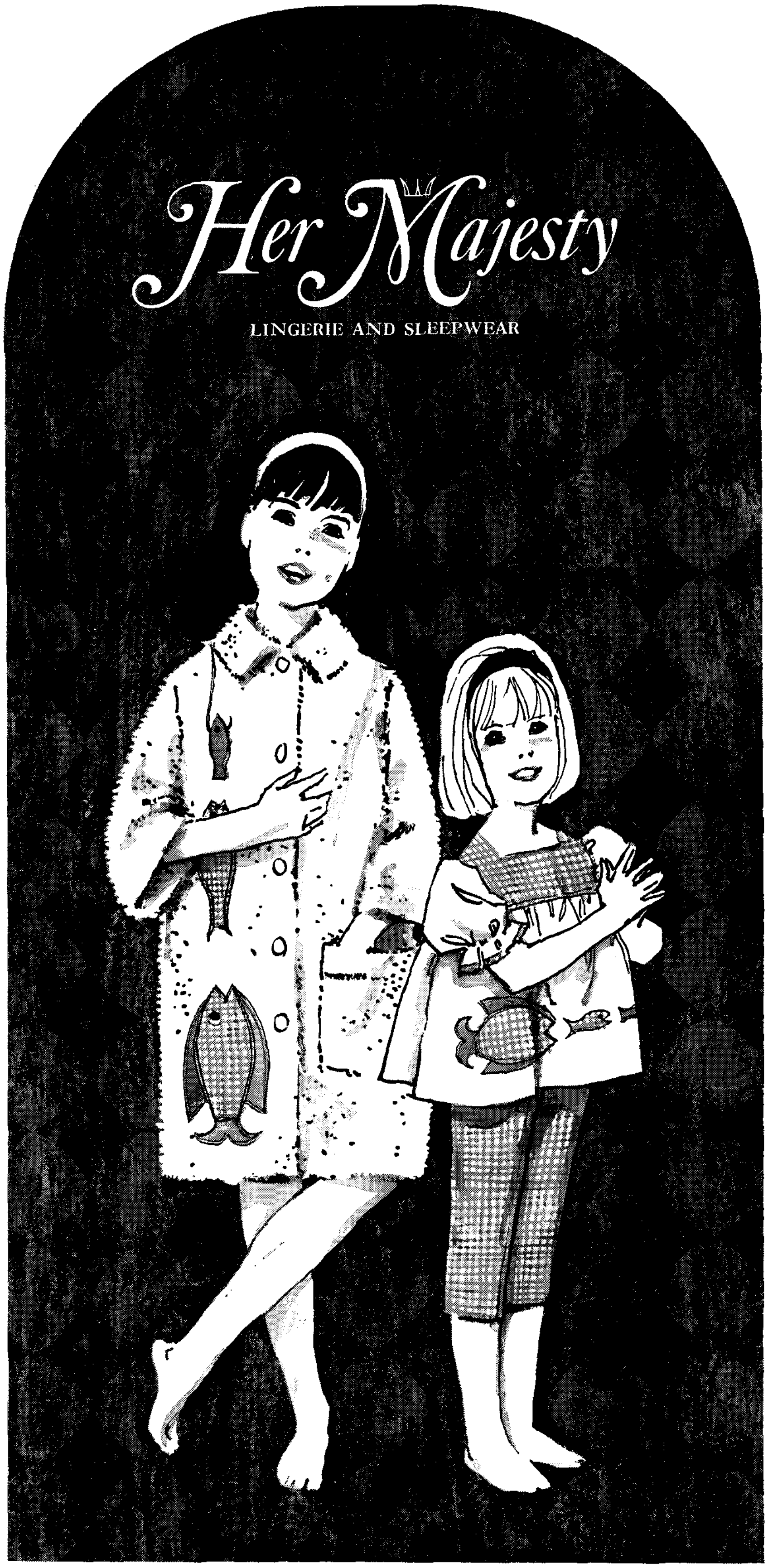
NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Howard Nemerov reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, at 1:45: American and other furniture, silver, table porcelains and glass, scrimshaw work, milk glass, Chinese porcelains, paintings and prints, and hooked and Oriental rugs; from several collectors, among them the late Annette Hills Olds. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 1:45: Historical and literary manuscripts of Lincoln, Washington, Empress Carlota of Mexico, Charles Dickens, and others; from the estate of Philip Ward, Jr., and from other sources.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A leisurely, touching account of a young Greek who aspires to come to America and, like a good Greek, does so. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

. . . And Suddenly It's Murder!—From Italy, a suspense comedy with Alberto Sordi and Vittorio Gassman, who are as funny as they come. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Billy Liar—A born prevaricator gets himself into many a Walter Mitty mess and at last fails to get out. With Tom Courtenay and a beautiful girl named Julie Christie. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An acting out in human terms of the fierceness of the queen bee's desire for motherhood and the fate of the drone who dares to satisfy her. Unlikely as it seems, an extremely comic picture. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 11.)

Divorce—Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Feb. 11, tentative.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A nightmare comedy as shocking and wonderful as its title is long. With Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, and Keenan Wynn. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Easy Life—A funny and upsetting study of an aggressive charmer, whose vitality brings with it death as well as joy. Starring Vittorio Gassman and directed by Dino Risi. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 12. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Feb. 12, tentative.)

The Fiancés—A sad, beautiful Italian tale about a pair of lovers not so much star-crossed as poor and lonely. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Hud—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Feb. 10.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski, who wrote and directed this comedy, is plainly to be watched. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring chronicle of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 11, tentative.)

Lord of the Flies—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down-to-earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 11.)

Point of Order!—A fine documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings, starring the late, very frightening junior senator from Wisconsin. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

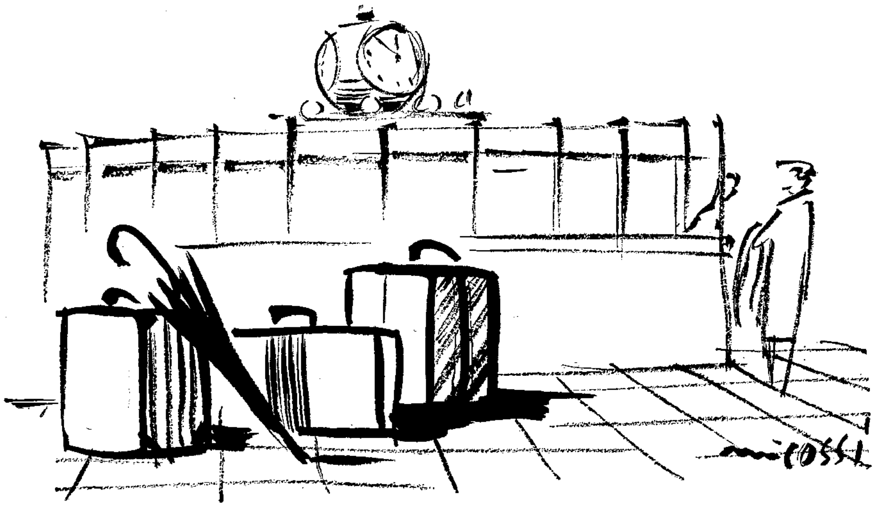
The Silence—Ingmar Bergman's latest study of the human condition is also his gloomiest, though Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are fascinating to watch. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Sound of Trumpets—From Italy, a mild little comedy about very young love, distinguished by the nervous, alert direction of Ermanno Olmi. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 11.)

The Suitor—A lineal descendant of the good old days of silent American comedy, directed by and starring a bright young Frenchman named Pierre Etaix. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Feb. 12, tentative.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—An exceptionally attractive film, in which Alberto Sordi does his gentle best to find out if it's true that Swedish girls dote on Italian lovers. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)



REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 6.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 12.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Pilgrim," all mementos from the silent past. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 7-10.)

Electra (1962)—Irene Papas is Electra in Michael Cacoyannis's version of the Euripides tragedy. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Feb. 6.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the tragic love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 7-10.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 7-10.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—W. C. Fields concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Feb. 11.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 7-10.)

The Night (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 11.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 6.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 11.)

Sparrows Can't Sing (1963)—A comedy of London lowlife, directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 11.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 11. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Feb. 10: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.
From Feb. 11: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Doll" (in Swedish).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Dark Purpose," Shirley Jones, Rossano Brazzi.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Prodigal Son" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BILLY LIAR.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday.)
Through Feb. 11: **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
From Feb. 12: **THE BALCONY**, revival; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 11: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
From Feb. 12: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 11 (tentative): **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and "Women of the World," a documentary film.
From Feb. 12 (tentative): **THE SUITOR** and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (both in French).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER, revival.

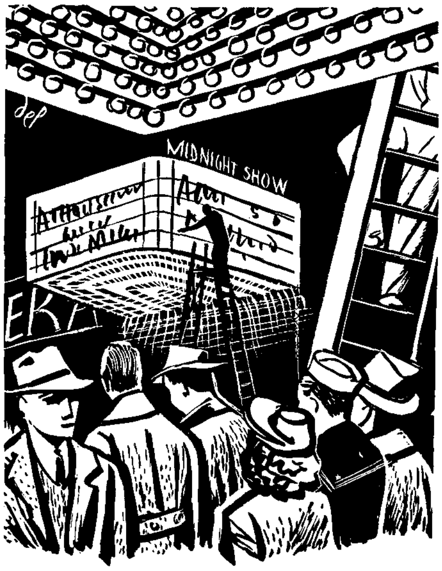
Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The 7th Juror" (in French), Bernard Blier, Danielle Delorme.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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9	10	11	12			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

"Dark Purpose," Shirley Jones, Rossano Brazzi.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
. . . AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER! (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
CHAPLIN COMEDIES (silent).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE FIANCÉS (in Italian).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
POINT OF ORDER!

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Feb. 10: **HUD.**
From Feb. 11: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 11 (tentative): **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Feb. 12 (tentative): **8½** (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 11: "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery; and "A Yank in Vietnam," Marshall Thompson.
From Feb. 12: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner; and "Harbor Lights," Kent Taylor.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 6: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day.
Feb. 7-10: "My Life to Live" (in French), Anna Karina; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.
From Feb. 11: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**, revival; and **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 11: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and "Women of the World," a documentary film.
From Feb. 12: **8½** (in Italian); and "30 Years of Fun," excerpts from various silent movies.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 11: **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian).
From Feb. 12: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hallelujah the Hills," Peter H. Beard.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 11: "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery; and "A Yank in Vietnam," Marshall Thompson.
From Feb. 12: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner; and "Harbor Lights," Kent Taylor.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 11: **LORD OF THE FLIES.**
From Feb. 12: **THE SUITOR** and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Feb. 11: "Kings of the Sun," Yul Brynner, George Chakiris; and "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From Feb. 12: "The Comedy of Terrors," Vincent Price, Peter Lorre; and "Pyro," Barry Sullivan, Martha Hyer.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Feb. 6: **ELECTRA** (in Greek), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Feb. 7: "Swan Lake," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and Prokofieff's "Cinderella," revival, in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"A Pair of Briefs," James Robertson Justice, Michael Craig.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

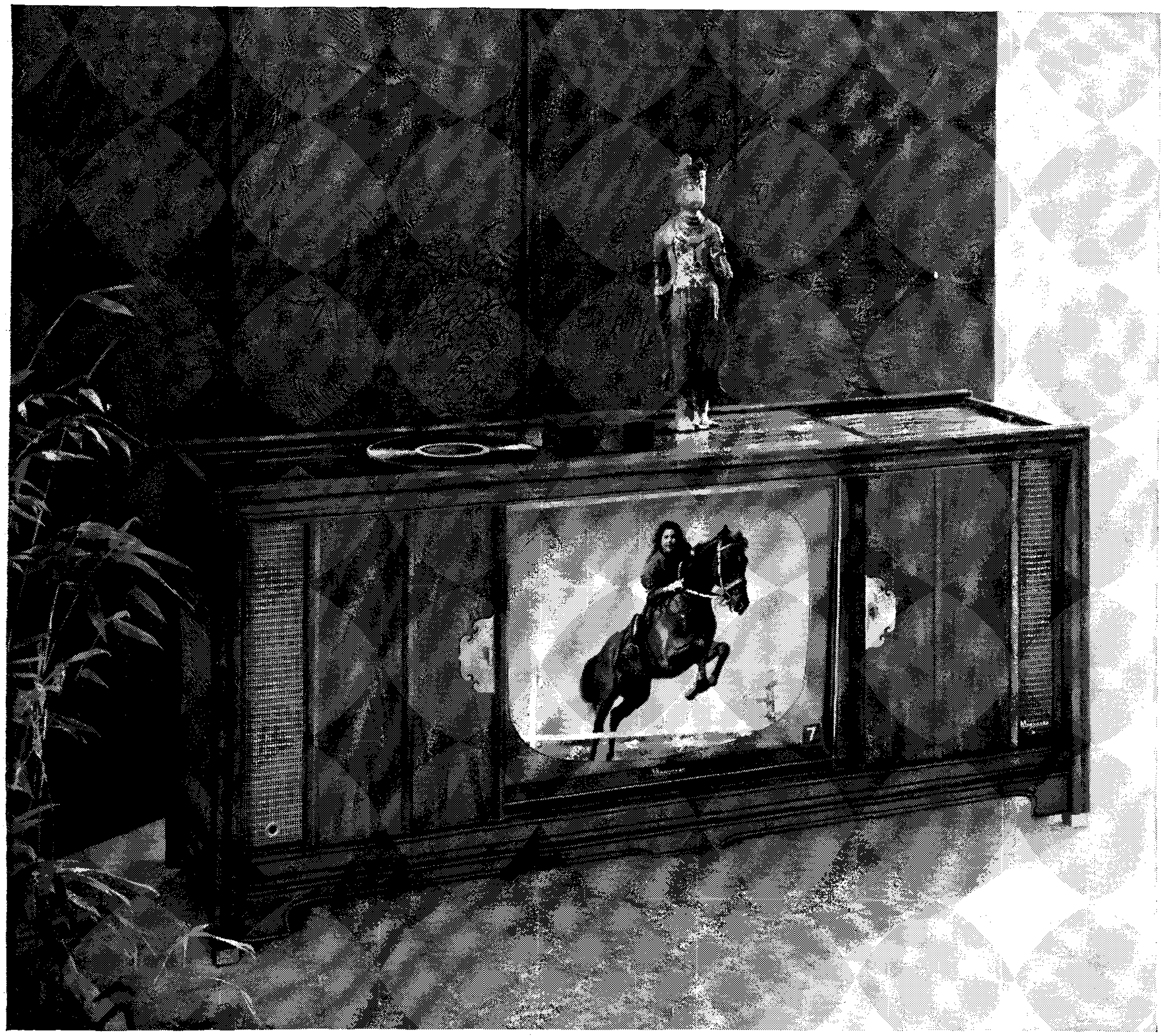
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 11: "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery; and "A Yank in Vietnam," Marshall Thompson.
From Feb. 12: "The Comedy of Terrors," Vincent Price, Peter Lorre; and "Pyro," Barry Sullivan, Martha Hyer.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 6: "The Cocoanuts," revival, the Marx Brothers; and "International House," revival, W. C. Fields.
Feb. 7-10: **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival; and **DUCK SOUP**, revival.
From Feb. 11: **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 11: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.
From Feb. 12: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner; and "Harbor Lights," Kent Taylor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 6: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** and "Chapayev" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Feb. 7-10: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
From Feb. 11: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian), revival; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 11: **LORD OF THE FLIES.**
From Feb. 12: **THE SUITOR** and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (both in French).



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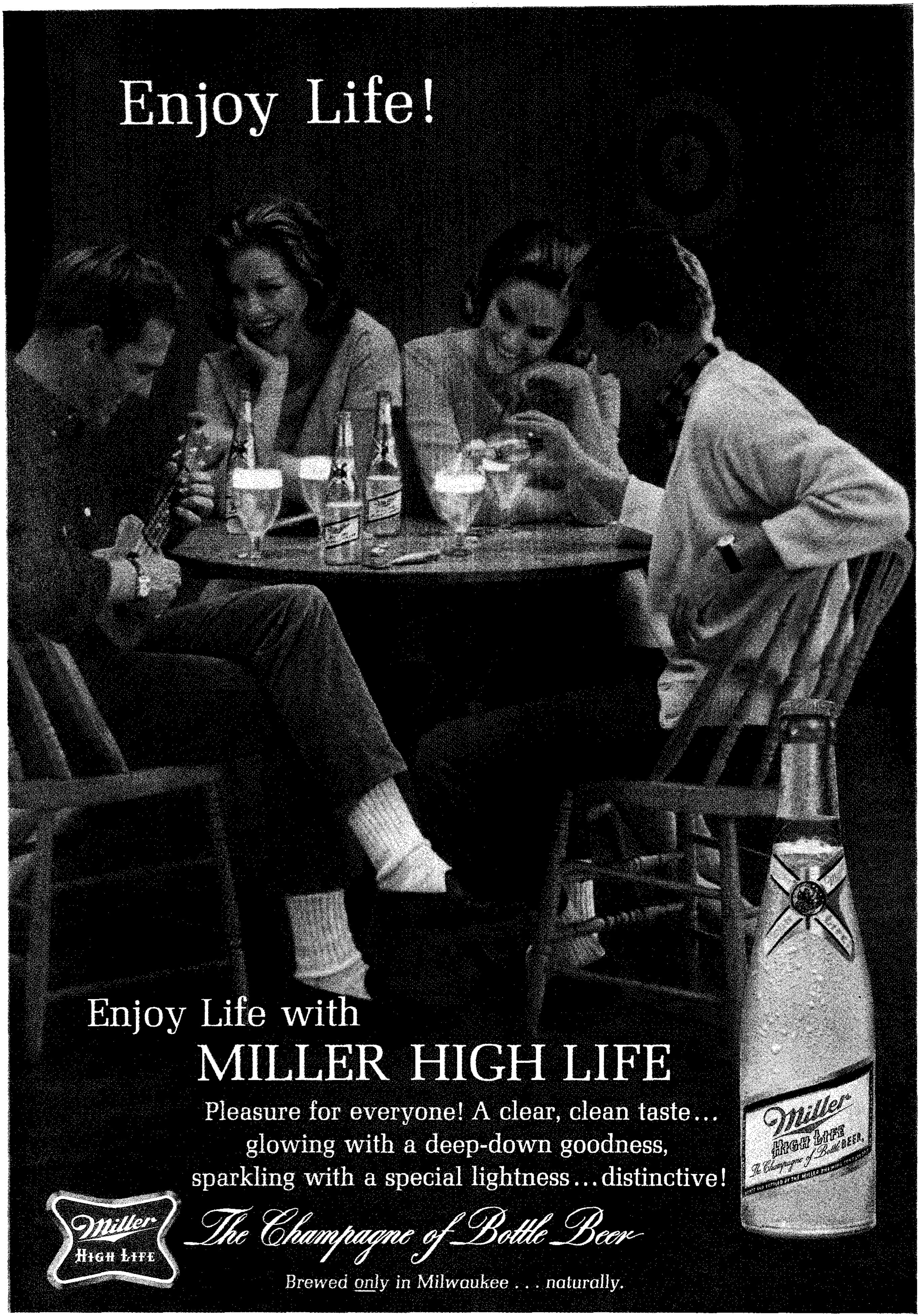
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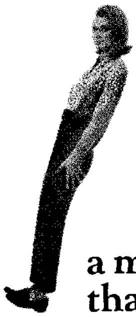

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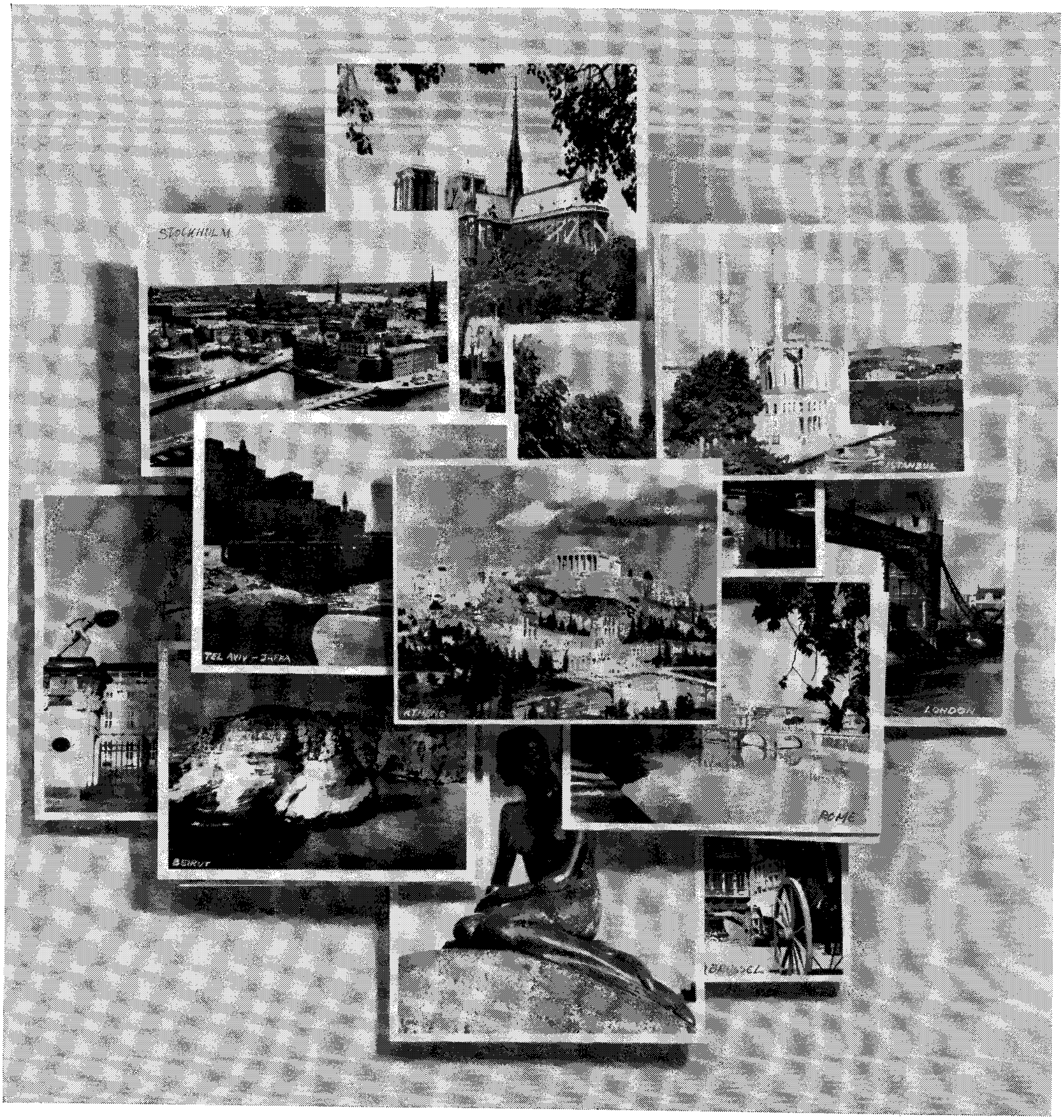

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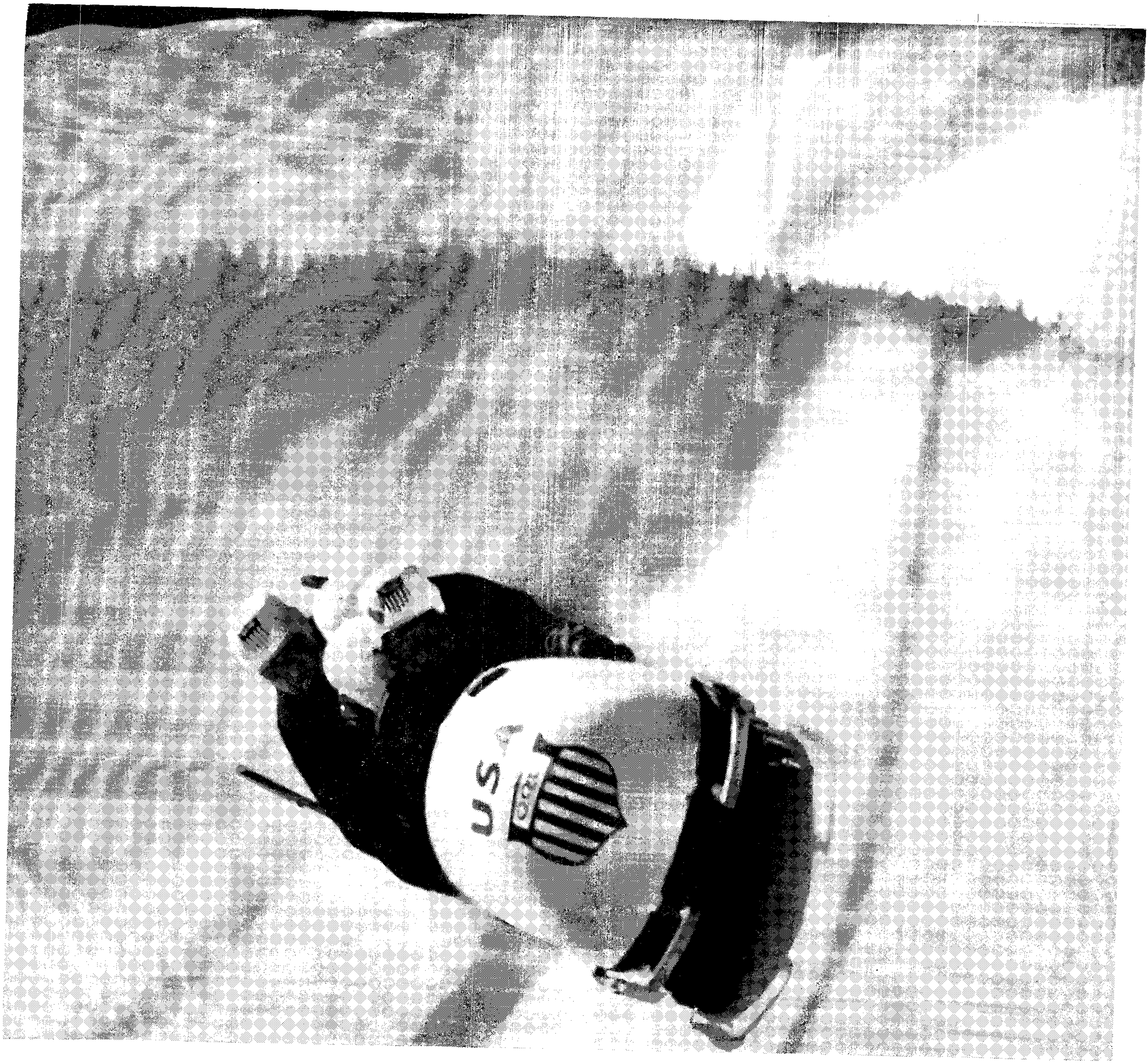

Report from Innsbruck: The fastes

UP UNTIL four years ago, spectators at the Winter Olympics often had to wait hours to learn the results. It took a whole afternoon to calculate the figure skating standings alone.

Then, at the 1960 Winter Olympics in Squaw Valley, IBM computers were used for the first time. Calculations that formerly took hours were completed in minutes.

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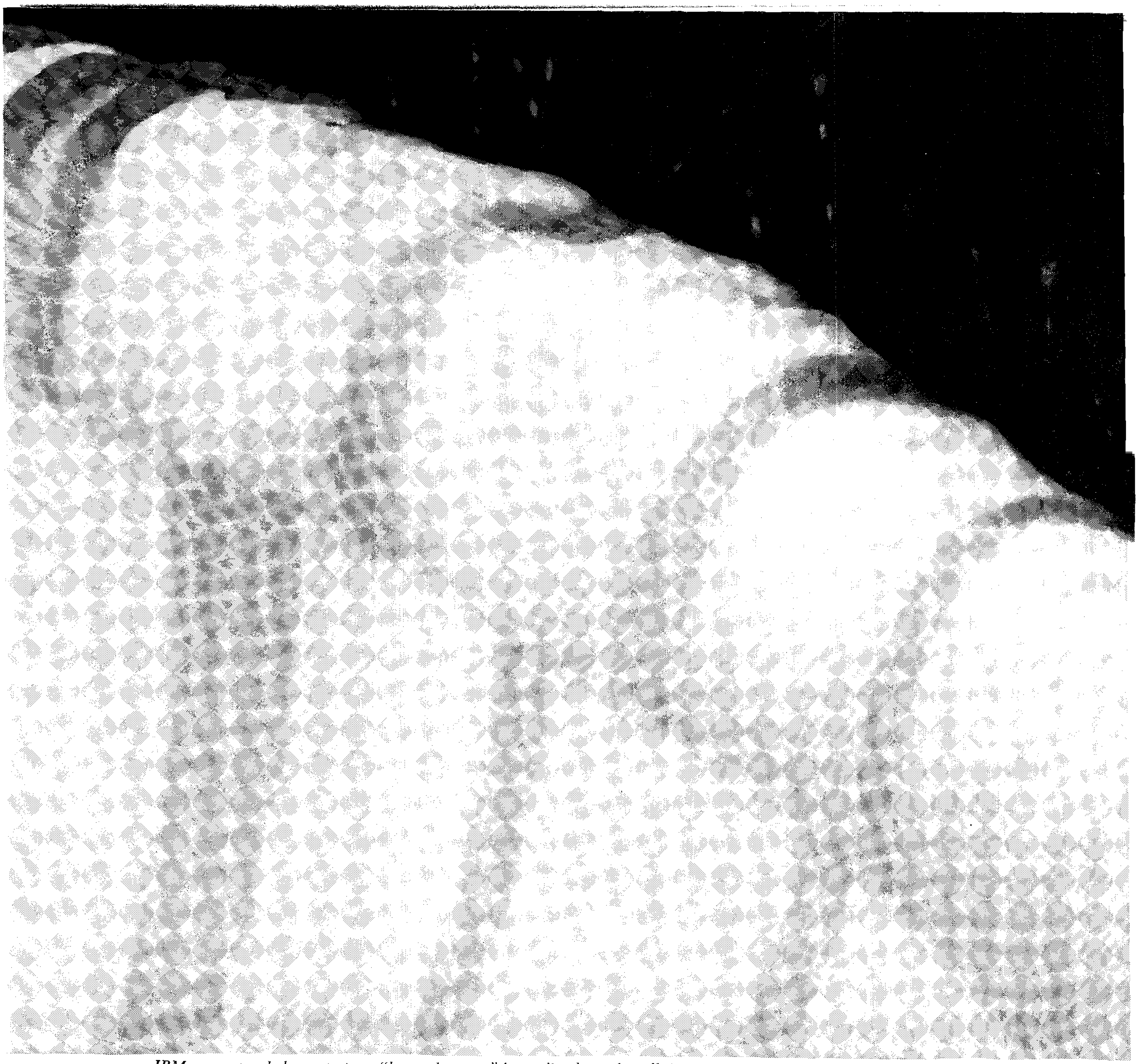

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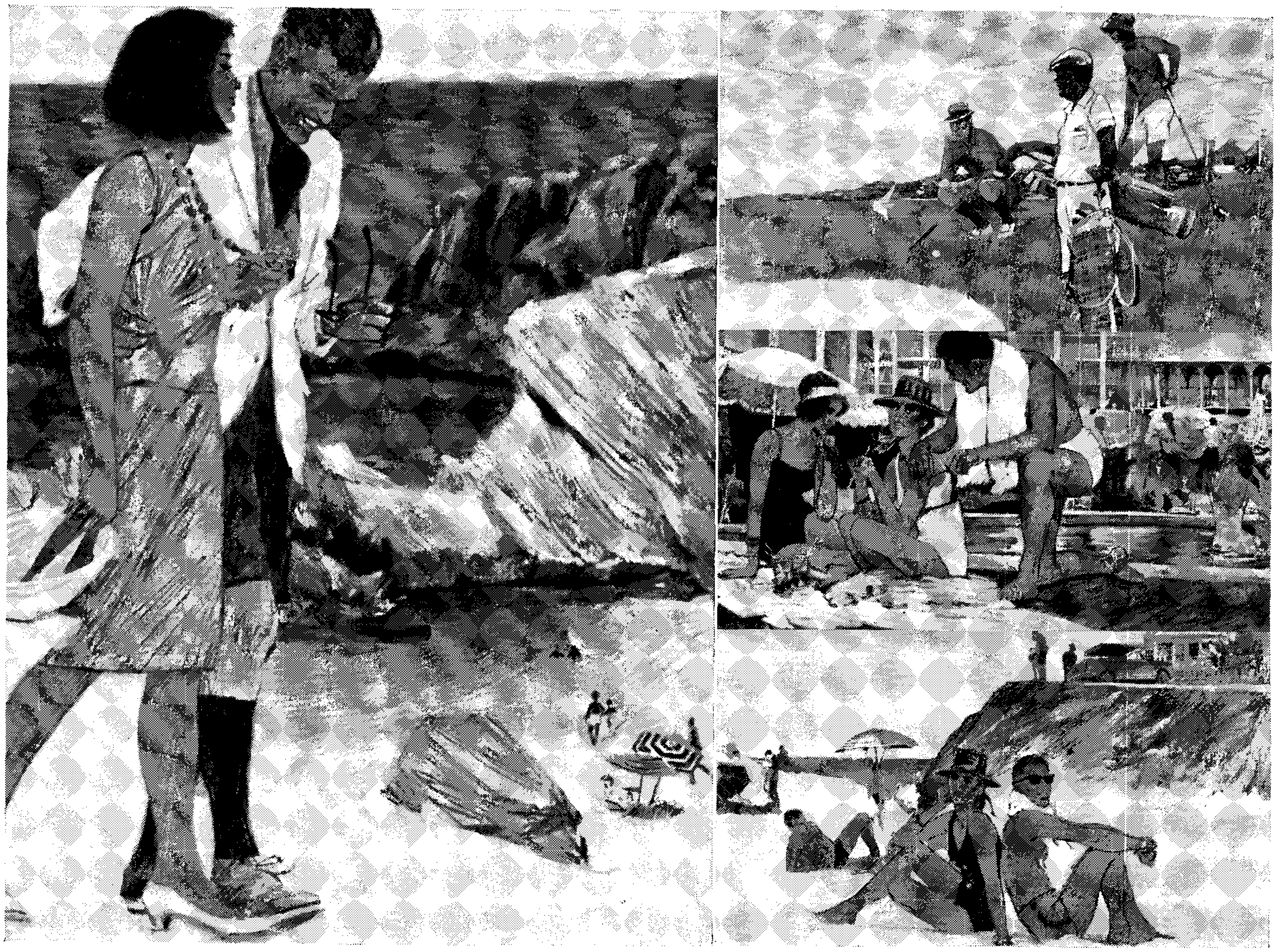

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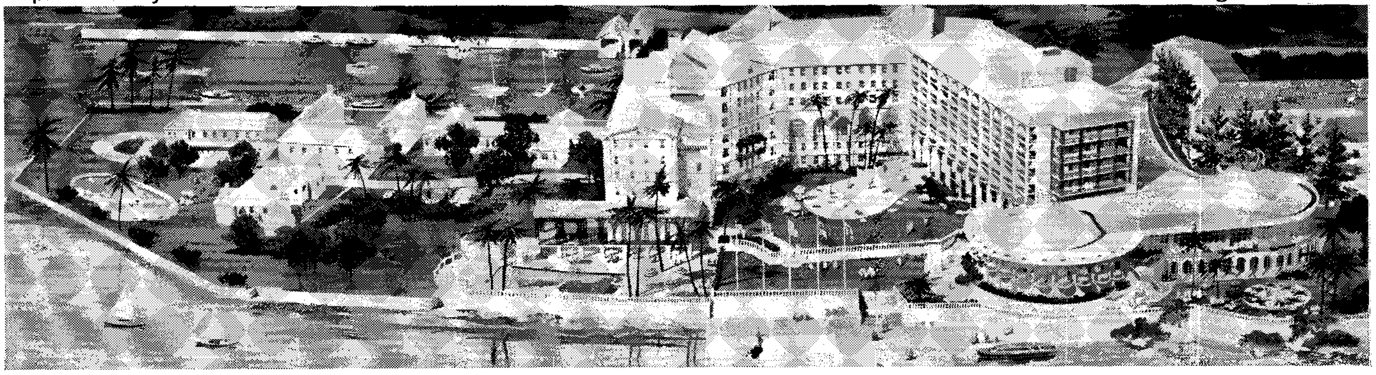

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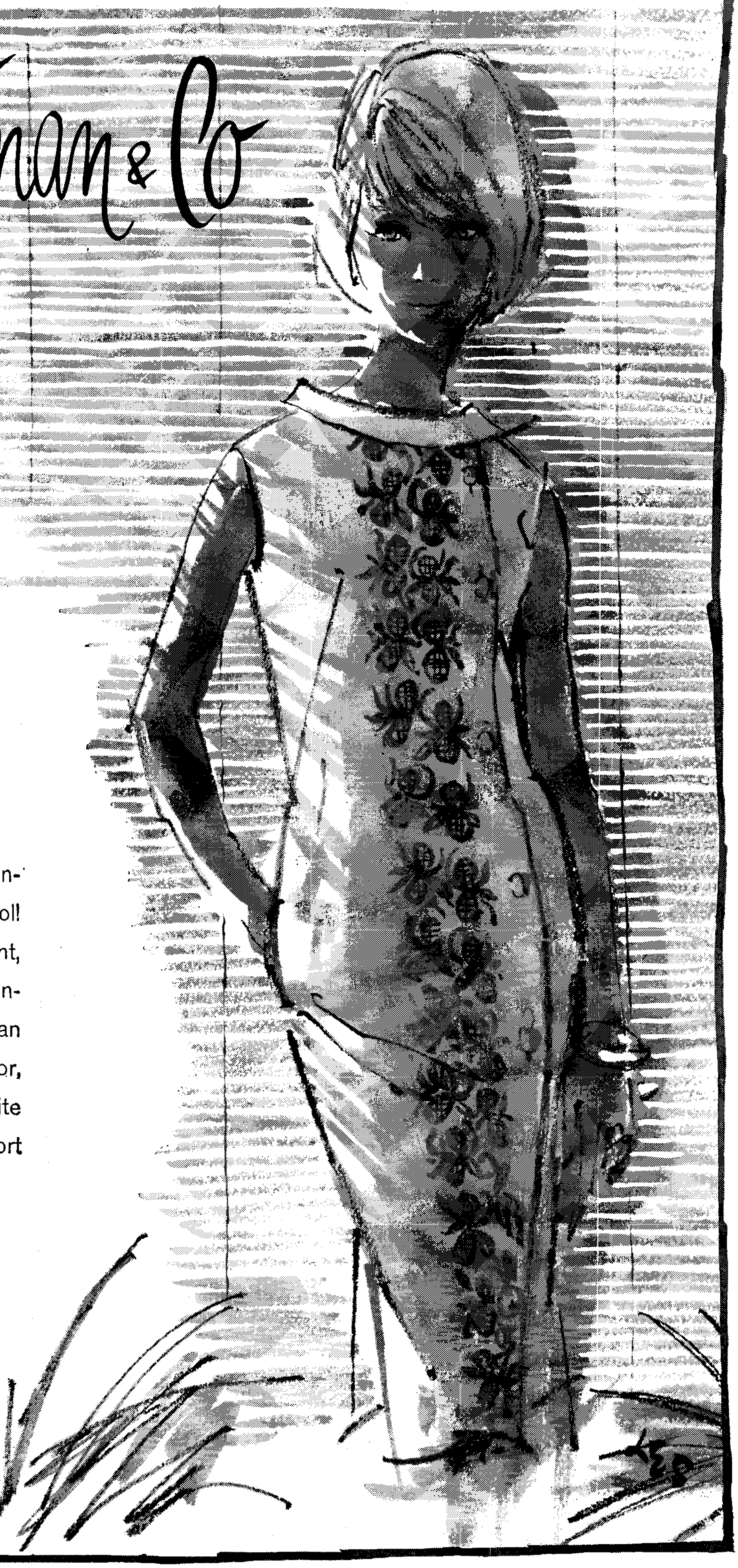

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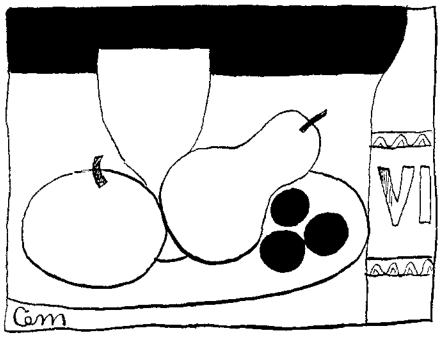
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have no idea whether the government's tobacco report is destined to change the ways of smokers, but we do find ourself turning over in our mind its possible effects on polite society. Some fairly well-established forms of etiquette, it seems to us, may have been cast in a questionable light by the Surgeon General's revelations. For instance, it isn't clear any longer whether a man should strike a match for a lady smoker. Is he really behaving like a proper gentleman when he does that? Or, knowing what he does, should he strike nothing and concentrate on trying to help the lady kick her habit? At least one pat phrase, we imagine, may have lost its patness since the tobacco report was issued. "Do you mind if I smoke?" is the one we're thinking of. We suspect that for some people this question now sounds almost as dramatic as "Is there a doctor in the house?" We also venture to suggest that smoking has probably had its day as a gesture of social ease. No longer does a smoker stand much chance of looking nonchalant as he lights up. Instead, he runs the risk of looking plain neurotic—a willful, tortured symbol of man against himself. Perhaps smoking will end up as a strictly private act, like visiting one's safe-deposit box. It's just possible that the Surgeon General has reinvented that grand old American institution, the back of the barn.

IN reading of the efforts of the Inter-American Peace Committee to settle the Panama crisis around a conference table in Washington, we were struck by one sentence on the front page of the *Times* of January 27th: "To avert another misunderstanding over the language of the accord, Dr. Enrique Tejera Paris of Venezuela, chairman of the committee, had a copy of Webster's New International Dictionary and of the Dictionary of the Royal Academy of Spain, the foremost authority on the Spanish language, brought to the Columbus Room of the Pan-American Union, where the committee met." According to the *Times*, the first "misunderstanding" occurred when Panama and the United States disagreed over the interpretation of the Spanish word "*negociar*," as it was used in a supposedly joint communiqué issued on January 15th. Panama claimed that the United States, in signing the communiqué, had agreed to "negotiate" all outstanding points at issue between the countries, but a State Department spokesman maintained that we had agreed merely to "discuss" the issues. While this may seem like hairsplitting to some—especially in the aftermath of the bloody riots in the Canal Zone—there *is* a significant distinction between the two words, and we can only applaud the inclusion of a dictionary in any diplomatic pouch, along with such standbys as Machiavelli and Dale Carnegie. After all, a two-party talk without fixed definitions—fixed, that is, by some disinterested third party—has little chance of success. Unfortunately, in this case the *Times* did not say whether Dr. Tejera Paris had consulted the Second Edition of Webster's New International Dictionary or the Third Edition, and the difference between them, alas, may make all the difference. The Second Edition is an old-fashioned, authoritative dictionary, dedicated to judicious hairsplitting. It forcefully contrasts "discuss" (from the Latin *dis-* + *quatere* to shake, strike), "to find out about by examination . . . to debate fully and openly," with "negotiate" (from the Latin *neg-* + *otium* leisure), "to hold intercourse or treat with a view to coming to terms upon some matter, as a purchase or sale, a treaty, etc." But the Third Edition, which its publishers hope will make the Second obsolete, was compiled by a group of modern linguists who bent over backward to be "descriptive" rather than "prescriptive." Having depreciated their own authority, the editors of the Third no longer presume to judge usage; they aim merely at reporting the "real" language, which is whatever people say, no matter how confusing or contradictory, as long as they say it within earshot of a modern linguist. Although the Third Edition still distinguishes between "discuss" and "negotiate," the editors are on record as saying that a dictionary "should have no traffic with . . . artificial notions of correctness or superiority." This sounds commendably democratic, but in practice it results in a blurring of the distinctions between such formerly useful pairs as "deprecate-depreciate," "forceful-forcible," and "disinterested-uninterested," and in theory it invites—even sanctions—sloppy writing and sloppy thinking. An army of critics raised these objections a couple of years ago, when the Third Edition appeared; now the Chairman of the Inter-American Peace Committee, faced with a problem of life and death, has demonstrated the dangers with a new clarity. We are not familiar with the Royal Academy of Spain, but we suspect that the editors of the Third Edition would find the academicians too authoritarian for modern linguistic tastes. We don't think *we* are authoritarian, in linguistics or in politics, but we believe that lexicographers can recognize the obvious truth that correct usage changes in time without proclaiming that there is *no* correct usage at a given time. And we believe that good dictionaries, like good governments, must carefully mark



the distinction between "authoritarianism" and "authoritativeness," and zealously shun the former while cheerfully embodying the latter.

Froslid's Protest

TWENTY-SIX years ago, in a moment of pique, this department wrote, "Your new automobile license plates will carry a line reading 'New York World's Fair 1939.' We are against this, just as we are against having any other kind of advertising matter on our car, whether it be diving girls in red bathing suits, or pennants celebrating Frank Buck's monkey farm, or even the automobile dealer's name on the jacket of the spare tire. It looks silly and untidy, for one thing, and for another, although we're crazy about the Fair, we resent being compelled to carry sandwich boards, front and rear, for the enterprising merchants and hotelmen who expect to make a profit out of the visitors." The other day, as we examined our new automobile license plate—the one that says "NY World's Fair 64"—we reflected that it would be comforting to believe that history had merely, willy-nilly, repeated itself. However, we realized that we must also consider the more ominous possibility that vengeance was involved—that at the time of the 1939 Fair some Public-Relations Man in Charge of Complainers noted down whatever irritated people about the Fair, so that the management wouldn't forget to do it again at *this* one. In 1938, this department concluded that nothing could be done about the marred license plate except to fasten to it a strip of tin reading "Down with Grover Whalen," who was—in position, if not in personality—the 1939 Fair's equivalent of Robert Moses. A few days later, an ex-sergeant of Marines named Martin McBohin covered his "New York World's Fair 1939" legend with adhesive tape and was taken into court in Armonk, where he was fined five dollars. Ex-Sergeant McBohin said at the time that he intended to carry the case to the Supreme Court, but he never got that far. We were therefore delighted to learn a week or so ago that a citizen named E. Kenneth Froslid had taken up ex-Sergeant McBohin's baton after twenty-six years.

As Mr. Froslid demonstrated in the New York State Supreme Court in Queens early last month, the passage of twenty-six years seemed only to have strengthened the belief held by officials of privately operated World's Fairs that they had a right to obtain free advertising on license plates. Froslid was asking for a ruling that would permit him to cover the World's Fair legend on his license plate without being fined twenty-five dollars—the inflationary rate for license-plate defacement—and he was able to offer one important legal argument that McBohin had lacked. Not only is there no law authorizing World's Fair 1964 advertising on license plates, Froslid had discovered, but a bill specifically proposing such authorization was vetoed by Governor Rockefeller in 1961. State Supreme Court Justice Harold Tessler, who heard the case, agreed that the sole function of a license plate is to identify a vehicle and its owner, and last week he ruled that the Department of Motor Vehicles must issue a plate without the World's Fair inscription to anyone who makes application for such a plate and pays the required fee.

While the Justice was still considering his decision, we phoned Mr. Froslid at Time Inc., where he works as a picture editor in the book division, and invited him to lunch at a midtown restaurant. Because we had asked about the public response to the suit, Froslid—who proved to be an alert, straightforward man of thirty-two—arrived with two large scrapbooks under his arm. As we edged in to one of the tables crowded along a wall of the restaurant, Froslid said hello to a man at the next table and introduced him to us as Barry Farrell, who writes the music section of *Time*. Mr. Farrell then introduced his luncheon companion—Dr. Walter Slote, a psychologist.

"What are you doing with those scrapbooks?" Farrell asked Froslid.

"They're connected with my case. I'm going to court to enjoin the state from keeping me from covering 'World's Fair' on my license plate," Froslid replied.

"Are you the one doing that?" asked Dr. Slote. "I think that's tremendous."

Farrell and Slote insisted on giving Froslid ten dollars apiece to help pay the legal expenses of the suit, and we asked Froslid if such spontaneous support was normal.

"Well, not always the financial part," he said. "The cost of the suit will run close to two thousand dollars, I guess, and I've raised only two or three hundred. I think that on something like this you have to figure on coming out behind. But I've really had an amazing response. I've received several hundred letters, almost all of them in support. The ones in the scrapbooks represent only a small sample."

Most of the letters in the scrapbooks began with phrases like "I just want to tell you I am behind you one hundred per cent" and "May I thank you for the great service you are performing," but there was some opposition; one letter started out, "You are a nut!"

"I think a great number of people in New York are in sympathy with me," Mr. Froslid went on. "One thing the suit has done is to remind a lot of people that although the people who run the Fair try to pass it off as a public organization when it suits their purposes, the Fair is actually not run by the city or the state but by private individuals, who are seeking to further their own business objectives as well as to serve what they say is the public interest—and I think it's pretty questionable sometimes whether the Fair is serving the public interest or not. I think a lot of people are opposed to the Fair for one reason or another, and since it seems almost impossible to criticize it through normal channels, they've rallied behind the license-plate suit. Also, a lot of people see that there's some principle involved. People who say that license plates are a silly little thing to complain about don't understand what's involved. I think the Constitution gives us not only freedom of speech but freedom not to speak if we don't want to. Why should I have to advertise a private corporation on my car—especially a private corporation that I don't even favor, and especially after it asked authorization and was denied it? I think the arrogance of the people out there thinking they can go ahead and do it anyway—the idea that they're entitled to special privileges—is what makes a lot of people angry."

We asked Mr. Froslid if any officials of the World's Fair had seemed to reciprocate this anger.

"They haven't said anything to me directly," he said. "Anyway, I'm confident that I'll win."

He did.

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GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: The Tri Metal Works, in East Riverton, New Jersey, manufactures Mobile Chinese Restaurants.

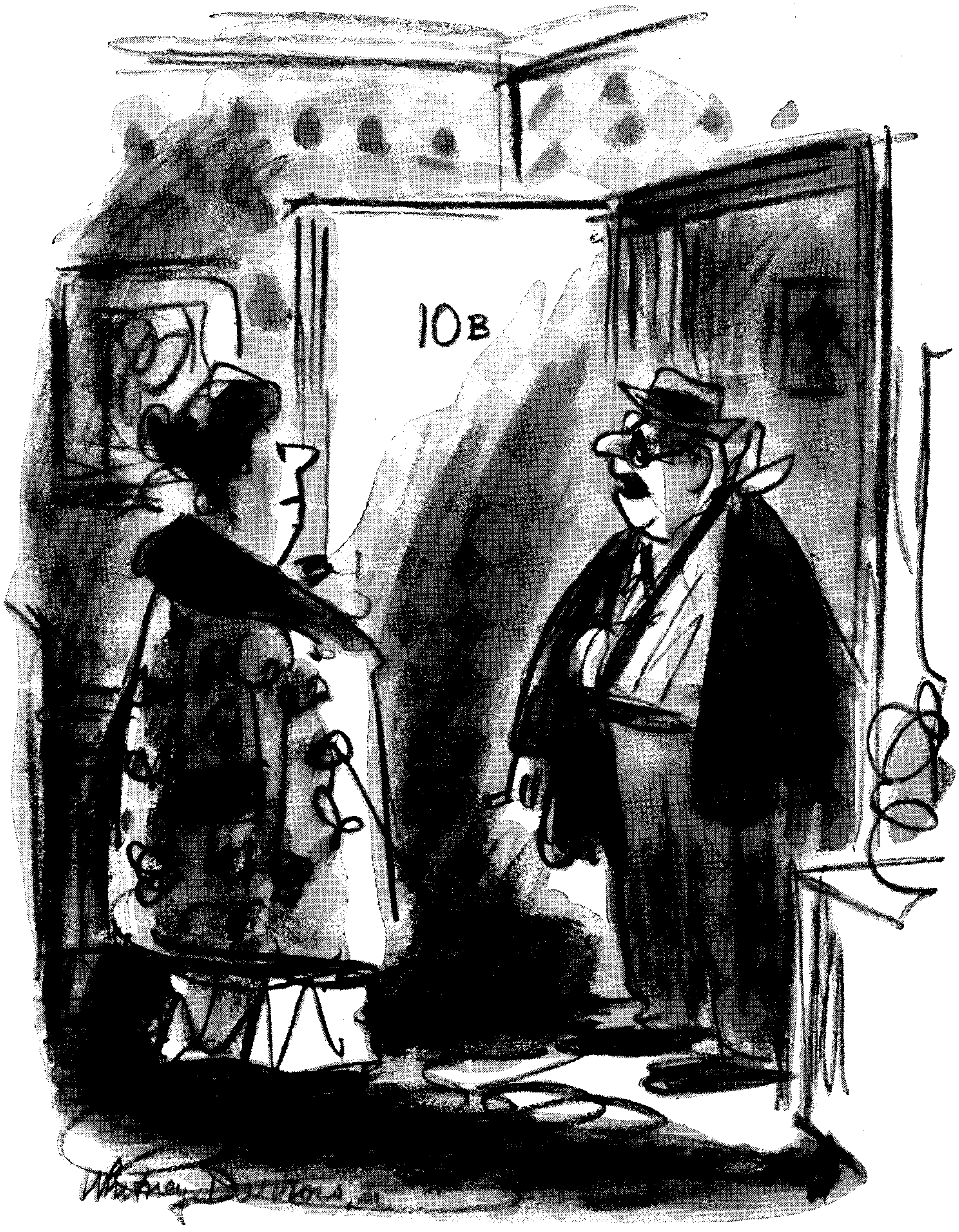
Galileo Gala

WHAT a year this is! Not only the World's Fair but also the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare, which is being celebrated with new biographies and interpretations, and *idem* of the birth of Galileo, which is currently being celebrated by the Hayden Planetarium with a sky show depicting the main subjects of his astronomical research, such as the Milky Way, which he discovered was made up of stars and wasn't just a cloud; the surface of the moon, which he discovered was not smooth but covered with mountains and craters; the face of the sun, which he discovered was not uniformly brilliant but at times peppered with dark markings, or sunspots; and Jupiter, four of whose satellites he discovered. Along with this demonstration, which takes place twice on Monday and three times a day Tuesday through Friday, and attains a weekend climax with a total of thirteen performances on Saturday and Sunday, the Planetarium has installed an exhibit that consists of the only known contemporary portrait of Galileo, lent by a Los Angeles collector; a model of a telescope made and used by Galileo; and ten trail-blazing scientific volumes of the period. All of them have been lent by Mr. Harrison D. Horblit, a pillar of the Grolier Club, who has one of the greatest collections of scientific books and manuscripts in the country.

We went over to the Planetarium just before these volumes were placed in a glass case, and, threading a path through crowds of schoolchildren, gained the office of Dr. Thomas D. Nicholson, assistant chairman of the Planetarium, where we also found Mr. Horblit. Taking both of us in tow, Dr. Nicholson made his way to a conference room, where the books were spread out on a table. Mr. Horblit, proceeding chronologically, opened a beautifully clean 1543 first edition of Copernicus's "De revolutionibus orbium coelestium" to the title page. "Copernicus died on May 24th of the year the manuscript was sent to the printer by his disciple, Georg Joachim Rheticus," he said. "The story is that a copy of the book was handed to Copernicus when he was dying. Not true, as this inscription shows." Mr. Horblit called our attention to a note written in ink, in Rheticus's hand, that read, in Latin, "Joachim Rheticus, professor at Leipzig, presents this book to his friend Andreas Aurifaber, 20 April, in the year 1543." "Copernicus didn't die until four weeks later," he said. "The error about a copy's reaching him on his deathbed has been perpetuated in the Encyclopædia Britannica."

"But this copy was given to Aurifaber," we said.

Dr. Nicholson looked at us patiently. "Aurifaber was a pupil of Rheticus," he said. "Copernicus surely received a copy before *he* did. This book marks the beginning of modern astronomy."



"Goldwater is picking up surprising strength in Bernie's Bar & Grill."

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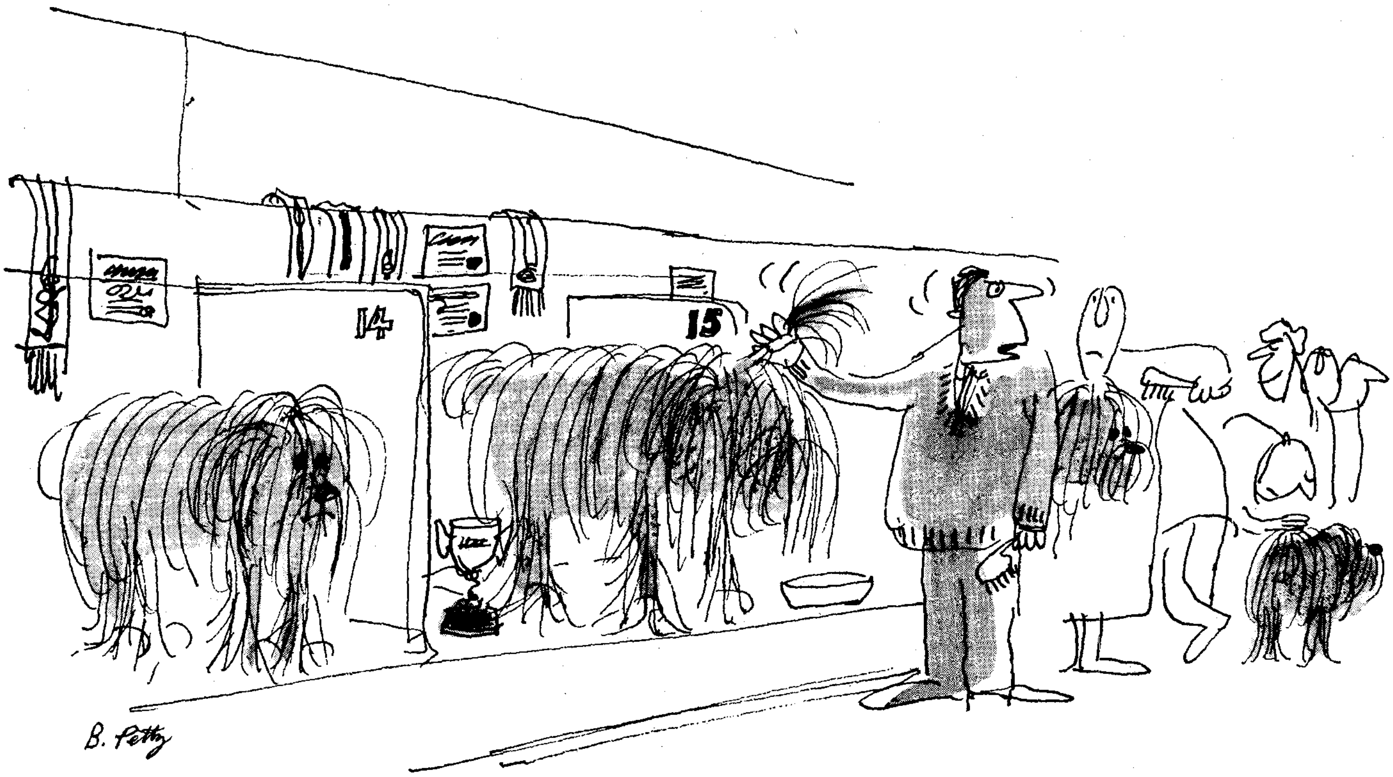
"It was probably available several weeks before April 20th," Mr. Horblit said. "This copy has notations in Rheticus's own hand in the first fourteen pages, and they must have taken some time to make."

Mr. Horblit next picked up and opened a 1609 first edition of "Astronomia Nova, ΑΙΤΙΟΛΟΓΗΤΟΣ, seu Physica Coelestis tradita commentariis de Motibus Stellae Martis," by the German astronomer Johann Kepler. "Kepler worked with Galileo," he said. "He investigated the orbit of Mars. This is his most memorable book; it's in wonderful condition, and very scarce, if I may say so. It elucidates the first two laws of planetary motion—that planets revolve in elliptical paths, rather than in circles, and that the radius vector sweeps equal areas in equal periods of time." He called our attention to a splendid engraving of the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolph II opposite the title page, and said, "Kepler did most of his work in Prague, where he was the court astronomer. He drew the Emperor's horoscope. In those days, astronomers were often also astrologers."

"Superstition abounded," Dr. Nicholson said. "Kepler's mother was once arrested on a charge of witchcraft."

Galileo published his "Sidereus Nuncius," or "The Starry Messenger," the year after "Astronomia Nova," and Mr. Horblit now showed us a first edition of *this*. "Extremely rare," he said. "Based on Galileo's observations through his telescope. It describes four satellites of Jupiter, and eight others



"He's been stolen!"

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were discovered by later astronomers, leading to the idea that if Jupiter had satellites, the sun could have them, too. The book also analyzes the Milky Way and shows that the surface of the moon resembles that of the earth. Galileo didn't invent the telescope—it was probably invented in Holland, in 1608—but he improved and perfected it."

"He was the first telescope *manufacturer*," Dr. Nicholson said. "He made hundreds of telescopes and gave them to friends."

"The telescope enabled Galileo to establish the superiority of the Copernican, or sun-in-the-center-of-the-universe, system over that of Ptolemy, who regarded the earth as the center of the universe," Mr. Horblit said, and he went on to show us a 1623 first edition of "Il Saggiatore," or "The Assayer," in which Galileo takes up comets.

The next exhibit was another Kepler—a 1627 first edition of his "Rudolphine Tables," which, Mr. Horblit told us, includes planetary observations and a catalogue of some eight hundred stars by Tycho Brahe and observations by Kepler extending the range of the tables to over a thousand stars.

"Tycho stood on middle ground between Ptolemy and Copernicus," Dr. Nicholson said. "Kepler outlived Tycho by nearly thirty years, and used Tycho's observations over a period of decades. He was convinced that Copernicus was right."

"It's interesting to know that in celestial navigation today we still use the Ptolemaic system," Mr. Horblit said, and he proceeded to show us, first, two more Galileo first editions—the 1632 "Dialogo sopra i due massimi sistemi del mondo," which caused the Inquisition to place him under house arrest until his death, ten years later, and the 1638 "Discorsi e dimostrazi matematiche intorno à due nuove scienze," which discusses gravity and the law of inertia—and then a 1653 "Sidereus Nuncius" and a 1661 "Dialogo," both published in London. "The first English translation of Galileo," he said of the latter. "Superb condition." He opened it to the title page, which read, in part, "Inglished from the Original Italian Copy by Thomas Salusbury," and said, "The 'Dialogue' supported the Copernican system of a central sun, and the 'Discourse on the Two New Sciences' showed that bodies of different weights—a feather and a stone, say—fall with equal velocities and a uniform acceleration. That's discounting the effects of drafts, of course."

Our bibliophilic education concluded with a second, or 1710, Italian edition of the "Dialogo," and we besought the owner of these treasures for a word on his collection in general.

"I started collecting in a small way when I was a science major at Harvard," Mr. Horblit said. "In 1941, I moved to New York, from North Dighton, Massachusetts, and the world of the rare-book market opened up to me. My field is the history of science, which as recently as twenty years ago was regarded as a fringe—just not chic. I don't think a Ph.D. in the history of science was given in this country until 1947. Now I have a few thousand books and manuscripts; some of the key items are in this show. I feel that this sort of collecting bridges the gap between—to use C. P. Snow's phrase—the two cultures."

Ashcan School

A NON-OBJECTIVE artist friend of ours decided, in a blue period of non-inspiration, to discard several of his weaker efforts, and he threw them in his kitchen-door rubbish container. A few days after this impetuous act, he was caught in a local traffic jam. The cause, he presently discovered, was a lumbering, stop-and-start Department of Sanitation truck, and he further discovered that from the back of the truck hung one of the brighter of his rejected paintings. He still considers it just about the highest tribute ever paid to a man of his calling.

Strolling Player

WE came upon Sir Alec Guinness taking a stroll along Tenth Street, down in the Village, the other day, and immediately fell in step with him to ask how things were going with him during his current stay in

Manhattan. Sir Alec, you know, is here again, in the play "Dylan," after a long absence; the last time we'd had a chance to talk with him was back in 1950, when he figured so effectively in T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party," and we found that the years have been kind to him. He is still slim, bright-eyed, dapper, and agile, and the neat cut of his gray suit and the splendor of his haberdashery (he was wearing a red-and-white horizontally striped shirt) reminded us not at all of the rumpled presence of Dylan Thomas, the Welsh poet he is engaged in portraying.

"I always feel in good health and spirits in New York," Sir Alec informed us, "and I'm glad that 'Dylan' made it possible for me to come here again. When Peter Glenville, who is the director of the play, proposed that I become Dylan Thomas, I wasn't sure that I was exactly the man for the role. I had met Dylan once, along with his wife, Caitlin, at some readings dominated by Dame Edith Sitwell, and I suppose that both the Thomases were on their good behavior under the Dame's stern eye. Almost anybody would be. At any rate, I wasn't overwhelmed by him or by his poetry—now that I've gone further into his work, I think there's much more to be said for his prose—but as I read the script, which is by Sidney Michaels, I began to see how I might undertake the role. Not warts and all, perhaps, but with some of the man's flavor. When all this was introduced to me, about eighteen months ago, I was looking for a house in Bray, near Dublin, where, I discovered to my sorrow, they confuse actors with Midas. There are also well-heeled Germans and Japanese about who dearly love the green slopes of Ireland. But enough of my housing frustrations; I decided to do 'Dylan.' There was a little matter, though, of an old movie contract, which stipulated that I was to do a film within the year. So I fulfilled it."

"What was the picture?" we inquired.

" 'The Fall of the Roman Empire,' " said Sir Alec. "It hasn't been released yet, and I don't think it will add much to Gibbon. I play Marcus Aurelius in a flurry of gigantic clichés. But it's handsome and enjoyable."

By this time, our walk had led us pretty far westward, and Sir Alec proposed that we continue to the White Horse Tavern, a bar on Hudson Street that was frequented by Dylan Thomas when he was in residence in Manhattan. "I've visited some of Dylan's haunts, to get some notion of what his New York was like, and I must say the proprietor of the White Horse has been very kind and helpful," Sir Alec said. "We played 'Dylan' in Toronto and New Haven before our arrival here, and, of course, there was nothing to be done in the way of research in those areas. Our journeyings with the play were a bit on the rugged side. In Toronto, we performed at the O'Keefe, which seats upward of three thousand, and in New Haven at a theatre that seats about one thousand. At the O'Keefe, the acoustics are so superb you can talk casually and be heard by one and all; the trouble is you can't be seen, or, if you are seen, you look very tiny. In New Haven, you have to step up your voice and ease up on your gestures. I trust that at the Plymouth we've arrived at some sort of acceptable compromise. I've done films at a great rate, but now I hope to do more and more stage performances. Not long ago, I did a limited engagement in Ionesco's 'Exit the King' and got huge satisfaction out of it."

We entered the White Horse, which was occupied by a bartender and seven men in leather jackets. The bartender greeted Sir Alec cordially. Off the bar was a lounge with hard-topped tables and a conspicuously exhibited portrait of its old patron Thomas. "You know, Thomas must have had that strange faculty I've seen in some actors—the ability to drink heavily and yet come up with an apt performance," said Sir Alec after ordering a beer. "I've noticed, however, that no matter how good they are in the first and second acts, the third one is usually a little uncertain. I expect Thomas got caught up in that third act over here. Well, I had better be dusting along." He put a couple of dollars on the bar.

"Your money's no good here, and never will be," said the bartender. "And don't be such a stranger."

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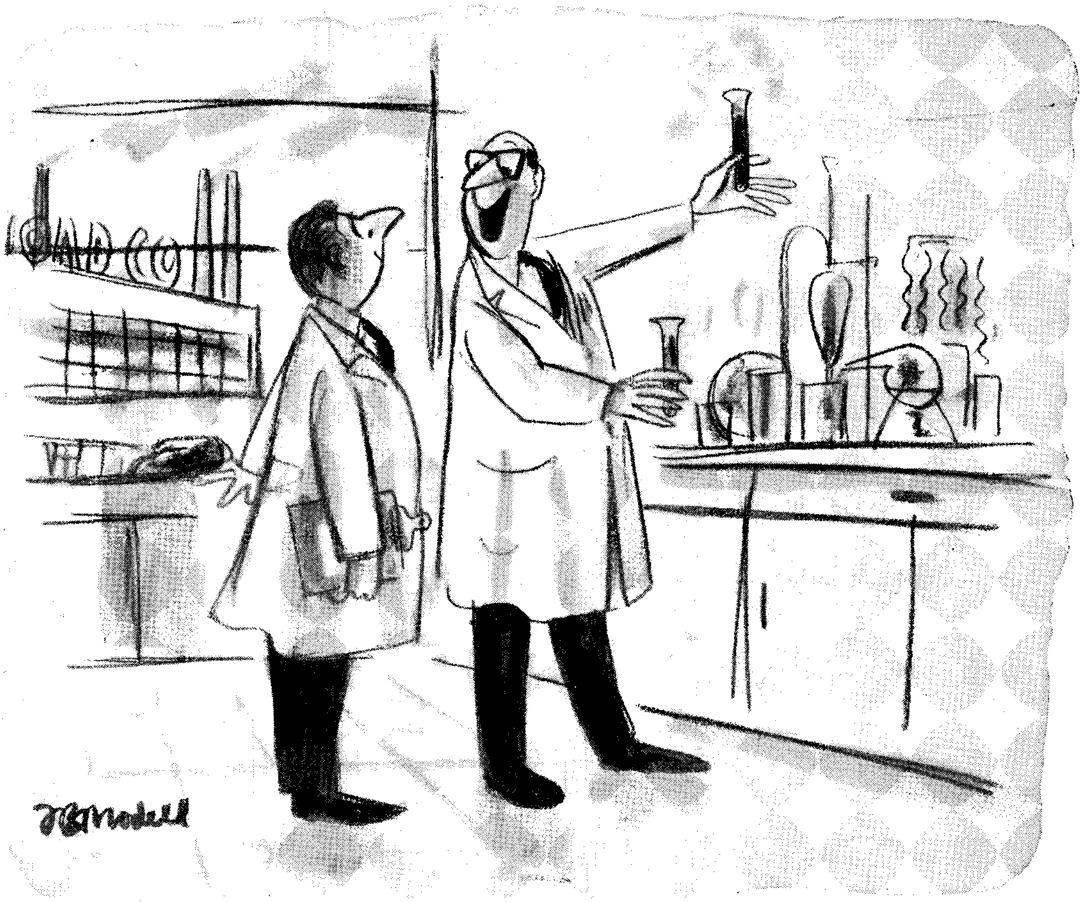
Conversation overheard during lunch in the East Forties, one account executive to another:

First Executive: "Jack's back from the Coast, and he's glad to be in harness again."

Second Executive: "Of course! I knew he would be, once he had recharged his batteries."



"A breakthrough! You call the newspapers. I'll phone a broker."

TWIN BEDS IN ROME

THE Maples had talked and thought about separation so long it seemed it would never come. For their conversations, increasingly intricate and ruthless as accusation, retraction, blow, and caress alternated and cancelled, had the final effect of knitting them ever tighter together in a painful, helpless, degrading intimacy. And their lovemaking, like a perversely healthy child whose growth defies every deficiency of nutrition, continued; when their tongues at last fell silent, their bodies collapsed together as two mute armies might gratefully mingle, released from the absurd hostilities decreed by two mad kings. Bleeding, mangled, reverently laid in its tomb a dozen times, their marriage could not die. Burning to leave one another, they left, out of marital habit, together. They took a trip to Rome.

They arrived at night. The plane was late, the airport grand. They had left hastily, without plans; and yet, as if forewarned of their arrival, nimble Italians, speaking perfect English, parted them deftly from their baggage, reserved a hotel room for them by telephone from the airport, and ushered them into a bus. The bus, surprisingly, plunged into a dark rural landscape. A few windows hung lanternlike in the distance; a river abruptly bared its silver breast beneath them; the silhouettes of olive trees and Italian pines flicked past like shadowy illustrations in an old Latin primer. "I could ride this bus forever," Joan said aloud, and Richard was pained, remembering, from the days when they had been content together, how she had once confessed to feeling a sexual stir when the young man at the gas station, wiping the windshield with a vigorous, circular motion, had made the body of the car, containing her, rock slightly. Of all the things she had ever told him, this remained in his mind the most revealing, the deepest glimpse she had ever permitted into the secret woman he could never reach and had at last wearied of trying to reach.

"It's a never-ending struggle to keep from loving it, that's for sure."

Yet it pleased him to have her happy. This was his weakness. He wished her to be happy, and the certainty that, away from her, he could not know if she were happy or not formed the final, unexpected door barring his way when all others had been opened. So he dried the very tears he had whipped from her eyes, withdrew each protestation of hopelessness at the very point when she seemed willing to give up hope, and their agony continued. "Nothing lasts forever," he said now.

"You can't let me relax a minute, can you?"

"I'm sorry. Do relax."

She stared through the window awhile, then turned and told him, "It doesn't feel as if we're going to Rome at all."

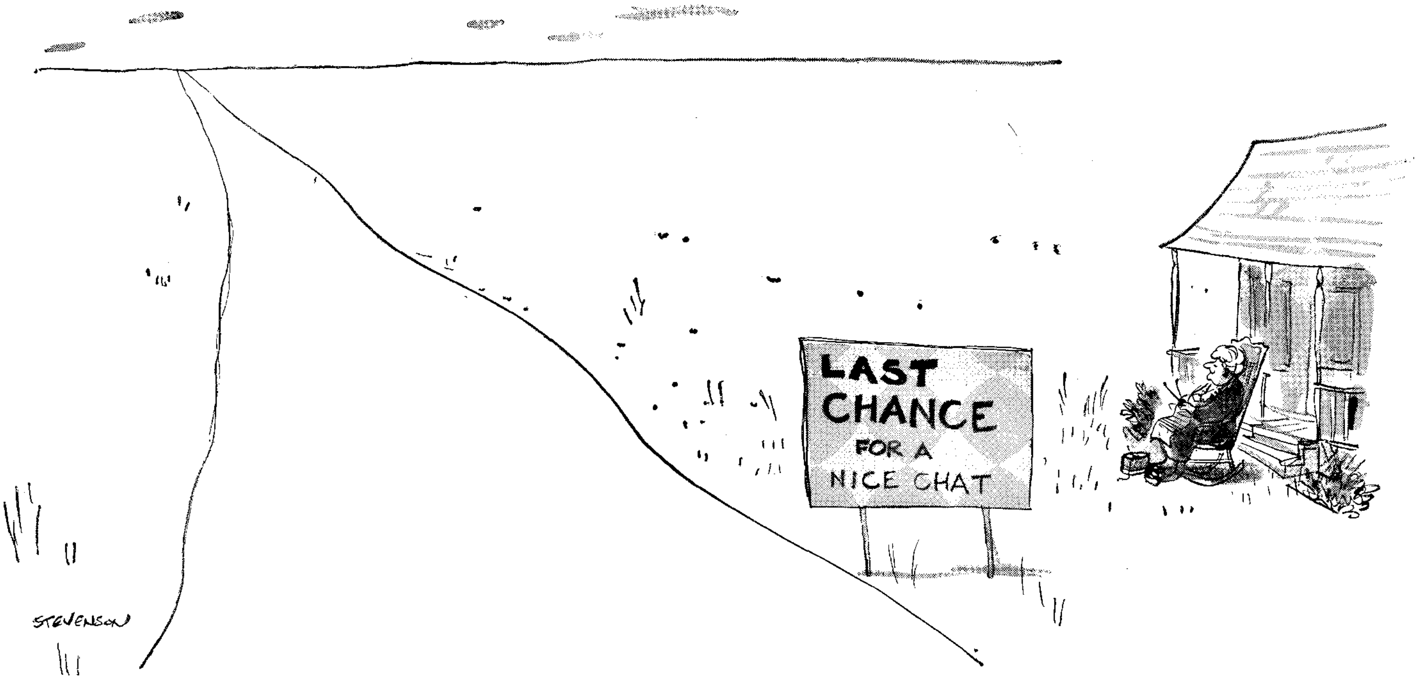
"Where are we going?" He honestly wanted to know, honestly hoped she could tell him.

"Back to the way things were?"

"No. I don't want to go back to that. I feel we've come very far and have only a little way more to go."

She looked out at the quiet landscape a long while before he realized she was crying. He fought the impulse to comfort her, shouted it down as cowardly and cruel, but his hand, as if robbed of restraint by a force as powerful as lust, crept onto her arm. She rested her head on his shoulder. The shawled woman across the aisle took them for honeymooners and discreetly glanced away.

The bus slipped from the country. Factories and residential rows narrowed the highway. An abrupt monument, a massive white pyramid stricken with light and inscribed with Latin, loomed beside them. Soon they were pressing their faces together to the window to follow the Colosseum itself as, shaped like a shattered wedding cake, it slowly pivoted and silently floated from the harbor of their vision. At the terminal, another lively chain of hands and voices rejoined them to their baggage, settled them in a taxi, and carried them to the hotel. As Richard dropped six hundred-lira pieces into the driver's hand, they seemed the smoothest, roundest, most tactfully weighted coins he had ever given away. The hotel desk was one flight up. The clerk was young and playful. He pro-


LAST CHANCE FOR A NICE CHAT
STEVENSON

nounced their name several times, and wondered why they had not gone to Naples. The halls of the hotel, which had been described to them at the airport as second-class, were nevertheless of rose marble. The marble floor carried into their room. This, and the amplitude of the bathroom, and the imperial purple of the curtains, blinded Richard to a serious imperfection until the clerk, his heels clicking in satisfaction with the perhaps miscalculated tip he had received, was far down the hall.

"Twin beds," he said. They had always had a double bed.

Joan asked, "Do you want to call him back?"

"How important is it to you?"

"I don't think it matters. Can you sleep alone?"

"I guess. But—" It was delicate. He felt they had been insulted. Until they finally parted, it seemed impertinent for anything, even a gap of space, to come between them. If this trip were to be kill or cure (and this was, for the tenth time, their slogan), then the attempt at a cure should have a certain technical purity, even though—or, rather, all the more because—in his heart he had already doomed it to fail. And also there was the material question of whether he could sleep without a warm proximate body to give his sleep shape.

"But what?" Joan prompted.

"But it seems sort of sad."

"Richard, don't be sad. You've been sad enough. You're supposed to relax. This isn't a honeymoon or anything, it's just a little rest we're trying to give each other. You can come visit me in my bed if you can't sleep."

"You're such a nice woman," he said. "I can't understand why I'm so miserable with you."

He had said this, or something like it, so often before that she, sickened by simultaneous doses of honey and gall, ignored the entire remark, and unpacked with a deliberate serenity. On her suggestion, they walked into the city, though it was ten o'clock. Their hotel was on a shopping street that at this hour was lined with lowered steel shutters. At the far end, an illuminated fountain played. His feet, which had never given him trouble, began to hurt. In the soft, damp air of the Roman winter, his shoes seemed to have developed hot inward convexities that gnashed his flesh at every stride. He could not imagine why this should be, unless he was sensitive to marble. For the sake of his feet, they found an American bar, entered, and ordered coffee. Off in a corner, a drunken American voice droned on and on through the grooves of a curiously unintelligible and distinctly female circuit of complaints; the voice, indeed, was not so much like a man's as like a woman's deepened by being played at a slower speed on the phonograph. Hoping to cure the almost dizzy emptiness within him, Richard ordered a "hamburger" that proved to be more tomato sauce than meat. Outside, on the street, he bought a paper cone of hot chestnuts from a sidewalk vender. This man, whose thumbs and fingertips were charred black, agitated his hand until Richard had placed three hundred lire into it. In a way, he welcomed being cheated; it made him an American in Rome. The Maples returned to the hotel, and side by side on their twin beds easily fell into a solid sleep.

THAT is, Richard assumed, in the cavernous accounting rooms of his subconscious, that Joan also slept well. But when they awoke in the morning, she told him, "You were terribly funny last night. I couldn't go to sleep, and every time I reached over to give you a little pat, to make you think you were in a double bed, you'd say 'Go away' and shake me off."

He laughed in delight. "Did I really? In my sleep?"

"It must have been. Once you shouted 'Leave me alone!' so loud I thought you must be awake, but when I tried to talk to you, you were snoring."

"Isn't that funny? I hope I didn't hurt your feelings."

"No. It was refreshing not to have you contradict yourself."

He brushed his teeth and ate a few of the cold chestnuts left over from the night before. They breakfasted on hard rolls and bitter coffee in the hotel and walked again into Rome. His shoes resumed their inexplicable torture. With its strange, almost mocking attentiveness to their unseen needs, the city thrust a shoe store under their eyes; they entered, and Richard bought, from a gracefully reptilian young salesman, a pair of black alligator loafers. They were too tight, being smartly shaped, but they were dead—they did not pinch with the vital, outraged vehemence of the others. Then the Maples, she carrying the Hachette guidebook and he his American shoes in a box, walked down the Via Nazionale to the Victor Emmanuel Monument, a titanic flight

TIME'S ARROW

As first light quivered in a sweat of ice
Crinkling ground zero, I saw time take flight;
I watched it rounding on a target space
While dawn broke on my left, the moon bent on my right.

Shaped like a fountain before it doubles down,
It steadied between two lights, broke from its path,
As the moon ran under and sun climbed flights of cloud
To stand at a measureless angle, out of breath.

I watched the archer reach back to his quiver
And notch an arrow; the string flung it aloft,
Steady this time on the target's round forever,
As though the prize rode easy on the shaft.

—Louis Coxe

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of stairs leading nowhere. "What was so great about him?" Richard asked. "Did he unify Italy? Or was that Cavour?"

"Is he the funny little king in 'A Farewell to Arms'?"

"I don't know. But nobody could be *that* great."

"You can see now why the Italians don't have an inferiority complex. Everything is so huge."

They stood looking at the Palazzo Venezia until they imagined Mussolini frowning from a window, climbed the many steps to the Piazza del Campidoglio, and came to the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius on the pedestal by Michelangelo. Joan remarked how like a Marino Marini it was, and it was; her intuition had leaped eighteen centuries. She was so intelligent. Perhaps this was what made leaving her, as a gesture, so exquisite in conception and so difficult in execution. They circled the square. The portals and doors all around them seemed closed forever, like the doors in a drawing. They entered, because it was open, the side door of the church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli. They discovered themselves to be walking on sleeping people, life-size tomb-reliefs worn nearly featureless by footsteps. The fingers of the hands folded on the stone breasts had been smoothed to finger-shaped shadows. One face, sheltered from wear behind a pillar, seemed a vivid soul trying to rise from the all but erased body. Only the Maples examined these reliefs, cut into a floor that once must have been a glittering lake of mosaic; the other tourists clustered around the chapel containing, in slippers and vestments, behind glass, the child-sized, greenish remains of a pope. They left by the same side door and descended steps and paid admission to the ruins of the Roman Forum. The Renaissance had used it as a quarry; broken columns lay everywhere, loaded with perspective, like a de Chirico. Joan was charmed by the way birds and weeds lived in the crevices of this exploded civic dream. A delicate rain began to fall. At the end of one path, they peeked in glass doors, and a small uniformed man with a broom limped forward and admitted them, as if to a speakeasy, to the abandoned church of Santa Maria Antiqua. The pale vaulted air seemed innocent of worship; the seventh-century frescoes seemed recently, nervously executed. As they left, Richard read the question in the broom man's smile and pressed a tactful coin into his hand. The gentle rain continued. Joan took Richard's arm, as if for shelter. His stomach began to hurt—a light, chafing ache at first, scarcely enough to distract him from the pain in his feet. They walked along the Via Sacra, through roofless pagan temples carpeted in grass. The ache in his stomach intensified. Uniformed guards, old men standing this way and that in the rain like hungry gulls, beckoned them toward further ruins, further churches, but the pain now had blinded Richard to everything but the extremity of his distance from anything that might give him support. He refused admittance to the Basilica of Constantine, and asked instead for the *uscita*. He did not feel capable of retracing his steps. The guard, seeing a source of tips escaping, dourly pointed toward a small gate in a nearby wire fence. The Maples lifted the latch, stepped through, and stood on the paved rise overlooking the Colosseum. Richard walked a little distance and leaned on a low wall.

"Is it so bad?" Joan asked.

"Oddly bad," he said. "I'm sorry. It's funny."

"Do you want to throw up?"

"No. It's not like that." His sentences came jerkily. "It's just a . . . sort of gripe."

"High or low?"

"In the middle."

"What could have caused it? The chestnuts?"

"No. It's just, I think, being here, so far from anywhere, with you, and not knowing . . . why."

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"Shall we go back to the hotel?"

"Yes. I think if I could lie down."

"Shall we get a taxi?"

"They'll cheat me."

"That doesn't matter."

"I don't know . . . our address."

"We know sort of. It's near that big fountain. I'll look up the Italian for 'fountain.'"

"Rome is . . . full of . . . fountains."

"Richard. You aren't doing this just for my benefit?"

He had to laugh, she was so intelligent. "Not consciously. It has something to do . . . with having to hand out tips . . . all the time. It's really an ache. It's incredible."

"Can you walk?"

"Sure. Hold my arm."

"Shall I carry your shoebox?"

"No. Don't worry, sweetie. It's just a nervous ache. I used to get them . . . when I was little. But not so bad."

They descended steps to a thoroughfare thick with speeding traffic. The taxis they hailed carried heads in the rear and did not stop. They crossed the Via dei Fori Imperiali and tried to work their way back, against the sideways tug of interweaving streets, to the territory containing the fountain, the American Bar, the shoe store, and the hotel. They passed through a market of bright food. Garlands of sausages hung from striped canopies. Heaps of lettuce lay in the street; red garlands of onions hung from the windows. He walked stiffly, as if the pain he carried were precious and fragile. Holding one arm across his abdomen seemed to ease it slightly. The rain and Joan, having been in some way the pressures that had caused it, now became the pressures that enabled him to bear it. Joan kept him walking. The rain masked him, made his figure less distinct to passersby, and therefore less distinct to himself, and so dimmed his pain. The blocks seemed cruelly uphill and downhill. They climbed a long slope of narrow pavement beside the Banca d'Italia. The rain lifted. The pain, having expanded into every corner of the chamber beneath his ribs, had armed itself with a knife and began to slash the walls in hope of escape. They reached the Via Nazionale, blocks below the hotel. The shops were unshuttered, the distant fountain was dry. He felt as if he were leaning backward, and his mind seemed a kind of twig, a twig that had deviated from the trunk and chosen to be this branch instead of that one, and chosen again and again, becoming finer with each choice, until finally there was nothing left for it but to vanish into air. In the hotel room he lay down on his twin bed, settled his overcoat over him, curled up, and fell asleep.

WHEN he awoke an hour later, everything was different. The pain was gone. Joan was lying in her bed reading the Hachette guide. He saw her, as he rolled over, as if freshly, in the kind of cool library light in which he had first seen her; only he knew, calmly, that since then she had come to share his room. "It's gone," he told her.

"You're kidding. I was all set to call up a doctor and have you taken to a hospital."

"No, it wasn't anything like that. I knew it wasn't. It was nervous."

"You were dead white."

"It was too many different things focussing on the same spot. I think the Forum must have depressed me. The past here is so heavy. Also my shoes hurting bothered me."

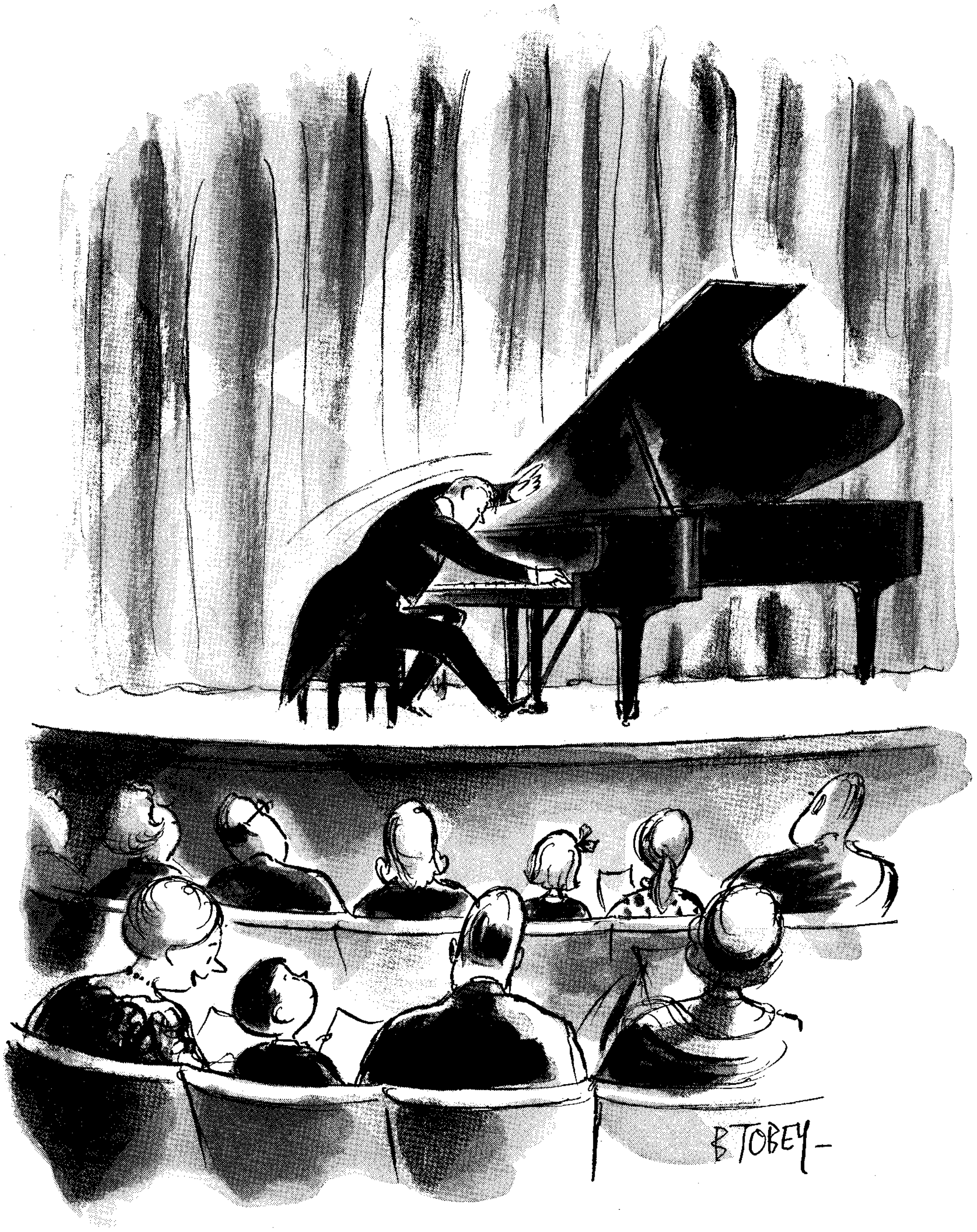
"Darley, it's Rome. You're supposed to be happy."

"I am now. Come on. You must be starving. Let's get some lunch."

"Really? You feel up to it?"

"Quite. It's gone." And, except for a comfortable reminiscent soreness that the first swallow of Milanese salami healed, it was. The Maples embarked again upon Rome, and, in this city of steps, of sliding, unfolding perspectives, of many-windowed surfaces of sepia and rose ochre, of buildings so vast one seemed to be outdoors in them, the couple parted. Not physically—they rarely left each other's sight. But they had at last been parted. Both knew it. They became with each other, as in the days of courtship, courteous, gay, and quiet. Their marriage let go like an overgrown vine whose half-hidden stem has been slashed in the dawn by an ancient gardener. They walked arm in arm through seemingly solid blocks of buildings that parted, under examination, into widely separated slices of style and time. At one point she turned to him and said, "Darley, I know what was wrong with us. I'm classic, and you're baroque." They shopped, and saw, and slept, and ate. Sitting across from her in the last of the restaurants that like oases of linen and wine had sustained these level elegiac days, Richard saw that Joan was happy. Her face, released from the terrible tension of hope, had grown smooth; her gestures had taken on the flirting irony of the young; she was almost ecstatically attentive to everything about her; and her voice, as she bent forward to whisper a remark about a woman and a handsome man at another table, was rapid, as if the very air of her breathing had turned thin and free. She was happy, and, jealous of her happiness, he again grew reluctant to leave her.

—JOHN UPDIKE



"You see, darling, he plays a Steinway, just like you."

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ENGLISH MOSAIC

WHEN a stranger walks into an antique shop, an experienced dealer doesn't need to ask himself whether the entrant has come to buy or hopes to sell. Mr. Edom, who kept the Abbey Antique Galleries, in St. John, could tell at a glance, or even without glancing—by a footfall, by the timbre of a cough—what was in the air. In the case of those who came to buy, he could usually make a good guess as to what they were after; apart from dealers and runners, who stick out, as he was wont to remark, like good deeds in a naughty world, there is the clockwork type, the satinwood type, the like-it-quaints. But who might bring in what to sell remained a mystery, and always would. Buyers express their own preferences, sellers the preferences of others—of those they have inherited from, or accidentally acquired from (you wouldn't believe what treasures can be left behind in a lodging house)—or perhaps the preferences of those whom they have obliged by taking a settlement in kind. Even in the case of things that have been stolen, the prior preference echoes on, like the cry of jarred crystal, through the automatic vulgarity of the thief's notion of what may be worth stealing; and as such preferences are sometimes quite exquisite, checking one's purchases against the lists of stolen valuables which the police issue to the trade can be extremely painful. A dealer, however chastened by professionalism, remains human and has preferences, too. Something he really fancies comes along. He buys, only to find he must notify the authorities and see it pass from his hands. Altogether, as Mr. Edom often confided to his assistant, trading with unprofessional venders, never knowing what they won't bring in, and having to judge from what they've brought what else they might have up their sleeve, is a tricky business, not to say incalculable.

To the young lady who came as a replacement when the assistant was swept off to the hospital for a month's treatment, Mr. Edom had nothing whatsoever to confide. Her qualifications and references were all anyone could ask, and the London agency that produced her assured him he was lucky to get such a nonpareil at such short notice. But after a couple of days, he knew he couldn't stomach her. She was a Miss Know-All.

So, the first time he had to leave her alone in the Galleries, it gave him considerable pleasure to say that if a seller came in and wouldn't wait for his return, she was to make out a receipt of deposit, take the seller's name and address, and bid him call later for Mr. Edom's decision. "No comments, please, Miss Hartley. Just the routine acceptance pending a possible offer."

"But if it's something obviously impossible?"

"Even so, if you don't mind."

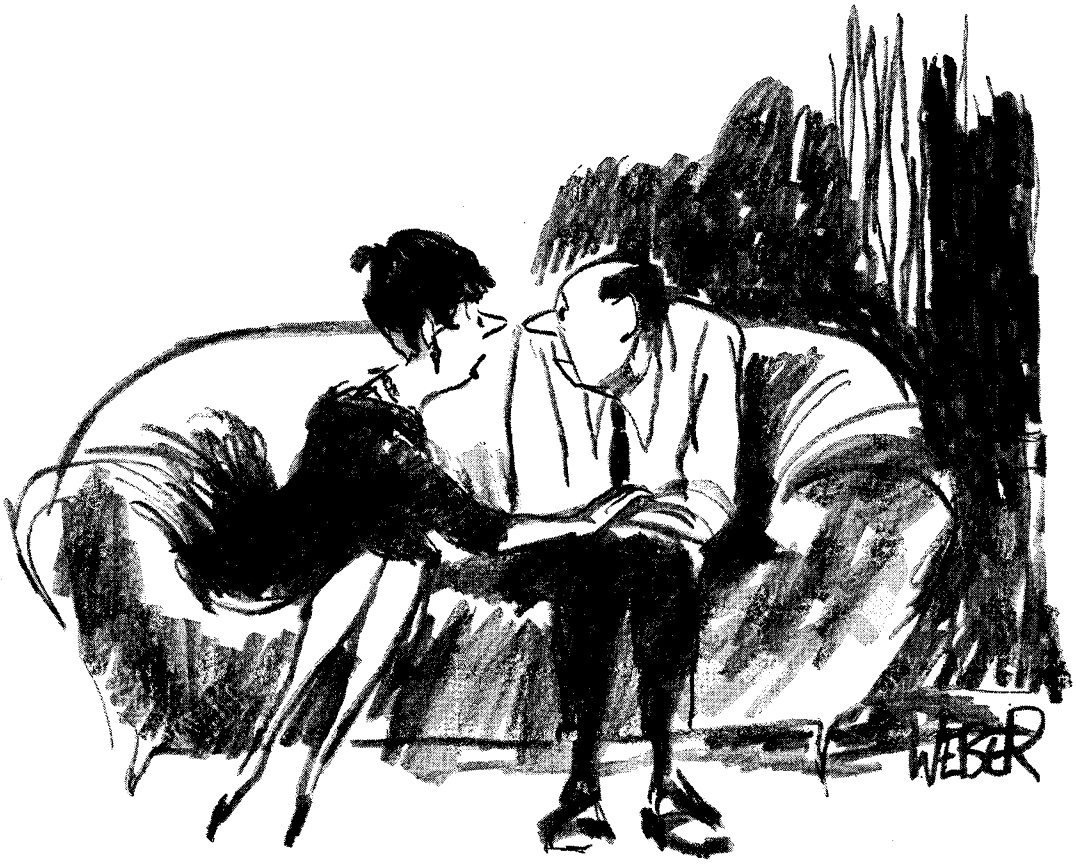
That she had minded with fury was plain when he came back and found her blandly gloating over two rock-garden rabbits, a grouse claw mounted as a brooch, and a large framed photogravure of Wedded Love. Being master in his own establishment, he took her down by remarking with suavity that the time wasn't yet ripe for these. This went home nicely. For the next half hour there wasn't a whisper of omniscience out of her, so absorbed was she in brooding on her wrongs and thinking of all the retorts she might have made if she had thought of them in time. When another absence and another visitor with something to sell gave her a fresh opportunity to express her resentment by displaying with the utmost prominence on a show table a proffered Staffordshire Duke of Wellington hot from Czechoslovakia whose steed trampled on a *bocage* of soap-bubble iridescence, he used a variant of the same technique, dwelling with tutorial tact on all the reasons that would have justified her in viewing the ornament with mistrust. "As I don't for a moment doubt you must have done, Miss Hartley."

"Well, I should hope so!"

"Exactly, exactly! With all your knowledge, I was sure you would."

She could be stifled, but not for long. Only by wringing her plump young neck could he have silenced her affability, her fellow-expert airs, her sprightly comments on his customers, her mosquito persistence in teaching him his own business. It was torment to be under the same ceiling with her. However, trade was slack, and though it was a choice of evils—for Miss Hartley was visibly pleased to be left in charge, and pleasing Miss Hartley was no pleasure to him—he contrived to be out pretty often, sweetening his returns by airy visions of finding she had done something he could be disagreeable about. She never had. After reporting on her blameless doings, she showed a kindly interest in his, and on wet days condoled with him.

On the thirtieth of the month, a Friday, it rained so remorselessly that if he had not been tied to a Valuation for Probate he would have stayed in the shop. When he returned, nerved against condolences, he found himself welcomed



"First we had the Chevy, then the Rambler, and now the Volkswagen. Oh, Bill, don't you see? We're not getting anywhere!"

• •

back with the airs of a mama disclosing a surprise cake. "Look what's come in!"

It stood upended in the middle of the room, cylindrical as a length of earthenware drainpipe—which, in fact, it was—and gay as a Joseph's coat of many colors. The drainpipe having been plastered with some sort of bitumen, a medley of broken china and pottery had been pavemented all over it. The labor and ingenuity expended must have been prodigious; the aim, he supposed, to enrich a home with an ornamental umbrella stand. In short, a labor of love.

"English mosaic," remarked Miss Know-All Hartley. "Isn't it a marvellous specimen? I've never seen a better one."

After a first glance, Mr. Edom began to circle round the object with an expression in which reprobation deepened into woe.

"I don't wonder you're spellbound. I've been hanging over it all the afternoon. Have you noticed the bird's head sticking coyly out from the teapot handle?"

"Yes. It's Chelsea."

In the extremity of his anguish, he went down on his knees and peered into the medley. "That's Nantgarw," he moaned. "That's second-period Dr. Wall. That's Coalport. That's a Billingsley rose. That's Whieldon tortoise shell . . . and there's another bit of it . . . and another . . . and another! She must have had a whole dish and taken a hammer to it."

"How perfectly appalling! The ignoramus! But why are you so sure it was a woman?"

He did not reply. He had just found more of the Dr. Wall—judging by contours, a punch bowl. Still on his knees, he circled round the drainpipe, tracing, scrutinizing, identifying; and becoming increasingly sure that not only had a Whieldon dish and a Dr. Wall punch bowl been immolated on the altar of Home Art but also a Nantgarw plate, a Cookworthy jug, and, almost certainly, a dozen Bristol teacups, since, in the compiler's enthusiasm for Billingsley roses, nine had been hacked out, and the remaining three, no doubt, broken past using. Insult had been added to outrage, for bits of kitchenware, alehouse mugs, simpering Victorian pomade pots jostled the fine porcelain, higgledy-piggledy. And as he shuffled round and round, the Chelsea bird, clasped in the half hoop of a brown kitchen-teapot handle, recurrently looked him in the eye with a disgraced facetiousness.

"But why are you so sure it was a woman?" she repeated.

"I'd expect it to be," he replied, not very attentively, since at that moment he had noticed a Felix Pratt tree upside down.

At length he rose and dusted the knees of his trousers. It was a tragedy, an act of blasphemy, a monument of busybody spoliation—but there was nothing to be done about it.

"Some inheriting lady's maid," he added. "Some clever Jael with a hammer. Snipping up brocade for kettle-holders, pasting color plates into scrap albums . . . it's all the same, it's all woman's work!"

It was then (though in his state of stupor he did not accept the evidence of his eyesight until some ten minutes later) that he glanced up and saw what was in Miss Hartley's mind. Her gaze was travelling over the shelves, here resting, there disregarding. At intervals it returned to the drainpipe and dwelled on it; and while her gaze dwelled on the drainpipe, she smugly, dreamily, purposefully smiled. She had very long coarse eyelashes; when she blinked, they seemed to be whispering together.

His attention was called back to business when a woman who had been looking intently at something in the window came in, saying in an Australian accent, "I'd like to see that piece of Belleek. I collect Belleek." It was one of those love matches, occurring between improbable partners, that even the most experienced antique dealers could not foresee. He would never have expected this lady to collect Belleek; a string of race horses would have seemed more likely. Meanwhile, Miss Hartley had retreated to the back of the shop, as was expected of her. The woman left, and he entered the purchase in his ledger. His mind returned to its state of woe. All those beautiful pieces—rarities, objects of unrepeatable perfection, unsurmisable value, but above all, so beautiful—broken to fragments and plastered hideously on a drainpipe . . . How could people do such things?

How could people do such things? Then he remembered the look on Miss Hartley's face, and how her glance had travelled, and rested, and travelled

IN THE X-RAY ROOM

Beneath a canopy for which the whole city
Seems, this morning, to be painting stripes,
You splash past a glass door while your taxi
Shifts and is off to a thousand other lives;
In the sudden hush of the jaded lobby,
The mirror sees you walking toward its knives.

RING AND ENTER. Entering the waiting
Room, doom says that it's polite, that one
Must face the worst alone in unabating
Silence. The news becomes important. Shun
The pain of others, or in contemplating
Theirs the fear you bare will be your own.

The market falls and rises while a ticker
Tape taps out the bedlam of your wits
In a room as brainy as a shrewd, old broker
Inside whose head a stock quotation sits.
Deserted in a cubicle, you wait and stare
At a blank wall, and smoke two cigarettes.

Invisible grower, gardener of alarms,
You lie on a turning table cold as snow.
Down press the camera's praying-mantis arms,
Avid to embrace your negative below;
Your inner organs light their secret farms
Not even lovers come close enough to know.

Deep in the inner landscape of yourself,
You search for contours that the camera plots;
Each mountain is as dangerous as each gulf.
And now you are rising with the speed of jets
To shatter through black glasswork at the top,
As someone says, “You can get up. Get up.”

And if that day should dawn, the abiding blue
Be unexceptionable, the cliché birds
Fly up again to where they always flew,
And all the voices sing of large accords,
Whose lone dissenter will be only you,
What justice will there be in just rewards

That day if, running for your life, you run
Into the X-ray of the broken straws
Of all your veins, and pain shoots off its gun
For the last time, and the target knows it knows,
When all the miraculous drugs are gone,
The precious weight of everything that goes?

—Howard Moss

* *

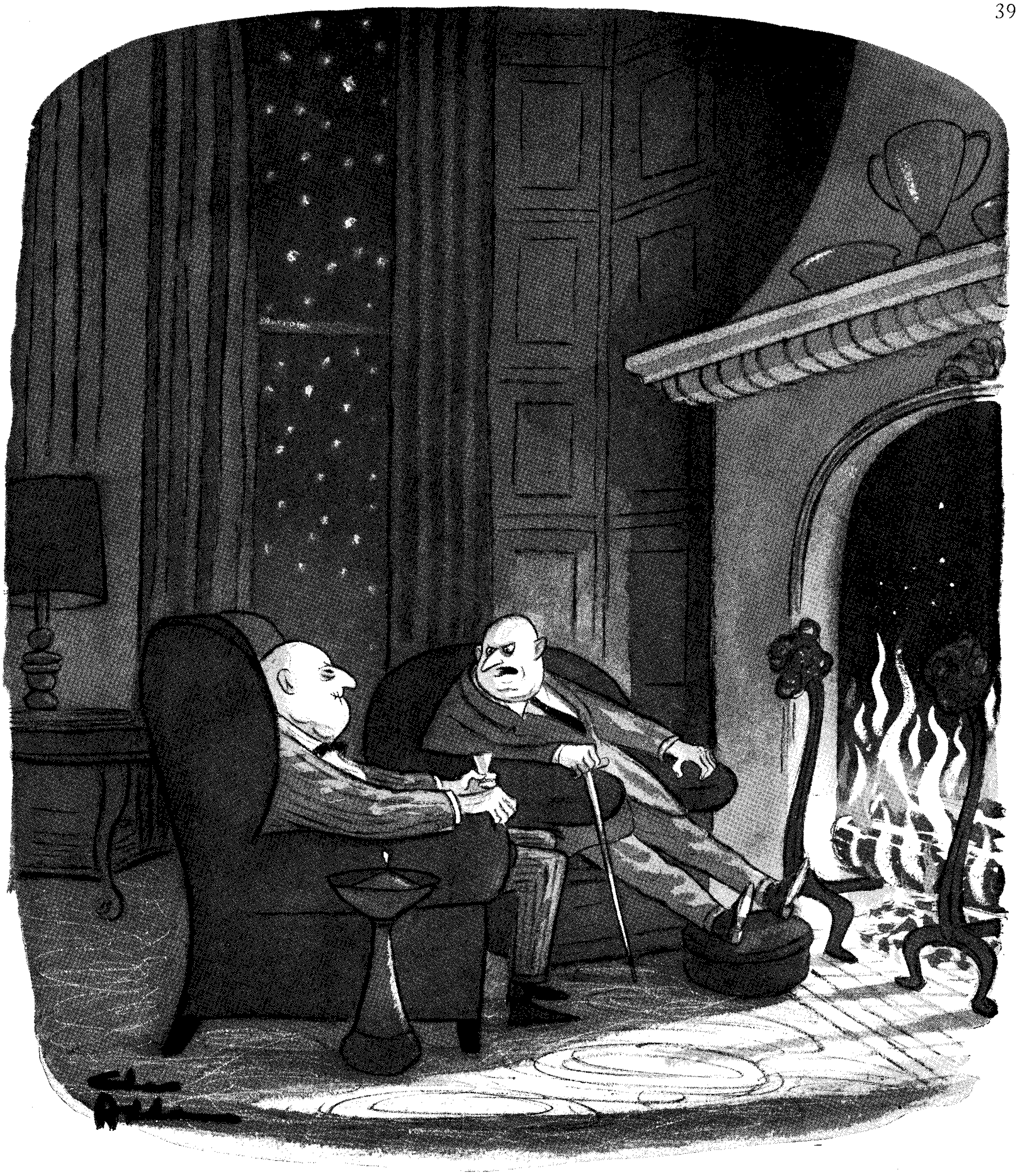
again; and what it had recurrently dwelled on. He heard his own fatal voice saying, “Woman's work.” He could not have been more instrumental if he had put the hammer into her hand.

Never, Mr. Edom had confided in those happier days when he had an assistant fit to be confided in, never forget yourself and begin cherishing. When a dealer has taken all proper precautions, the obligation toward his stock in trade is at an end. If he begins cherishing, he exchanges the detachment of those who sell antiques for the torments of those who collect them. Every night will be charged with fire, flood, housebreakers, and acts of God. Every lorry going down the street will be headed for his windows. All persons who enter his shop will do so as potential destroyers—oafs who stub out cigarettes in Sheraton inlay, epileptics whose fits hurl them through a Chinese screen. His oldest, most esteemed customers will become swine bearing away pearls, while as for children—King Herod was a Dr. Barnardo compared with how he will feel about children. In short, if he is going to begin cherishing, he might as well become a mother and have done with it. But now maternity in its extremest form had seized on Mr. Edom. The wrongs done to that defenseless English china had exposed his sensibility, which, since the china had never been his to sell, was unarmored by professional detachment. Then onto the surface of this pure and abstract grief had crashed the image of Miss Hartley's hammer, poised above his own wares—the Pinxton “estate” dessert service, each piece painted with a different view of a gentleman's park; the Meissen laundress, with her turned-up nose and delicately reddened elbows; the pair of Derby vases and the Nymphenburg cat. If he had refrained from cherishing them before, he made up for it now.

He must . . . He would . . . His thoughts rushed scrabbling from one expedient to another. He must get her out of the place, instantly. That was imperative. But on what pretext? One can't, in these organized days, say to a young woman “Go!” and be sure she will comply. She might raise objections, stand on her rights. And if she didn't, and went, she would go as a raging Fury and as a raging Fury return. No! The obvious, sensible thing to do, the thing everyone does in such cases, was to call in the police. A strong plainclothes policeman, stationed in the shop . . . But in these intellectualized days, police are not the docile public servants they used to be. They form theories, they want to get to the bottom of it, they know all about perversions, fixations, and complexes. If he were to say to a policeman, “I suspect she steals,” since she demonstrably wasn't stealing he would lay himself open to a charge of slander. If he said, “She means to break my best china and stick it on a drainpipe,” the policeman with the evidential drainpipe before his eyes would know a fixation when he saw one, would know that what was required was not a policeman but an alienist. Besides, a strong plainclothes policeman, strolling among the Galleries' antiques as though among wedding presents, would have a ruinous effect on business—quite apart from breakages.

A number of clocks, striking more or less at the same time, because Mr. Edom made a point of keeping his clocks in working order, announced that it was six.

“Well, Miss Hartley, closing time again. What an evening! I hope you



"Lindsay, you're picturing my old loves again!"

• •

brought your mackintosh." They were the first words he had spoken to her since his discovery of her intentions, and they sounded remarkably false.

"Always prepared, Mr. Edom." She put it on. She took up her handbag, in which she would conceal the hammer. "Shall I set the alarm?"

So she meant to come back that very night, did she? "No, don't trouble. I shall be staying a little longer. I'll see to it when I leave. Good night, Miss Hartley."

"Good night, Mr. Edom. Oh, by the way." She turned back. "The person who brought the English mosaic—called Turnbull—will be coming in about midday tomorrow."

She had blushed. For all her effrontery, with that "by the way" which preluded the person who had brought the English mosaic, she had blushed; the consciousness of her vile purpose had reddened her face.

"I'll be here."

If the person called Turnbull had been coming in a little before sunrise, Mr. Edom would have been there—on guard. When Miss Hartley's footsteps had died out, Mr. Edom rang up his housekeeper, saying that there was such a press of business that he proposed to work all night. He would be much obliged if she would bring him some sandwiches, a bottle of his usual claret, his razor, and a large thermos of black coffee. She was to come in a taxi. She came, having on her own initiative added a travelling rug, a clean shirt, a toothbrush, and, in addition to the grouse sandwiches for his supper, some egg sandwiches, in case he felt like making an early breakfast. She offered no comment on his intention of working all night, and this allayed any lurking notion that he might be behaving a little oddly. He settled himself in his private room, shaded the reading lamp so that no chink of light should disclose his presence, and switched on the electric fire. As he uncorked the claret, he realized that he was quite fervently hoping that Miss Hartley would not break in on his seclusion. If she did—well, he would be ready for her. Meanwhile, here was the "Decline and Fall"—a handsome edition in nine volumes, bound in tree calf, with the bookplate of someone called Humphrey Tilbury. Mr. Edom had kept it in his private room for years, going on with it at intervals.

The clocks striking one alarmed him by their brevity. More time had gone by than he had realized. Perhaps at this moment Miss Hartley was rolling her drainpipe through the silent streets. He sat up a little straighter and lit a cigarette. It was really quite absurd to suppose that she would break in, bringing a drainpipe. His brain must have been heated for such an idea to have been entertained for a moment. Besides, she would also need bitumen—not an easy stuff to come by after closing hours. She would just come with a hammer. She might not even come with a hammer; she could come with a sack. . . . The smooth, plump, calming hand of Edward Gibbon was already laid on Mr. Edom's brow. He read on, page after page. He began to take a rational view, to reject phantasmagorias, to put, with system, first things first. If Miss Hartley did not break in (and by 3:30 A.M. it had begun to seem unlikely that she was going to), she would reappear with her usual punctuality at nine-thirty. He would then, swiftly and surely, have to get rid of her—but as an employer, not as a murderer. He would have to ask her to leave, and forthwith. For if he had to endure her for another day, he would be driven to violent means. "Miss Hartley, I must ask you to leave at once." Difficult words to speak out loud and bold. Inevitably, they would antagonize her; and that was the last thing he wished to do. For if she had really toyed with the vile intentions he had attributed to her (Gibbon was now well in the ascendant), antagonizing her would stir it all up again. He must have some pretext, something inoffensive and irrefutable. It was a pity he had finished the black coffee; it would have helped him to think. Byron could think on soda water, but Byron was an exceptional character. There was a decent remnant of claret, but he would need that for breakfast; even Byron (a hero to Mr. Edom) would not have concluded a night-long vigil by drinking soda water with egg sandwiches. . . . There *must* be some pretext. Funerals are threadbare; one cannot plead a funeral. In any case, to say "Miss Hartley, I am going to a funeral; you must leave" would provoke the retort that his absence at a funeral would be the very reason she must remain to look after the shop; and in no time he would find himself departing for a mock funeral, leaving her alone to muse on grievance and revenge. Weddings, baptisms, the confirmation of a nephew were no better. Chimneys on fire . . . compulsive warnings in a dream . . . drains— No, drains would be fatal! Taking her out for the day—no real answer there. Exposure to smallpox—that might do. But suppose she was a Christian Scientist? As the light of dawn stole into the room, mental exhaustion compelled Mr. Edom to shave, to brush his teeth, to put on the clean shirt. This made him feel so much livelier that as he poured out his breakfast claret he broke into song:

"Wine can clear
The vapors of despair . . ."

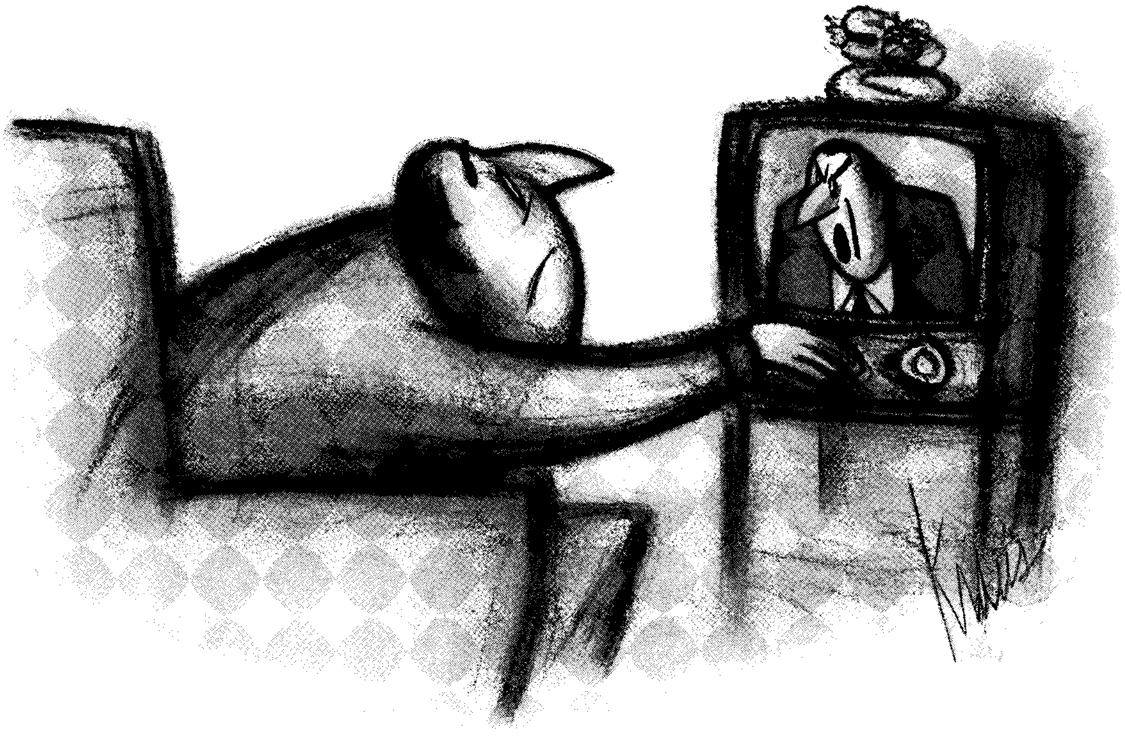
et cetera. Wine and egg sandwiches—he saw with pleasure that there were a great many—would prompt him to a solution.

He was on the trail of a splendid solution when he fell asleep.

The burglar alarm went off. She had come, she was trying to break in! Stumbling to his senses, he realized that it was broad day, that she had come at her usual time, found the door locked, and was waiting outside.

"Good morning, Miss Hartley. I am so sorry to keep you on the doorstep. I somehow forgot to turn off the alarm. The fact is, a great deal has been happening since I saw you last. I have had to make a great many decisions. I find I must go to Constantinople. Yes, to Constantinople. At once. I can't go into it all; there isn't time. I don't know how long I shall be away, but it will be a matter of some weeks. So for the time being I am closing the Galleries. Which means, of course, that

"You have a meeting with Mr. Treadwell at eleven. Lunch at twelve-thirty with Mr. Watkins, of Allied. A conference back here at three. Then nothing else until seven-thirty, when you pick me up for dinner."



"Don't touch that damn dial!"

• •

I shan't require your services any longer. I shall close the Galleries at midday, so you are free to go immediately, the moment I have made out your check. I shall include next week, of course, and your travelling expenses."

As he spoke, he watched her expression. It was one of frustration. There could be no doubt of her intentions, no doubt at all. Yet as he watched he saw her expression change. A sudden gleam, as though of relief, of renewed purpose, of complacency even, transformed her whole appearance. Good God, had she already thought of a way round?

The door had opened and a burly young man had come in. "Good morning," he said, addressing himself to Miss Hartley. "Hope I'm not too early. What's the verdict?" There was a burnish on his familiarity that suggested the familiarity was of recent date.

"No, Mr. Turnbull, never too early. Mr. Edom, this is Mr. Turnbull, who brought in the English mosaic."

"And a load and a half it was, too. It about did for the springs of my old bus. I hope I shan't have to take it away."

"It's an interesting piece," said Mr. Edom. "Of course, there's no market for English mosaic yet. One might say its hour has not yet struck. But it's an interesting piece. Is it a family possession?"

"Good Lord, no! No, I brought it here to oblige a friend. He was left it by a great-uncle, who set no end of store by it, because it was made by some ancestor or other. Quite a romantic story. His fiancée died."

"Indeed."

"Yes. The ancestor's, I mean. And he put up a monument to her in the garden. This was part of it—this and another like it, but that somehow got mislaid in a move. The rest of the monument was falling down by then. It must have been quite a lifework—stuck all over with fancy pebbles, and shells, and bits of colored glass, and his fiancée's name picked out in glass marbles: 'Eliza.' It's surprising what love will make a man do," he added, turning to Miss Hartley.

"Not nowadays," she said, and flicked her eyelashes at him.

"Wait till you know."

She bridled, and Mr. Turnbull increasingly smiled, and moved nearer.

Mr. Edom coughed. "As I was saying, it's an interesting piece. I wonder your friend doesn't want to keep it, since it has associations."

"Not he! He's a bit of a Socialist. Eliza and the Honourable Vavasour—did you ever hear such a name?—don't appeal to him. Nor any other bygones. He's modern. Now, I'm different." Again he turned to Miss Hartley. "I rather like a genuine antique. They've got something."

"Ten pounds," said Mr. Edom.

The enormity of such an offer distracted Miss Hartley from her own business to his. Incredulity, followed by contempt; contempt melting into gratification—she must have hated him intensely, to draw such pleasure from seeing him make a fool of himself.

"I should have thought it was worth more than that," said Mr. Turnbull.

"No—but I'll make it guineas, as I'm buying it as a present. For you, Miss Hartley," said Mr. Edom, bowing. "A parting present, a little souvenir. I'm sure you'll find it interesting."

Struggling with convulsive yawns, he tried to seem attentive to Miss Hartley's inattentive thanks and her hopes he would enjoy himself in Constantinople.

"Yes," concurred Mr. Edom. "Constantinople. I believe it is a very interesting city. Very historical. Would you like me to have your mosaic sent up to London after you?"

Mr. Turnbull, who had finished putting away his ten guineas, now looked up alertly. "What, are you going to London? Why don't I drive you? I was thinking of going there myself—as it happens."

"You'll have to wait while I pack, you know," said Miss Hartley.

"That's all right by me. I've got nothing special to do. I don't mind when I start."

With these gracious words, Mr. Turnbull shouldered the drainpipe. Miss Hartley followed him. Mr. Edom held open the door. They drove off, Mr. Turnbull rather flushed, Miss Hartley lofty and urbane, waving her hand in farewell. They took with them the bright relics of a forgotten craftsmanship, a vanished elegance, a very different outlook on love.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

I told him that I thought he'd done his best work to date in "The Manchurian Candidate," that his other roles didn't seem to give him the opportunity to display his undoubted talent. He described a graceful half-nelson off the verbal springboard.—*San Francisco News-Call Bulletin.*

That's hard on the kidneys.

PROFILES

THE HONORED SOCIETY—I

ON July 10, 1943, the Allied armies landed on the south coast of Sicily and, thrusting northward, began their conquest of the island. An Anglo-Canadian force was dispatched up the east coast, while the American Seventh Army was given the mission of subduing the mountainous central and western parts of the island. For the Americans, the key point in the Italo-German defense system was the area around Mount Cammarata, near the towns of Villalba and Mussomeli, where a mixed brigade of motorized artillery, anti-aircraft guns, and 88-mm. anti-tank guns, plus a squadron of German tanks, waited to give battle from positions that dominated both main roads along which the Americans were certain to advance. The Cammarata redoubt had been most carefully chosen. This craggy solitude, with its concealed ravines and its caves reached by secret paths, had been the home of armed resistance since Roman antiquity, and had sheltered slave rebellions that had taken decades to quell. In command of the defenders was a Lieutenant Colonel Salemi, a veteran described as possessing an inflexible sense of duty. The Colonel was pessimistic about the final outcome of the battle, in view of the lack of air cover, but he had no doubt at all of his ability to halt the American advance for a valuable period of days, or even weeks.

On the morning of July 14th, an American fighter plane flew low over the town of Villalba and dropped a packet, which fell near the church. It was seen that a yellow flag bearing the letter "L" in black had been stretched over one side of the plane, and when the packet was picked up, it was found to contain a small replica of this flag. The packet and its contents were handed over to a lance corporal of the carabinieri named Angelo Riccioli, today a sergeant major in the service, stationed in Palermo. The next day, the plane returned and a second packet was dropped, this time a short distance from the house of Villalba's leading citizen, Calogero Vizzini, for whom it was intended. The packet was recovered by Carmelo Bartolomeo, a servant of the Vizzini family, who must have been looking over his employer's shoulder when it was opened, since he later told a newspaperman that he had seen a yellow handkerchief bearing the initial "L." Bartolomeo's employer—generally known as Don Calò—was the head of the Mafia of all Sicily, and, as such, was considered by the majority of Sicilians to be the most powerful man on the island.

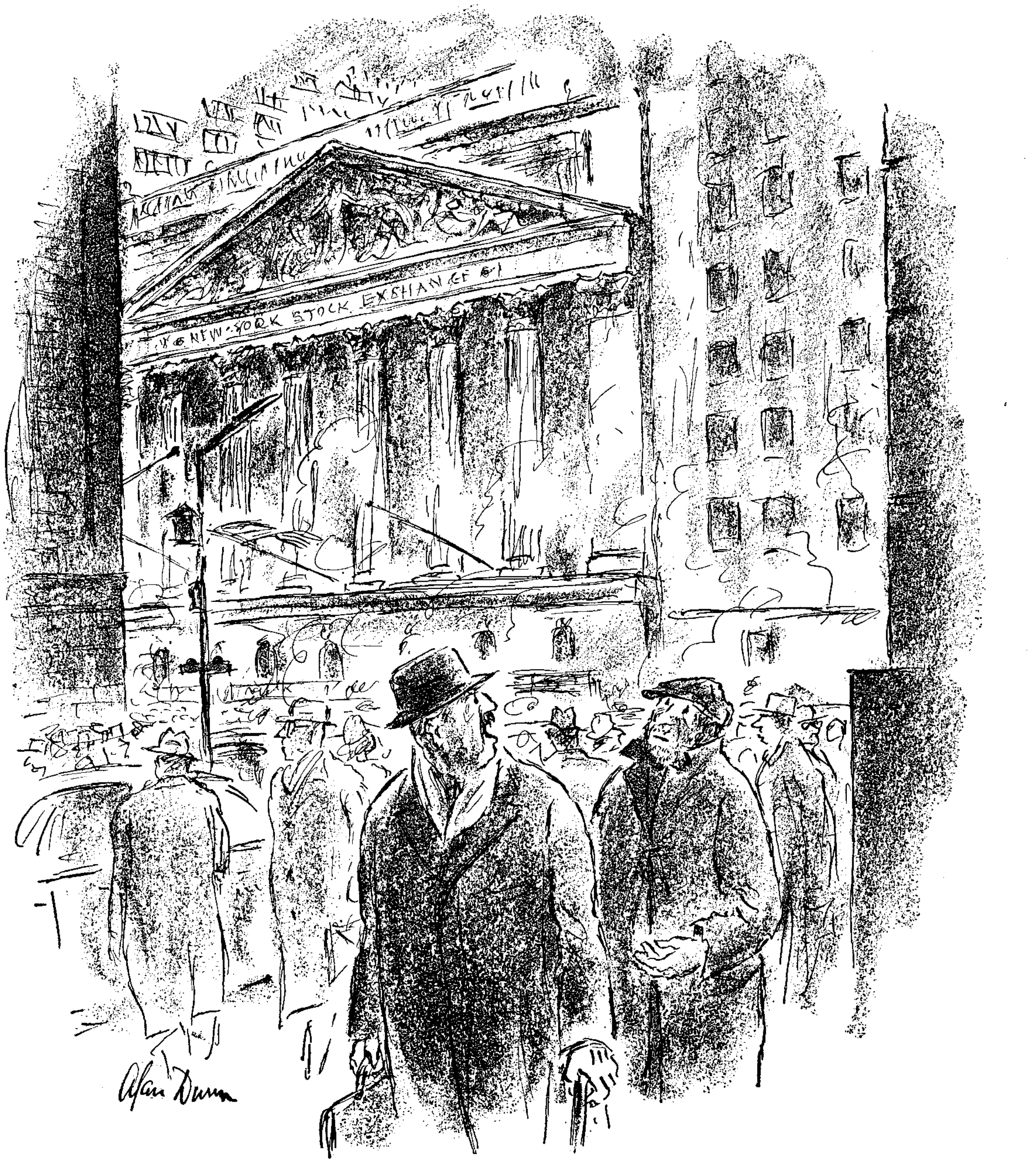
On the evening of the fifteenth, a messenger left Villalba on horseback for the neighboring town of Mussomeli. He was carrying a letter from Don Calò to Giuseppe Genco Russo, regarded at that time as second to Don Calò in the Mafia hierarchy. This letter was couched in Mafia jargon and said, in substance, that on July 20th a certain Mafia chieftain known as Turi would accompany an American motorized division as far as Cerda (within five miles of the north coast), and that Don Calò himself would go with the main body of the army. In Don Calò's absence, Genco Russo was asked to do all he could for the security and comfort of the Americans. As things turned out, on July 20th, while the advance guard of the Seventh Army was still thirty miles away, a solitary jeep made a dash to reach Villalba and carry off the indispensable Don Calò. The jeep, however, took a wrong turn and came under the fire of an Italian patrol, and one of its crew was killed. Later that day, three American tanks repeated the attempt and were successful. One of these was flying the by now familiar yellow flag with the black "L," and when it pulled up in the main square and an officer climbed out of its turret, he spoke in a Sicilian dialect.

Citizens of Villalba who were present at the encounter between this officer and the formidable Don Calò say that the American seemed surprised by the presence in the flesh of the legendary Mafia chief. Characteristically, Don Calò appeared on the scene in shirtsleeves and suspenders, waddling unemotionally toward the group of nervous and excited American soldiers who were standing under the guns of their tanks. At this time, he was sixty-six years of age, a man with bulky features and an inert expression, but with eyes that moved like lizards. His slovenly dress and his phlegmatic air were typical Mafia affectations; for a Mafia chieftain to show off in the matter of clothing, or in any other way, was simply not done. Reaching the shadow of the guns, Don Calò pulled out of his pocket the yellow handkerchief that had been dropped by the plane and showed it to the officers. He and a nephew, Damiano Lumia, who had returned from the United States a short time before the outbreak of war, were invited to get into one of the tanks, which then moved off, followed by the others. During the whole confrontation, Don Calò, true to his reputation for preferring action to speech, is reported not to have opened his mouth.

The next morning, on the heights of Cammarata, two-thirds of Colonel Salemi's men were found to have deserted. Some of them have since said that during the night they were approached by Mafia agents, who convinced them of the hopelessness of their position and supplied them with civilian clothes and whatever else they needed to get home to their families. Colonel Salemi himself was trapped by the Mafia through a ruse on the same day, while passing through Mussomeli, and was confined in the town hall. The battle of Cammarata was over without a shell's having been fired. Genco Russo may well have been referring to these transactions when, many years later, he told a correspondent of the Roman newspaper *Tempo*, "When the Allies landed in Sicily in 1943, I arranged that the war should reach Mussomeli without unnecessary cruelties, horrors, or deaths."

Don Calò was away from his capital for six days. As he had indicated in the letter to Genco Russo, he considered his mission at an end when Cerda was reached; there, other Mafia potentates were ready to take over. Although at this time Don Calò was the accepted head of the Mafia, there were certain weak links in his chain of command. Mussolini's vigorous attack on the Honored Society, as it was called by its members, had shaken its structure and left it weaker, probably, than it had ever been before. By 1943, many of the best Mafia brains had been hastily converted to Fascism. Others were still in *confino* and only just about to be released. In the heart of western Sicily, the stronghold of the great feudal estates, Don Calò—who had been too wily even for Mussolini—remained absolute master, but between Cerda and Palermo, on the coastal plain, the Mafia satraps had become used to their independence and had to be handled with diplomacy. It was such weaknesses in the organization that Don Calò would first undertake to repair. By the time Don Calò returned to Villalba, the war in western Sicily, at least, was at an end. A man who had dedicated the whole of his life to what the Mafia calls "winning respect," he now enjoyed enormous prestige. Whether or not he was responsible for American strategy in western Sicily, his followers certainly gave him the credit for it. The war in that region had been terminated bloodlessly, rapidly, and to the satisfaction of all but a few diehard senior Axis officers like the unfortunate Salemi. The Sicilians, always anti-Fascist, were now, to all intents and purposes, anti-Italian, too. Any loyalties of kinship were directed toward the United States, where by 1943 two million Sicilians—by birth or by parentage—were living in a prosperity that was almost incredible by island standards; indeed, many islanders were totally dependent on money sent back by relatives in the States.

There was a precedent for the display of yellow flags and handkerchiefs that heralded this happy conclusion of hostilities on the western Sicilian front. The exchange of silk handkerchiefs, in fact, had become the equivalent of a Mafia password when an identity had to be established. In 1922, for instance, a certain Lollò, an associate member of the Mafia of Villalba, committed a murder so outrageously ill-planned, and carried out with such an arrogant disregard for concealment, that his arrest and conviction were inevitable. Don Calò, by a certain flexing of his powers, arranged to have Lollò supplied with false identity documents and smuggled to the United States. On his arrival in New York, Lollò was met by a group of friends who had been alerted to expect him, and to these he identified himself by a yellow silk handkerchief given him by Don Calò, which in this instance carried the initial "C." The bold black "L" on the flags at Villalba on those fateful days in July stood for "Luciano." Lucky Luciano, originally Salvatore Lucania, had been born in Lercara Friddi, the next town of any size up the main road from Villalba to Palermo, and, as head of the Mafia in the United States—which he had almost certainly become—Luciano would have been in regular contact with his opposite number in Sicily. There has, of course, been considerable speculation over what, if any, *quid pro quo* was offered Luciano for his services, but there



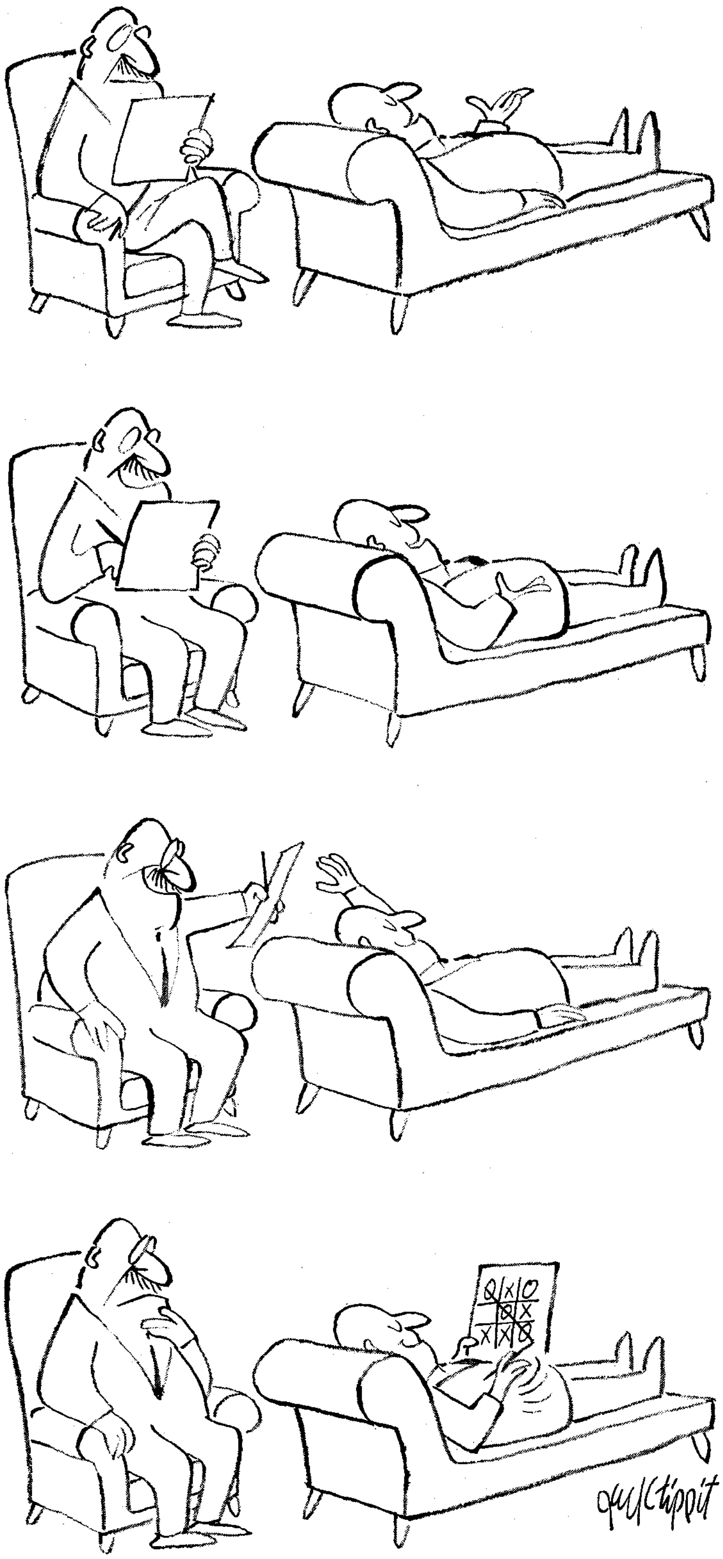
"I'm sorry, but I believe in strengthening the over-all economy instead."

is no doubt that in 1946 he was freed from prison, where he was serving a thirty-to-fifty-year term on a conviction for compulsory prostitution, and deported to Italy. No unassailable evidence of any overt connection between Don Calò and Luciano emerged until later that year, when they occupied adjoining suites in a Palermo hotel.

On the day after Don Calò's return to his capital, an intimate little ceremony took place in the barracks of the carabinieri, at which the American Civil Affairs officer appointed Don Calò mayor of Villalba. That evening, the new mayor gave a party for the Allied officers and a number of his selected friends. The friends were the members of the Villalba Mafia, plus such Mafia notables from the surrounding districts as could attend at short notice. Some of them had their hair closely cropped, and their faces still wore the pallor of Mussolini's prisons. Don Calò introduced them to the officers as victims of Fascism, as indeed they were, and his enthusiastic recommendations persuaded the military authorities to issue them permits to carry firearms—"to guard against the possibility of any attempted Fascist coup." In this way, Don Calò had restored to him the armed bodyguard that had been taken away by Mussolini in 1924. The first of many victims of this resurgence of democracy was Pietro Purpi, the very noncommissioned officer of the carabinieri whose rueful task it had been to countersign the firearms permits.

Don Calò's next step was a more important one—so important, indeed, that Sicily has not yet recovered from its far-reaching effects. He compiled a list of suitable candidates for the office of mayor of towns throughout the whole of western Sicily, and this, too, was found acceptable. Many of these partisans of democracy, as Don Calò pointed out, had spent long years in confinement. No one seems to have had the time to investigate his claim that his nominees had been imprisoned for their political ideals and not, in fact, for crimes ranging from armed train robbery to multiple homicide. In a matter of days, half the towns in Sicily had mayors who were either members of the Mafia or closely associated with it. Thus, for the first time in history, owing to the military authorities' complete incomprehension of the situation in which they found themselves, the Mafia was in a position to rule directly, instead of exerting its influence indirectly through the control of corrupt public officials, as in the past. In a matter of days, the maleficent genius of Don Calò had been able to repair much of the damage done to the Honored Society in the twenty years of Fascism. Now, in the absence of a constitutional government, the Mafia chieftains had become the real rulers of Sicily.

Strangely, not all those Sicilians who came to press Don Calò's hand or to present ceremonial offerings were sycophants. Beyond the natural awe that everybody felt for him, many people genuinely liked and admired the head of the Mafia, and even those whom he had victimized at one time or another sometimes seemed unable to repress a grudging esteem. Don Calò was a natural artist in the control of men through their affections as well as through their fears. His immense dignity, the Johnsonian pithiness of his rare but monumental utterances, the majestic finality of his opinions appealed to the human search for leadership. Even men of education have admitted their vulnerability to the strange power of attraction that is not uncommonly possessed by a Mafia chieftain, and this power was certainly in evidence to a high degree in Don Calò's case. The mayor of Villalba almost certainly saw himself as the head of a self-created aristocracy of the intellect—neither debased peasant nor decadent landowning baron—to which had been committed, as if by some divine right, the arcana of government. He believed in himself in the way that only a *mafioso* could—with the stolid, unwavering faith of religious fanaticism—and, almost as though by telepathic contact, he forced those around him to become believers, too. Don Calò knew that only he, the inspired realist in command of the Mafia, could rule Sicily as it should be ruled. Such



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mafiosi of the old school as he were criminals only in the eyes of the law and of abstract justice—and, in a more confused and unfocussed way, in the eyes of the peasantry they exploited. To the rest of the community they were "men of respect" and of sincere, if inscrutable, purpose.

THE origin of the word "Mafia" is a matter of some controversy. A persuasive view is that it derives from the Arabic "*manfa*," which means "place of exile." If so, it probably reflects the predicament of the relatively civilized Saracens in the eleventh century, after the conquest of Sicily by the Normans. The Arabs had introduced small holdings and scientific irrigation, and their rule—compared to anything the island had known before or has known since—was mild and beneficent. Had they remained, there is no reason that the prosperity and civilization of Sicily should not have equalled those of Spain, but the Normans dislodged them and plunged the country into the polar night of feudalism. Most of the Arab smallholders became serfs on the reconstituted estates, and some escaped "into exile." These are the dry bones of probability as unearthed by the historians. But if one scratches below the surface, the evidence of a far earlier origin comes to light. One discovers archaic, even Bronze Age, ingredients in the seemingly down-to-earth, devil-take-the-hindmost materialism of the men of the Honored Society. In times of crisis, in fact, men like Don Calogero Vizzini tend to behave not so much like big-scale black-market operators of the twentieth century as like the personae of a Greek tragedy, whose motives are sometimes so remote from our own as to be incomprehensible. This (from our viewpoint) irrational element is strongly displayed in the great feud between the Barbaccia and Lorello families of Godrano, near Palermo. In 1918, the two families quarrelled about the possession of a wood. The dispute over this ragged patch of stunted oaks and thorny underbrush cost dozens of lives until 1942, when an attempt was made to patch up the quarrel. According to age-old custom, a marriage should have been arranged between two suitable members of the opposing families, but this could not be done, because of a lack of mutually acceptable candidates, and in 1944 the war flared up again, with the commission by the Lorellos of what the "men of respect" consider the most odious of all crimes. Francesco Barbaccia, head of his family, was kidnapped, killed, and never seen again, and it is at this

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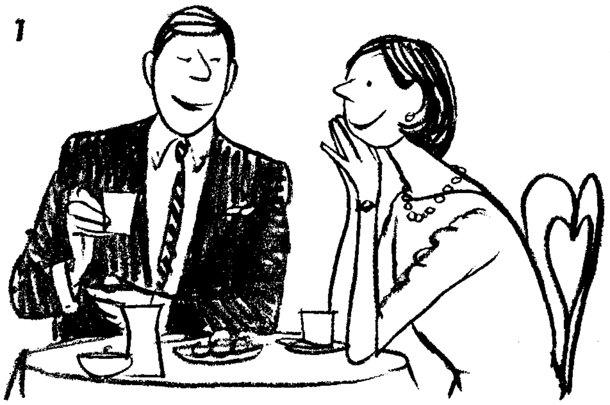
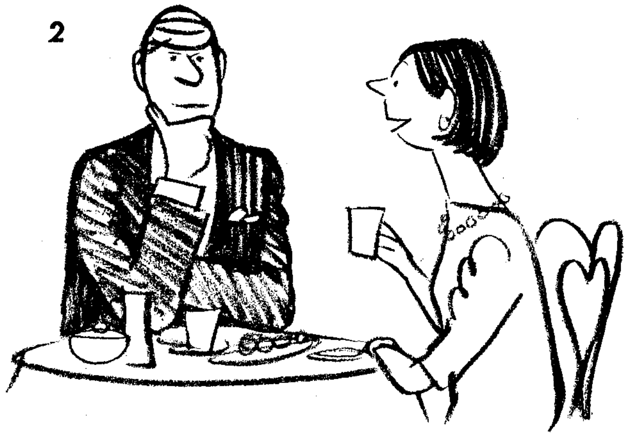


If I don't miss my guess, I'd say George has the makings of a top lawyer.

I see him more as the scientific type—an engineer or physicist.

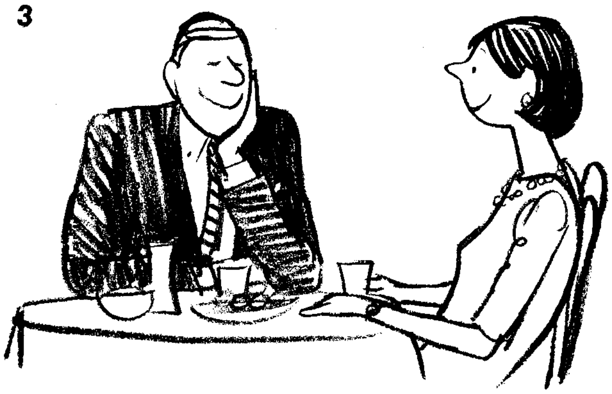
2



I say lawyer because he always seems to prevail, no matter how forcefully I make a point.

Yet look at the way he works with his hands.

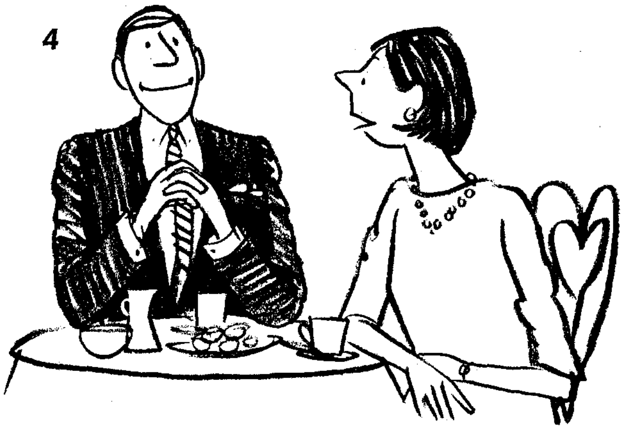
3



I think we're both jumping the gun in predicting his career.

Well, he is only 3. It's possible his interests may still change.

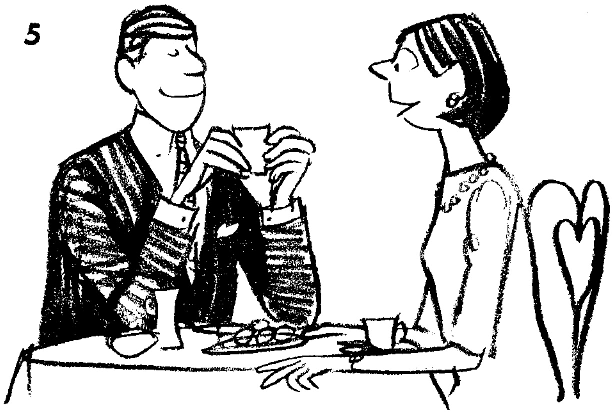
4



But he definitely is college material.

No doubt about that. The only problem is—where are we going to get the money to put him through college?

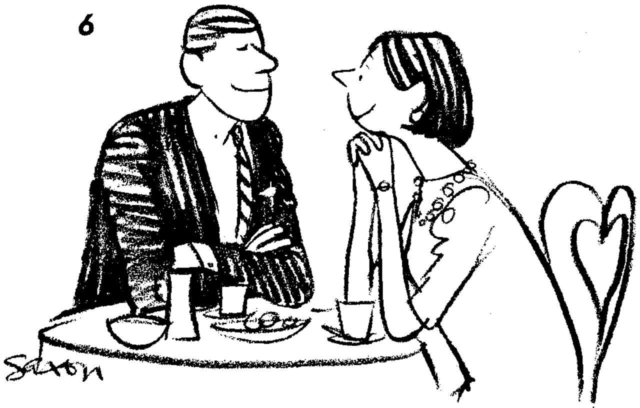
5



Oh, we'll have the money, all right.

John, do you have a nest-egg you're keeping secret from me?

6



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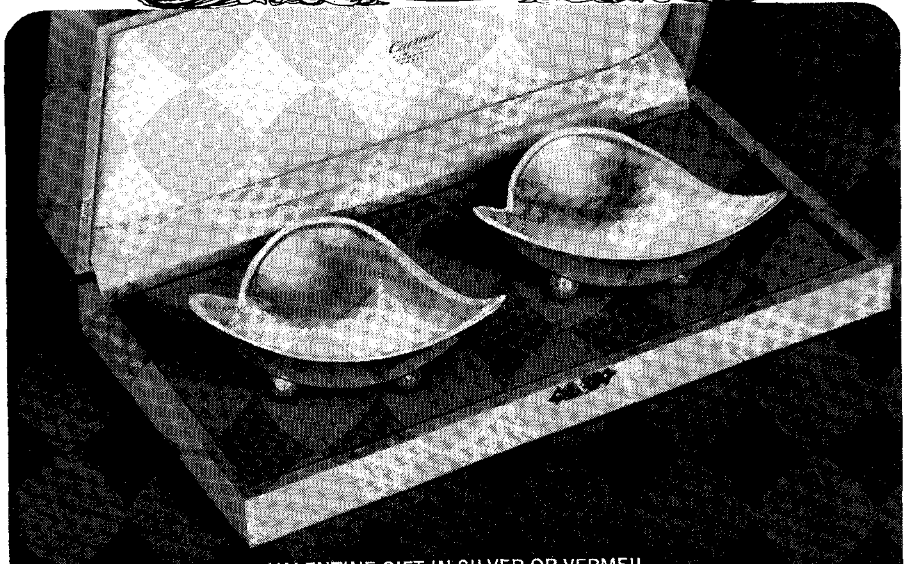

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point that the archaic component of the Mafia mentality—its utter separation from the outlook of the ordinary criminal of modern times—is starkly apparent. The killing of Barbaccia was bad enough, but the final offense—held to be ten times as execrable as the killing itself—was the concealment of the body, so that vengeance could not be ritually sworn "in the presence of the corpse." By 1960, as the feud developed and spread, nearly a tenth of the population of Godrano had become casualties, the latest victim—in the absence of eligible adults—being a boy of ten.

The Mafia stands outside Christian morality, but the Mafia of feudal Sicily, in its uncorrupted form, has an iron morality of its own. Since no *mafioso* sees himself as a criminal, the Mafia has always been the enemy of petty crime—and therefore, to a limited extent, the ally of the police. The organization demands total obedience from its members but, in return, will defend them through thick and thin—even extending its powerful protection to all immigrants of Sicilian birth in an alien land. It can be seen almost as a form of primitive human society which has in some way managed to continue to exist in the modern Western world, living under the cruel laws of tribesmen who are exposed to continual danger and who can hope to survive only by submitting to the discipline of terrible chieftains. The *capo-mafia* considers himself a lawgiver concerned with the welfare of his people, and watches over the advancement of deserving juniors in the organization with the assiduousness of the master of novices in a religious order. In his own eyes, he never steals from the community, but he can see no objection to exploiting his power over men to enrich himself. To delinquents he awards only one punishment, usually after a warning—death. He is self-righteous and full of justifications. Nick Gentile, a *mafioso* who did a tour of duty as a gangster in the United States, once described the ethics of eliminating an uncontrollable young criminal: "There was nothing we could do with him, so he had to be rubbed out. We embalmed the body and sent it back to his people in Sicily. His folks were poor—they didn't have anything—so we put a diamond ring on his finger, the way they'd see it as soon as they opened the casket. I guess we did the right thing. We figured otherwise he'd have finished up in the chair or the gas chamber. That way they wouldn't even have had his body back."

How strange it is that the organization should be still psychologically entangled in the prehistory of humani-

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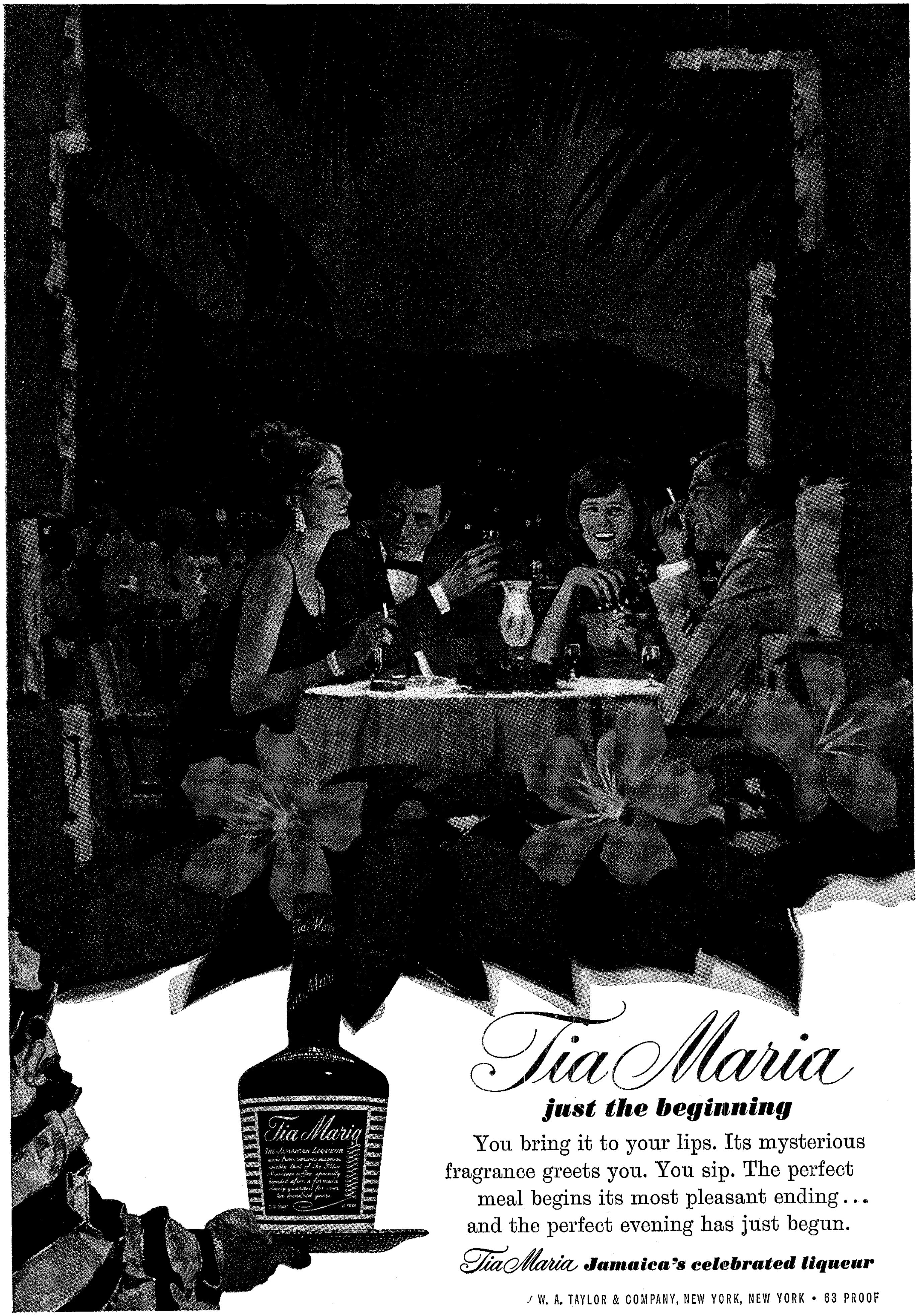
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W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • 63 PROOF ity! Can even the most sophisticated Mafia chieftain be aware that some of the Mafia symbolism—the system of graded warnings, from the cutting down of a vine and the maiming of an ass or mule to the depositing at a man's door of his beheaded dog or a sheep with its throat cut—is shared with certain African tribes of the Republic of Mali? How strange, too, that the custom of vendetta in Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily—whose peoples one supposes to have been separated from one another for thousands of years—should be so similar in all its curious detail: the ritual denunciation of the slayer by the professional mourners at the funeral (ignorance of his identity will have been feigned, if necessary, up to this point); the entrusting of the vendetta to the male nearest of kin by the senior female member of the household; the kissing, even the pretended sucking, of the wounds by close relatives, such as the mother, wife, or brother, followed by the spoken formula, "In this way may I drink the blood of the man who killed you;" and the final consummation of the act of vengeance, which ideally should be carried out, after a period of ritual preparation, in full sunshine.

Between 1872 and 1878, there took place, in the neighborhood of the towns of Bagheria and Monreale, the most calamitous vendetta known to history. The two clans involved—the Fratuzzi and the Stoppaglieri—had long been active in the same area, frequently treading on each other's toes but, on the whole, managing to remain on terms of limited hostility. Then, in 1872, Giuseppe Lipari, a member of the Fratuzzi clan, committed what the Mafia calls "*infamità*" by denouncing a Stoppaglieri to the police. The Stoppaglieri sent an emissary to their opponents describing what had happened and calling upon the Fratuzzi to observe Mafia law and execute Lipari. This the Fratuzzi failed to do, and the feud was on. Within a short time, all the close relatives of the original disputants had been killed, and as more remote degrees of kinship were forced into the vendetta, the whole population began a terror-stricken rummaging back into its ancestry in a search for dangerous ties of blood. By 1878, a man might be approached by some enshrouded, tragic crone he had never seen before, who would inform him that he was now the surviving head of the Fratuzzi, or of the Stoppaglieri, and that he must consider himself in a state of ritual vendetta with some man whom he had never seen or heard of, and who might even have had the foresight to take refuge in Tunisia or the United States. By

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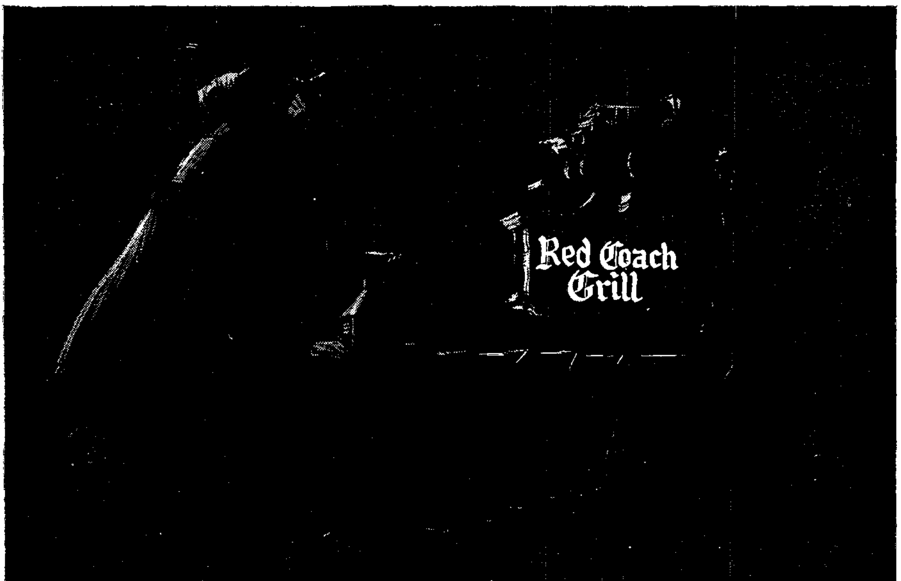

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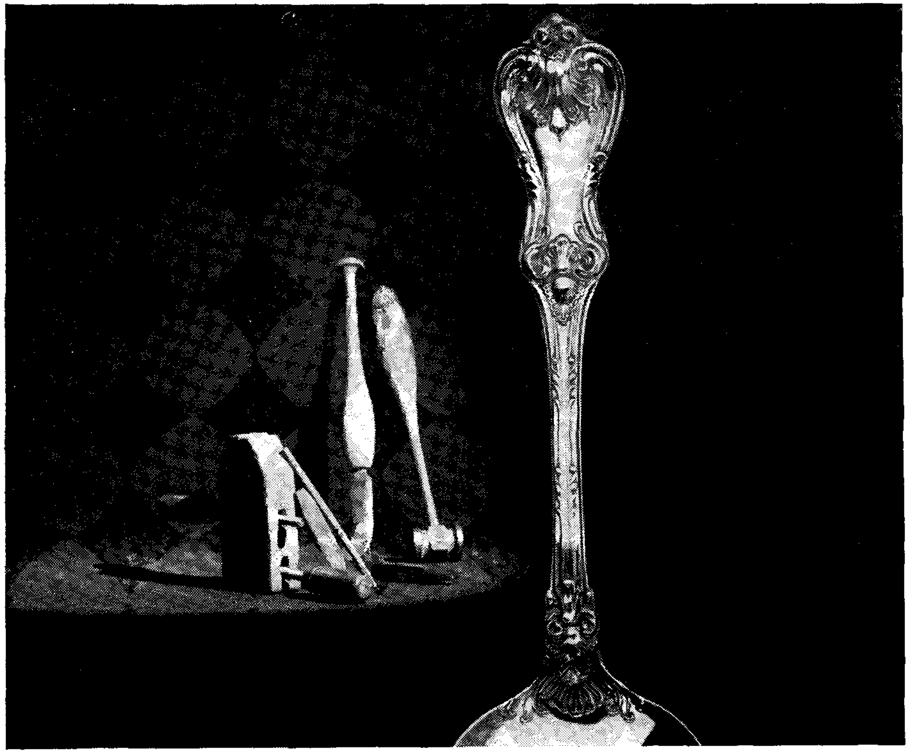

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the time the feud ended, fear of involvement had brought about the depopulation of the countryside. The survivors of the two clans were reconciled in characteristic fashion. A Fratuzzi—Salvatore D'Amico, who had lost his entire family—went to the police and told all he knew of the malfeasances of the Stoppaglieri. It was an act tantamount to suicide, by a man tired of life, as D'Amico made quite clear in his statement. This time, the Fratuzzi did the right thing. They killed their clan member, and to make sure that their deed would be recognized, his body was displayed prominently, with an amulet of the kind worn by the Fratuzzi placed over each eye.

THE vendetta was the weapon that the poor and the otherwise defenseless had ready to hand in a society where law did not exist and justice meant the landowning baron's court and torture chamber. Sicily has been a source of slave labor—either openly or in a disguised form—for two thousand years. The Roman armies marched to the conquest of Gaul and Britain on bread made from grain grown by Sicilian slaves. The island was exploited by Normans, Germans, Frenchmen, Aragonese, and, finally, the Spanish Bourbons, but nearly always from a distance. After the Germans, who arrived in 1194 and were pushed out by the French in 1268, there was no central Sicilian government, no monarch, no court, no resident hierarchy. As long as the grain was shipped out of Sicilian ports each year, nothing else mattered.

And then, in the first half of the fourteenth century, just at the time when the first stirrings of the modern world were being felt elsewhere in Europe, another tragic yoke was laid upon Sicily with the establishment of the Inquisition. In Sicily, because of the remoteness of the Spanish Crown, its effects were even more deadening than its effects in Spain itself. To the present-day observer, the Holy Office appears more and more to have been a device concerned primarily with economics and only secondarily with matters of faith. Drawing its revenues from heresy, it made it its business to see to it that heresy was abundant. In Spain, heresy provided an excuse for the ruin and annihilation of a class of rich, Christianized merchants of Jewish or Moorish origin. In Sicily, the Inquisition's objectives were all-embracing, although vaguer. Since religious dissenters, understandably enough, were remarkably few, it widened its scope to include a miscellany of bigamists, "philosophers," usurers, priests who married their concubines, and, finally,

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opponents of any kind, who were automatically classed as heretics. Membership in the Inquisition, like that in an exclusive club, was open only to the aristocracy, and in Sicily the barons enrolled themselves with enthusiasm as familiars. All convictions were accompanied by forfeiture of property, and the Inquisition gave no receipts. In procedural matters, the scales were heavily weighted against those whose conspicuous possessions happened to attract the Holy Office's attention. The accused was presumed guilty, and the functions of prosecutor and judge were combined. Women, children, and slaves could be called as witnesses for the prosecution, but not for the defense. Nor was the victim allowed a lawyer to plead his case, since this would have been tantamount to opposing the Inquisition, and, as such, would have constituted an act of heresy.

The familiars of the Inquisition dominated Sicily for three centuries. Until the time of their disbanding by papal fiat in 1787, there were never fewer than two thousand of these psalm-singing marauders, each in command of his own band of retainers. They stripped rich men of their property and sentenced them to *murus largus*, the most comfortable kind of incarceration that the day had to offer. The poor were punished for their lack of seizable goods by torture and *murus strictus*, which meant that they were flung, fettered, into a deep dungeon, there to endure "the bread and water of affliction" until they died. The poor man's only shield was the Mafia. Justice was not to be come by, but the association of "men of respect"—silent, persistent, and inflexible—could at least exact a bloody retribution for the loss of a wife or daughter or the burning down of a house. It was in the school of the vendetta that the traditional character of the *mafioso* was formed. As a victim of absolute power, the common man had to learn to stomach insult or injury with apparent indifference, delaying vengeance until an opportunity for its consummation presented itself. The *mafioso* therefore developed a kind of self-control closely resembling the quality that the Japanese call *giri*. A true "man of respect" never weakened his position or armed his enemy in advance by outbursts of passion or of fear. When he suffered some grave injury, he made a pact with himself to be revenged, and thereafter would wait patiently and unemotionally for half a lifetime, if necessary—often on seemingly excellent terms with the man he proposed to destroy—until his moment came. But when a man lost his head,

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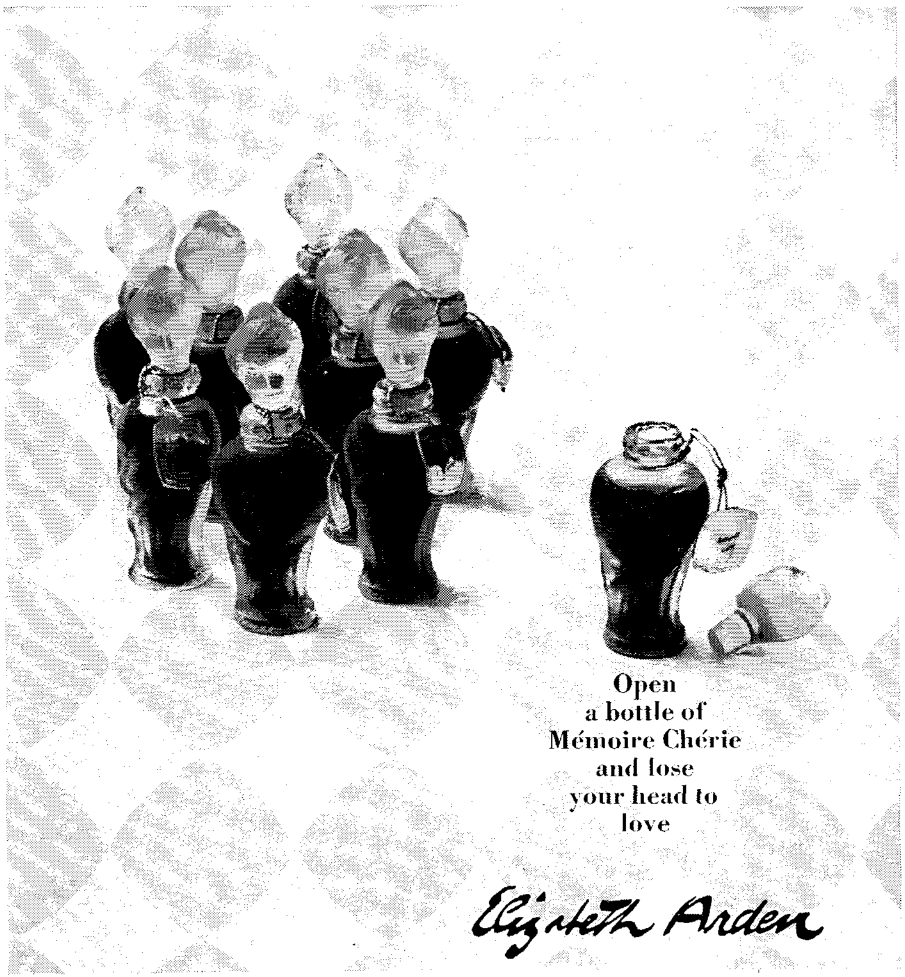

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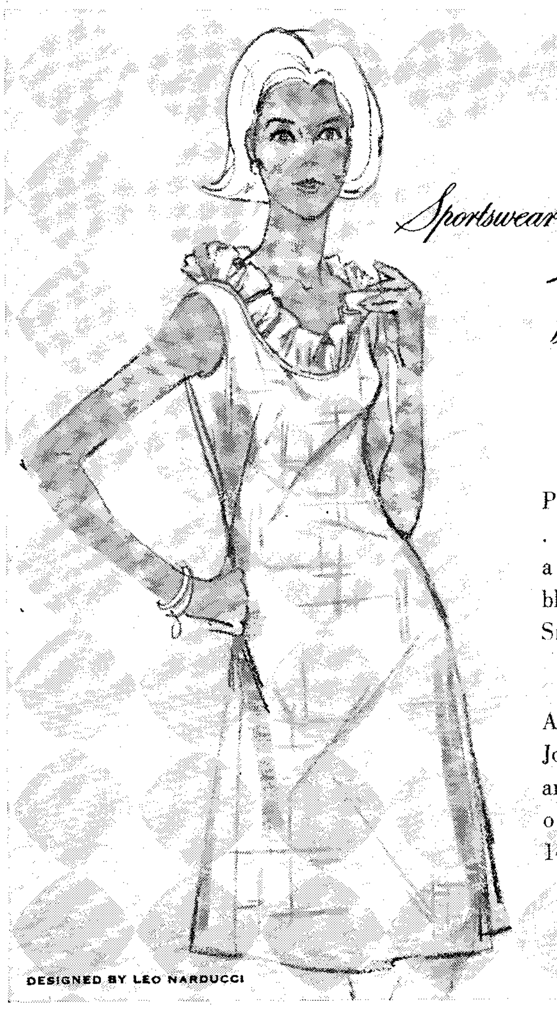

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threw Mafia-inculcated secrecy and caution to the wind, and struck back openly, his only chance of salvation was to take to the maquis. For this reason, there has never been a time when Sicily was without its bandits. At the end of the Second World War, thirty separate armed bands terrorized western Sicily, and even in the winter of 1962-63 motorized bandits were still staging highway robberies on the main provincial highway between Castellammare and Balestrate. A hundred and fifty years ago, the Bourbon authorities decided to deal with this situation by creating the first pseudo police force. The only qualification for enrollment in the "Armed Companies," as the force was called, was ruthlessness. Many of these upholders of the law were ferocious criminals reprieved from the gallows and allowed to rehabilitate themselves in this way. What the familiars of the Inquisition had overlooked, the Armed Companies took. After the depredations carried out in the name of religion, the Sicilians were now doomed to suffer voicelessly under the agents of the state. Since then, they have quite simply turned their backs on authority of any kind. For this reason, when a man is found lying seriously wounded, possibly dying, and the police appeal to him to identify his aggressor, the reply is usually couched in a formula: "If I die, may God forgive me, as I forgive the one who did this. If I manage to pull through, I know how to settle my own accounts." This is the famous Sicilian *omertà*—an untranslatable portmanteau word that takes in vows of silence, intransigence with the police, dedication to the laws of the vendetta, and so on—which rules the public conscience and is so often maintained even in the face of death.

DON FABRIZIO, the ruminative and unworldly princeling of Lampedusa's novel "The Leopard," philosophical in his acceptance of Garibaldi, felt queasy at his first sight of the infant democracy in the eighteen-sixties. "Something had died, God only knew in what back alley, in what corner of the popular conscience," he says. However sickening to Don Fabrizio's stomach the newly imported democracy might have been, for the Mafia it was an invention as promising as the steam engine. In the old days, the Spanish Viceroy had given the orders; now it was to be the turn of anyone who could fight his way to the controls of this wonderful new machine. In 1881, communal elections were held in Villalba—the town that was to become Don Calogero Vizzini's capital—and the Mafia's support

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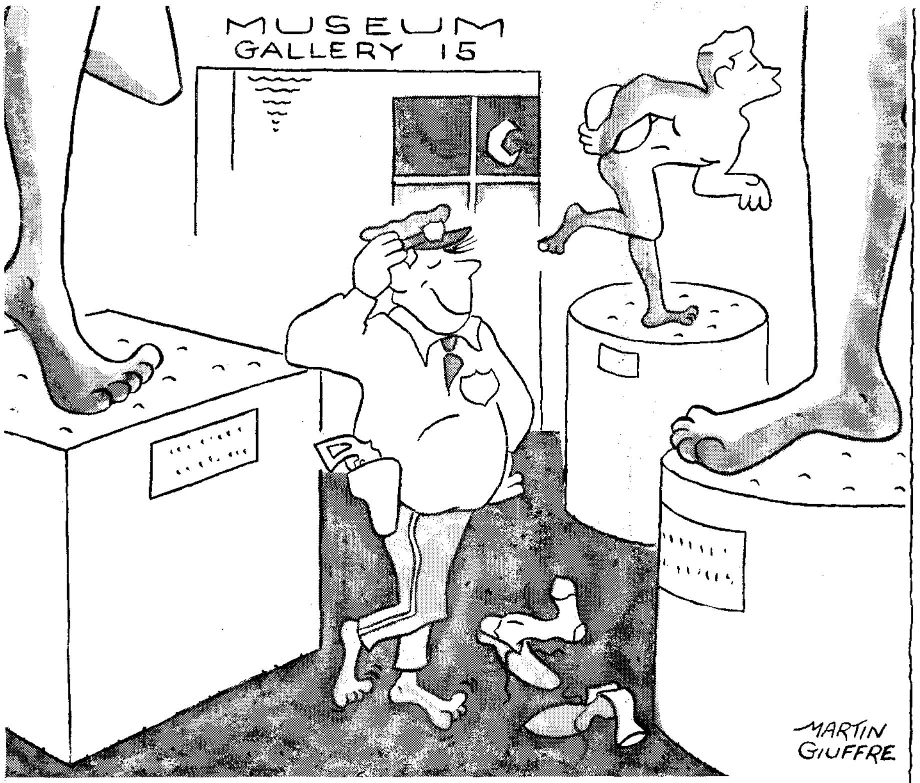

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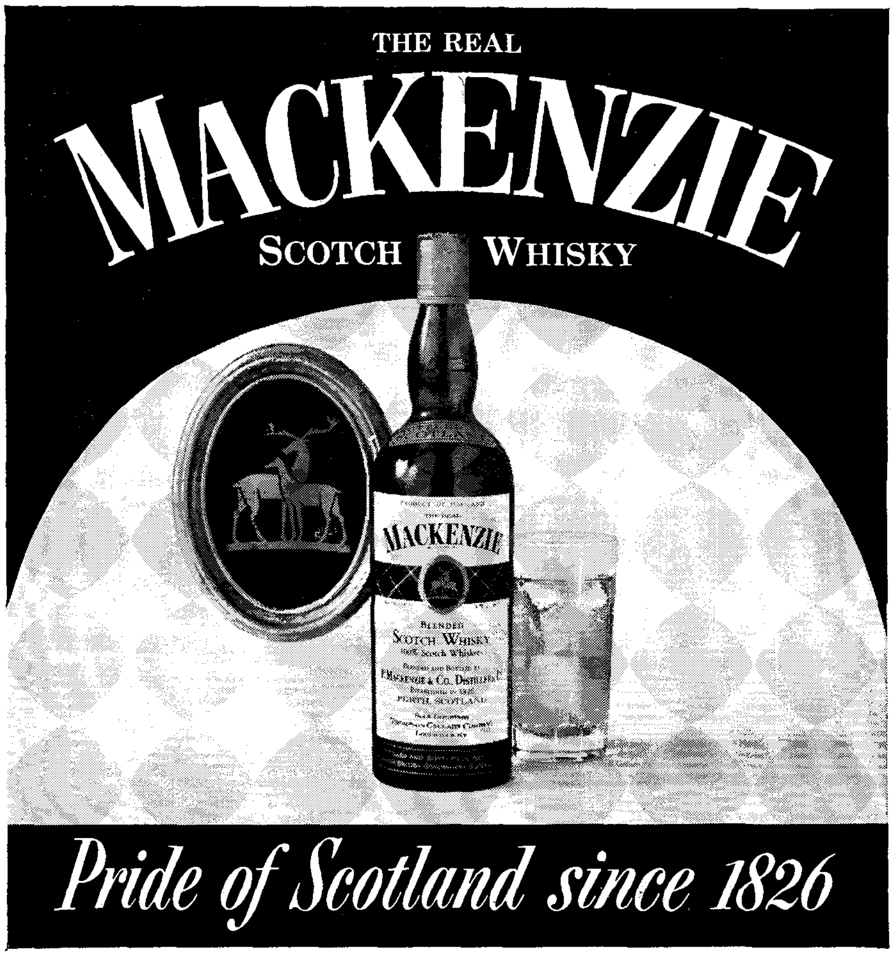

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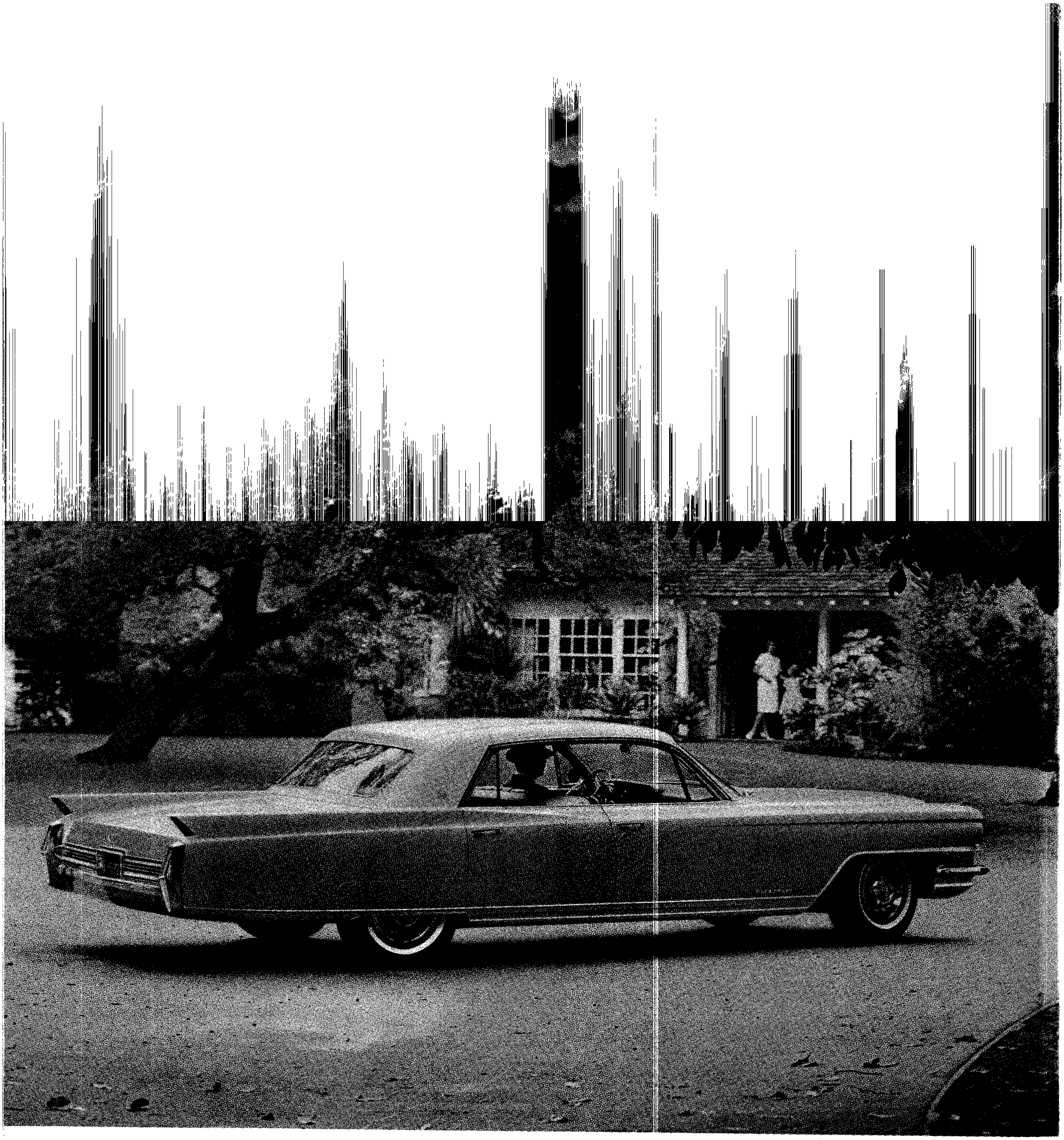
went to the Marchese of Villalba, who took his precautions ten days in advance. The two hundred and fourteen citizens who were qualified to vote were locked up in a granary, from which they were released, eight at a time, and escorted by the Marchese's armed guards to the polls. The Marchese was elected. Later, the Mafia invented and perfected new methods of democratic suasion. By the eighteen-nineties, the Mafia had become the only electoral force that counted in Sicily, and the government realistically accepted the fact. Giuseppe Alongi, who published a study of the Mafia in 1902, describes the arrangements for voting that he had witnessed a year or two previously: "Some short distance from the polling station, the road was barred by a group of sinister figures. Here each voter as he approached was seized, thoroughly bastinadoed, and forced to drink a huge glass of wine. There followed a thorough search of his person, after which the government candidate's voting slip was put into his hand and he was led or dragged to the ballot box, where the president took the slip from him and put it in."

With the political machine finally and firmly under control, and the Mafia's hands on its levers, the details of running the "state within a state" could be trimmed up. It was Don Vito Cascio Ferro, Don Calò's predecessor, who developed, with a certain artistry, the system of the "*pizzu*," as he called it—a picturesque word from the Sicilian dialect, which translates rather flatly into English as "racket." "*Pizzu*" means the beak of a small bird, such as a canary or a lark, and when Don Vito spoke with his habit of understatement of levying a Mafia toll, he called it "*fari vagnari u pizzu*"—"wetting the beak." So there gathered a great flock of vulturine chieftains to wet their beaks, first at the expense of the farmers, whose produce they bought dirt cheap on the spot and carried to market in the Mafia's own beautifully decorated carts—or, later, in trucks. In the market, only those whose places had been "guaranteed" by the Mafia were allowed to buy or sell, and only at prices the Mafia fixed. Then the Mafia wet its beak in the meat, fish, beer, and fruit businesses. It moved into the sulphur mines, controlled the output of rock salt, took over building contracts, "organized" labor, cornered the plots in Sicily's cemeteries, and put tobacco smuggling on a more profitable basis through its domination of the Sicilian fishing fleets. It even went in for tomb-robbing in the ruins of the Greek settlement of Selinunte, selling the results of its archeological excavations to foreign tour-



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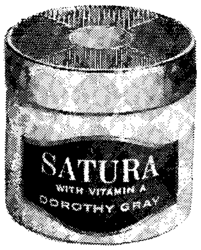

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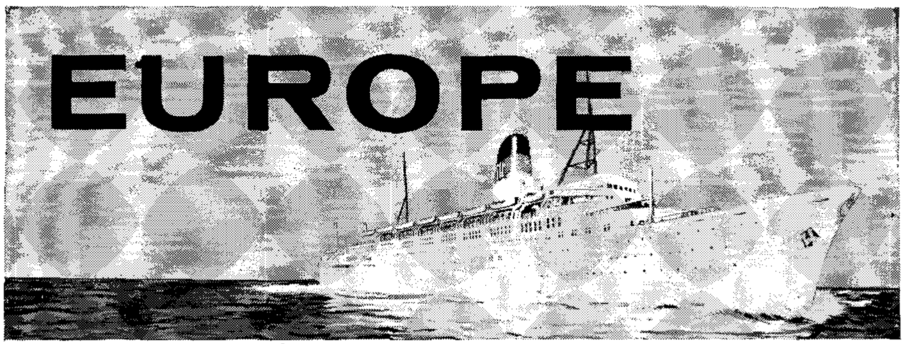
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ists at bargain prices. Looking around for further sources of revenue, the Mafia decided to recommend to the owners of country houses and estates, however small, that they employ guardians for their property, and after a few stubborn landowners had declined to supply sinecures for ex-convicts and had seen their property burned down, the practice became universal. The most evident of the Mafia's functions—one that had been noted by the Bourbon attorney general back in the twenties of the last century—was that it virtually replaced the police force, offering a form of accommodation in which crime was a substitute for its suppression. When a theft, for instance, took place—whether of a mule, a jewelled pendant, or a motorcar—a Mafia intermediary was soon on the scene, offering reasonable terms for the recovery of the stolen object. In this way, the matter was usually settled rapidly and to the satisfaction of all concerned. The victim got his property back without delay, and while the thief received a relatively small sum, he at least escaped the risk of interference by the police, since no one would have dared to call them in once the Mafia had interested itself. The Mafia intermediary, of course, wet his beak at the expense of both parties. The situation was, and still is, an everyday one in Sicily.

It was not only the farmer and the merchant who felt the weight of the Mafia. The rich man, drawing his income, perhaps, from investments, could not be allowed to escape the net, and he increasingly became the target of letters of extortion. Such letters are a commonplace in Sicily, but most of them are composed by novice delinquents, who give themselves away by their habit of decorating the pages with skulls and crossbones and dripping daggers. The genuine Mafia letter writer is unmistakable in his style, which is likely to have a touch of the nineteenth century about it, with outmoded epistolary flourishes and protestations. He may even express regret for the inconvenience caused. Since no second request is ever sent, it is usual for payments to be made promptly.

One can see from all this how fully the wheel had turned. The Mafia, which had come into being as the peasants' refuge against the worst abuses of the Middle Ages, was now ruthlessly exploiting them—and everyone else—in pursuit of its own ends and power. The Mafia that had fought feudalism, that had lain in wait on the moonless night for the baron whom no officer of the law could touch, now elected and manipulated politicians who would guaran-

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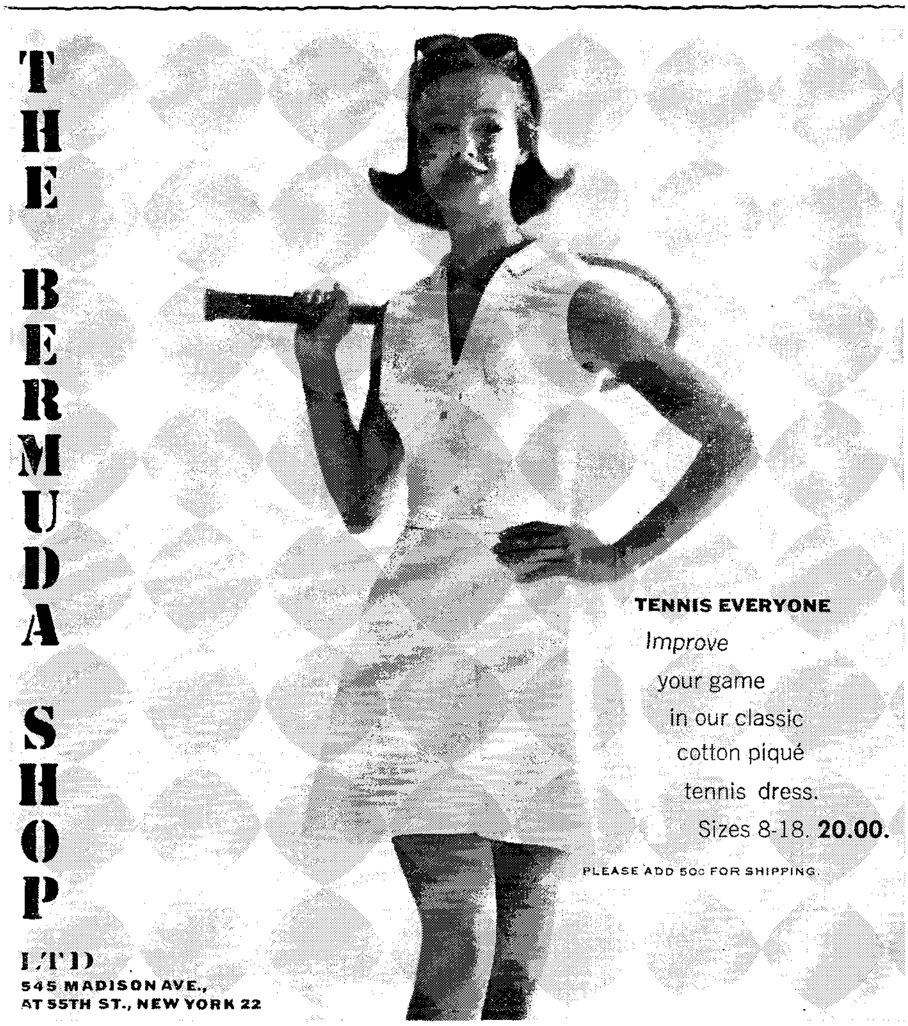

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tee to fight for the survival of the feudal order. But far worse was to come under the absolute rule of Don Calogero Vizzini of Villalba—who is still known, incidentally, as "*La Buonanima*" ("the Good Soul") to the many thousands of Sicilians who cherish his memory.

Calogero Vizzini was born in 1877. His father was a peasant who had been sufficiently astute, as well as sufficiently personable, to marry into a family very slightly more elevated than his, though still far from middle-class. The Scarlatas actually owned a few square yards of land—a rare distinction in a feudal community composed almost entirely of day laborers and sharecroppers. They enjoyed, moreover, exceptional prestige in Villalba from the fact that two members of the family had risen to eminence in the Church.

In defining these matters of social prestige, it is to be remembered that life as lived by the citizens of a Sicilian town like Villalba is singularly devoid of the incentives and the rewards that one takes for granted in a more sophisticated community of comparable size. Sociologically as well as scenically, Sicily is an archaism. The unbroken, limitless monotony of its interior landscapes has survived from Roman antiquity, when a ground-down multitude of slaves produced nothing but grain for export, and the sullen mental climate of those days has not been wholly dispersed. In contrast to the Italy of Rome—above all, of Naples—Sicily is morose and withdrawn. Most Sicilians are peasants who live not in the country but in small towns. This phenomenon—unique in the Mediterranean area—is explained by Sicily's chronic and ineradicable banditry, itself an inevitable effect of an archaic social system. For this reason, the only isolated houses are the administrative buildings, the granaries, and the warehouses of the great feudal estates—the latifundia—which tend to assume a fortresslike character and are defended by armed guards. Much of a peasant's time is taken up in reaching his work in the morning and in returning home at night, and the streets of small Sicilian towns come alive well before dawn as long processions of shrouded figures start off for the distant fields. From the all too brief respite of work—the average laborer works only ninety days a year—Sicilians are delivered up to restlessness and boredom. The narrow, shadeless channel of the main street of a small Sicilian town is full of wandering men. They walk together interminably, displaying their thoughts with small, precise hand move-

The unique design of this Roamer 38′ Offshore makes surprising sense. Here are some of the advantages it has over other boats.

This steel Roamer, built by Chris-Craft, is different from any other boat on the water. It has a number of extraordinary features:

1. A completely enclosed pilothouse is located just forward of amidships. It has four doors, which lead forward to a bow stateroom and its adjoining lavatory (shower optional), aft to the main cabin, and to the deck on either side. Large lounge seats provide comfort for passengers while visiting the bridge.

2. The Offshore is truly an all-weather design. Large decks fore and aft, plus a big sundeck atop the main cabin, give you more than enough room for basking, fishing, or entertaining topside. And with side doors and ventilating windshields open, the pilothouse is as airy as less protected bridges. Yet, in storms, the control station is protected on all sides from the weather. All cabins are accessible without going topside.

3. The main cabin has a large L-shaped galley (hot and cold water system is standard), a wide lounge which converts to upper and lower berths, a dinette which converts to a double berth, and a second lavatory. A door opens to the aft deck. Total sleeping capacity is six.

4. The hull is steel. It guards against leaks, underwater obstacles, and severe impacts. There's no worry about underwater corrosion, Roamer licked that problem years ago by installing an automatic electronic corrosion eliminator, (standard) on every model.

5. The hull frames are of steel, too. They provide more strength while actually taking up less space. Therefore, there is extra room belowdecks for living space, storage, and headroom (6′4″).

6. Power is from twin screws, V-driven by 280-hp V8 engines, mounted well astern. Their placement makes the forward areas exceptionally quiet while under way. Even at full throttle, you can converse in normal tones in the pilothouse.

7. With a low center of gravity, the steel hull delivers a smoother ride in any sea. It knifes through waves, refuses to pitch and toss, keeps pounding to a minimum, and holds course in a following sea. Control is positive and easy.

8. The hull is amazingly quiet. Roamer engineers have succeeded in reducing hull noise to *less* than that in hulls of other materials.

9. Few boats are as easy to keep shipshape. The combination of steel hull, steel decks, and moulded fiberglass superstructure gives the maintenance yard little to do. There are no seams to caulk, no rivets or other hull fittings to loosen or leak. Through-hull fittings are monel; a metal almost as corrosion-proof as gold. Costly layups for hull repairs are almost unheard of. Normally one coat of paint a season is all that's needed.

10. All interior areas are luxurious. Fabrics and carpeting are color-coordinated to blend with wood surfaces finished in hand-rubbed, sable walnut.

The Offshore is on display at Roamer dealers now. If commanding a cruiser that offers all customary pleasures, *plus* greater safety, convenience, and comfort makes sense to you, you're advised to contact your Roamer dealer for an appointment to inspect the Offshore firsthand. (If there's no Roamer dealer near you, check with your Chris-Craft dealer. In many cases you can order a Roamer through him.) For literature on all Roamer models, write Roamer Division, Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida.

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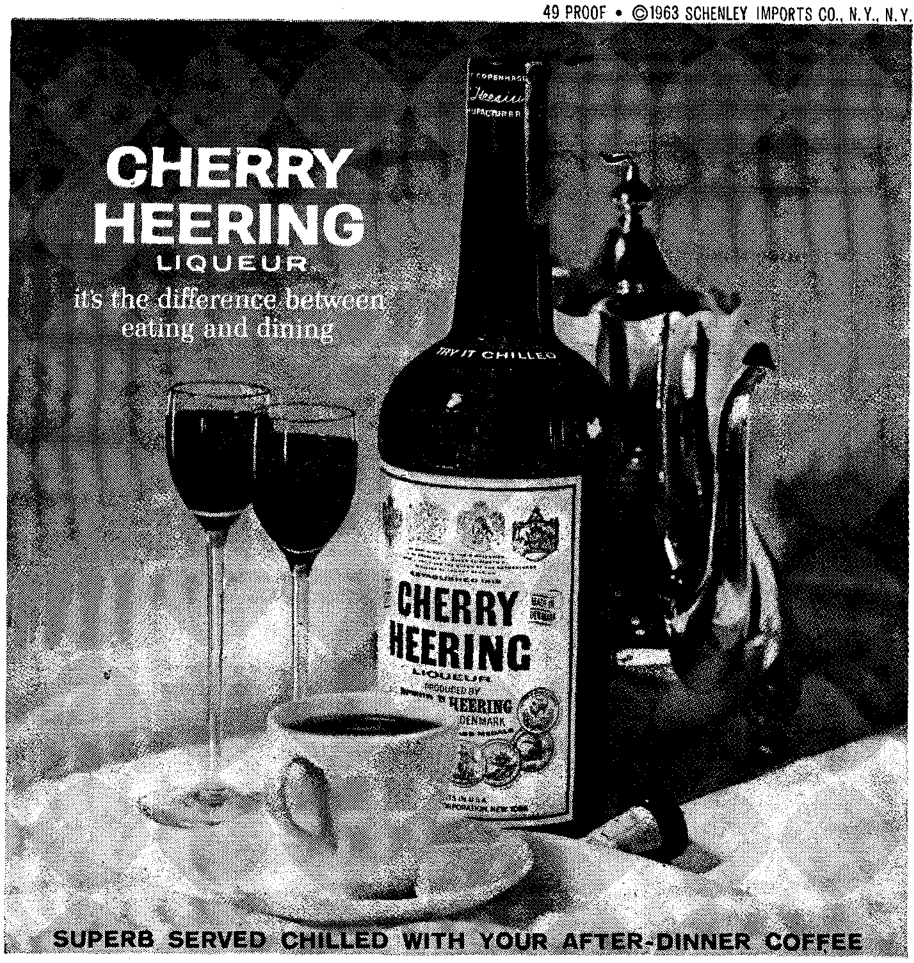
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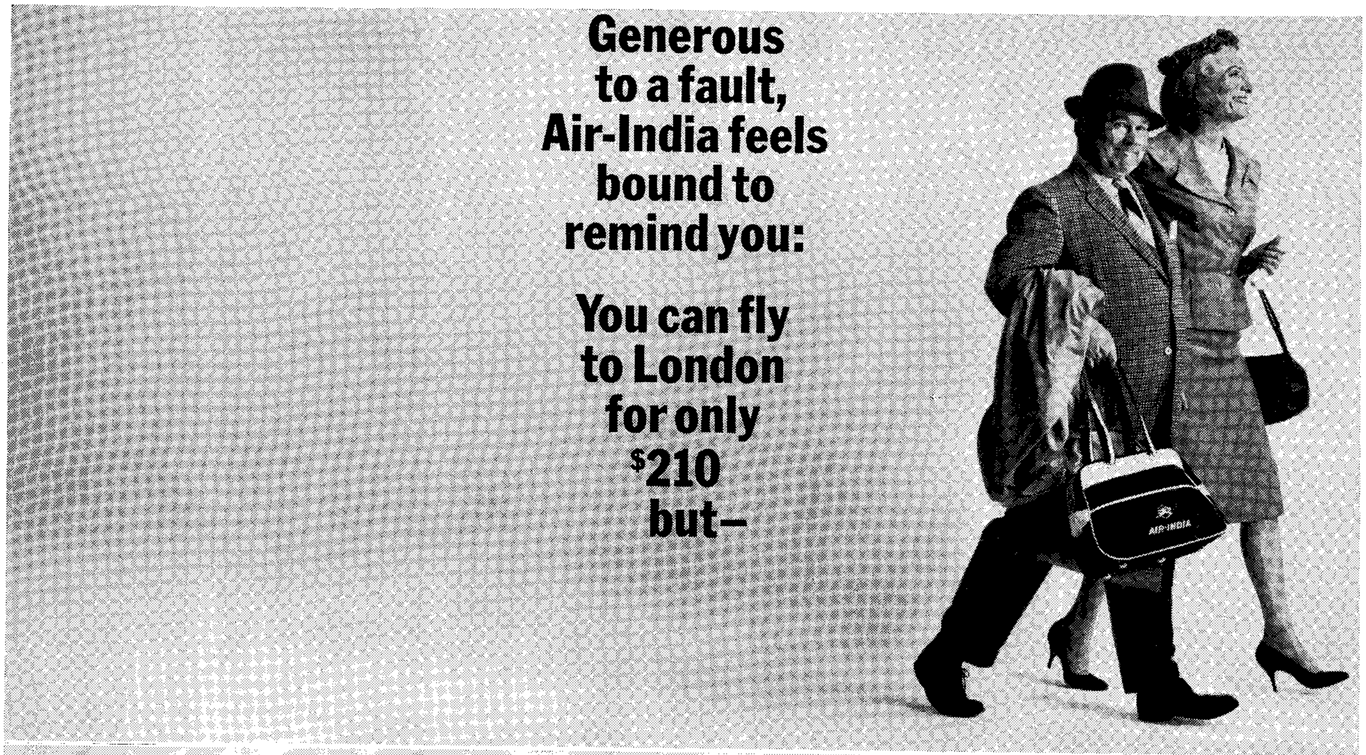
ments, as if assembling delicate machinery. This sombre and solemn human current courses sluggishly up and down the street, into the piazza and out again. The movement is like a torpid circulation of blood through heart and arteries. There is no trace of the corvine affability, of the companionable noisiness of the southern man. This eternal, womanless tramping of the streets is conducted in a glum half silence, now and then crashingly interrupted by the bells of the church in the piazza, which is usually as big as a cathedral. A stranger meets stares and is sometimes followed a few steps along his way, as if for the momentary distraction from indestructible time that his presence affords. Pacing up and down in this endless and frustrated perambulation, these men are like bored animals behind invisible bars. The street imprisons them, just as their women are imprisoned in their dim harem quarters behind the shuttered windows. The headlines of the newspaper nailed up on the kiosk shout the twentieth century, but the rest of the scene remains the Europe of the Middle Ages.

Today, most foreigners who visit Sicily carry away with them a mental picture of resorts like Taormina, whose sole purpose is the gratification of the visitor; of the ancient towns of Catania and Siracusa; and of the Oriental brilliance and color of the landscapes squeezed between Mount Etna's huge paws of lava. The western Sicily that so few have seen is harsh and utilitarian, lacking in grace. There are a hundred small and shabby towns like Villalba, possessing no history but only a few oppressive memories and nightmarish legends. Their purpose has been to breed and house the labor for the great estates, and to condition the minds and subjugate the bodies of that labor. In towns like Villalba, there is an almost puritanical absence of any of the apparatus of pleasure. Even for the very rich, satisfaction is to be derived only from the wielding of power. Here, in fact, after a thousand years, the feudal order continues astonishingly, rather like a mammoth preserved in ice. The absentee landlord may rule from his palace in Palermo or Paris through his stewards and armed guards, but more commonly he will lease his estate for a number of years to a *gabellotto*—literally, a tax collector—who is traditionally a *mafioso* and will not work the land himself but will parcel it out among sharecropping small farmers on the most extortionate terms he can impose. At the bottom of this social pyramid is the day laborer, to whom the sharecropper passes down as much as he can of his inevitable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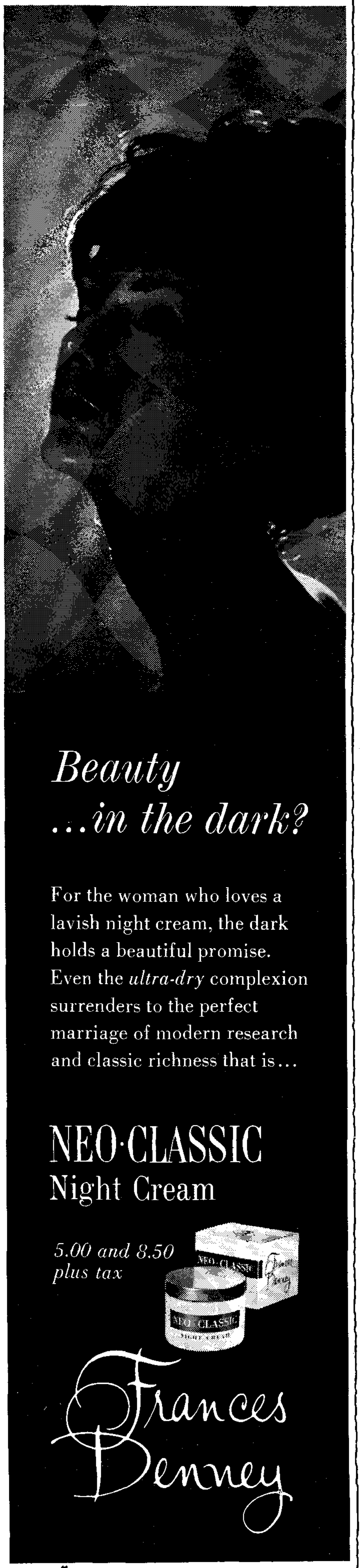
misery. The only escape for the exceptionally talented boy born into this class has always been the Church, whose intelligent policy it has consistently been to refresh its blood by accepting recruits from all social levels.

Don Calò's uncle-in-law had been such an exceptional peasant boy. He had shot up like a comet through the hierarchy of the Church to become Bishop of Muro Lucano. The rise of a cousin—also on his mother's side—had been even more spectacular, for he became not only Bishop of Noto but the founder of the monastic order of Maria Santissima del Carmelo. From the beginning, however, the young Calogero Vizzini was excluded from this traditional outlet by a lack of patience with scholarship of any kind, and a sort of bluff and perverse insistence on remaining a down-to-earth countryman in his general demeanor. Don Calò never confused the shadow of power with the substance, seeing no reason, for example, for him ever to be compelled to speak an emasculated Italian rather than the vigorous local dialect. In any case, he could never have tolerated the long years of submission to others that would have been demanded of him as a religious novice. As it was, he remained an illiterate all his life—a state of affairs from which he seemed to derive positive satisfaction, being inclined to boast that he could solve problems in his head faster than other men could on paper. Although an agnostic, like most elevated Mafia personalities, he agreed with Napoleon that religion was good for the people, and when at home he liked to see priests about the house.

The young Calogero's first trial of strength with the law came when he was seventeen, and with it was laid the cornerstone of the edifice of "respect" that is the prerequisite for high office in the Mafia. Although even in those days unsentimental, he was involved in some way with the pretty daughter of the well-to-do Solazzo family, of Villalba. It appears that marriage was never contemplated, but nonetheless Calogero imposed his veto on the girl's association with any other man. When a promising young official from the Magistrates' Court of Villalba began to pay her attentions, Calogero got together a juvenile gang, burst into the Solazzo house one evening, dragged the interloper outside, and beat him nearly to death. After this, the Solazzo heiress was left in peace by all potential suitors for the rest of her life. Calogero was arrested and placed on trial for criminal assault, but through the powerful intercession of his uncle, the Solazzo family consented to have the whole thing hushed up.

Calogero's career began in earnest the following year, when he took up an exciting and dangerous livelihood that, in turn, led to his association with a remarkable man. What Calogero became, in effect, was an intermediary between peasants who wanted their wheat ground and the mills, which were situated for the most part in inaccessible places along the coast—in the case of Villalba, fifty miles away. (The mills were controlled by an ancient, highly specialized, and extremely ferocious branch of the Mafia, which refused to tolerate the building of any competitive mills.) To take charge of the grain and get it safely to its destination along roads unceasingly infested by bandits called for more than ordinary toughness and resource. Calogero Vizzini tackled this problem by coming to an arrangement with the leading bandit of the day, Paolo Varsalona, whose hideout was, as usual, in the nearby Cammarata mountains.

Varsalona, who was Calogero's mentor in his most impressionable years, was too intelligent a man to have become a bandit for any reason other than the force of circumstances. In his case, it was a scrupulous regard for the sacred law of vendetta. Varsalona's brother had been murdered, and at the trial a witness was produced who did his best to provide alibis for the men accused of the crime. Varsalona felt obliged to blow the witness's head off. However reluctant Varsalona may have been to take to the maquis, once he became an outlaw he brought to the profession of banditry the clear vision and fresh approach of the talented outsider. Up to this time, Sicilian brigands had classically organized themselves into mounted bands. They cultivated a fierce appearance, wore outlandish clothing, carried obsolete but impressive blunderbusses, and, in short, placed great reliance on terror. The psychological merits of these old-fashioned tactics were offset by considerable drawbacks. By the very size of such bands and the amount of disturbance they created, they were relatively easy to locate, so they were sooner or later destroyed in pitched battles with the police. The novel strategy invented by Varsalona was simply a matter of arranging for his men to be mobilized and demobilized at will. The Varsalona band went quietly to a planned operation on foot and in ordinary clothes, and when it was over they slipped just as quietly back to their normal occupations, if they had any. By means of these will-o'-the-wisp tactics, Varsalona was outstanding-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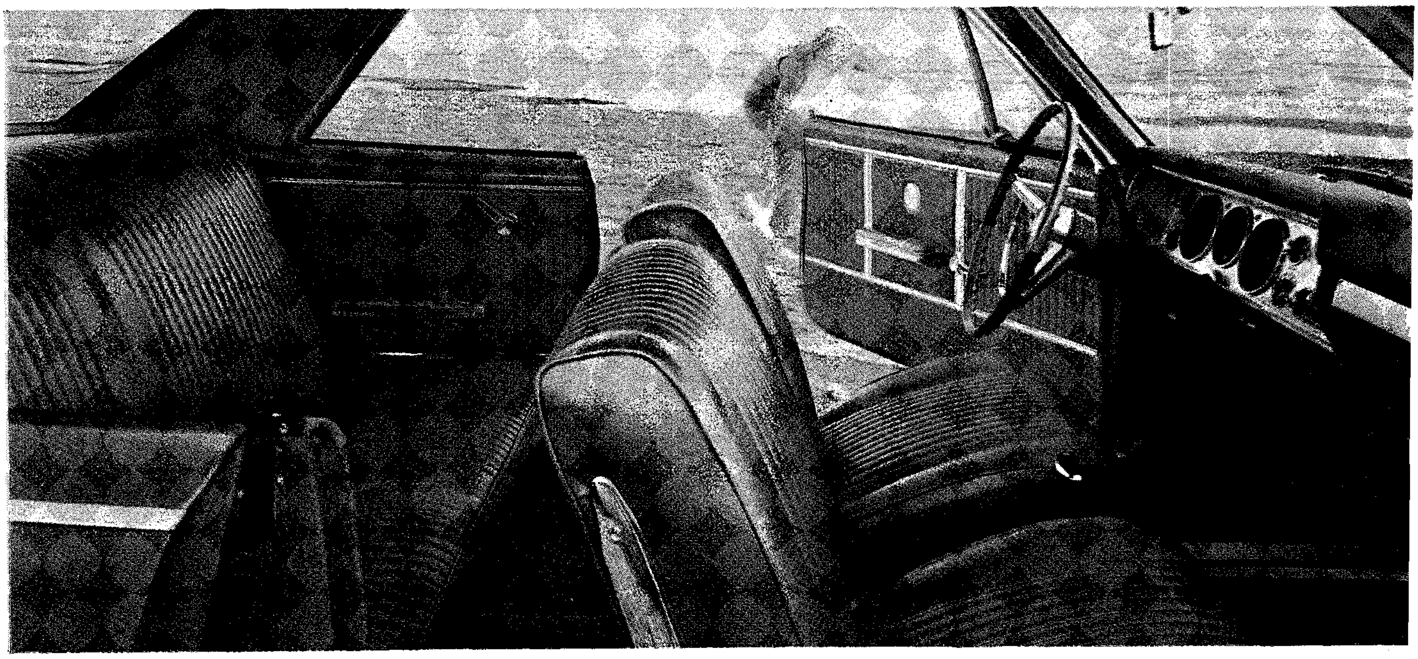

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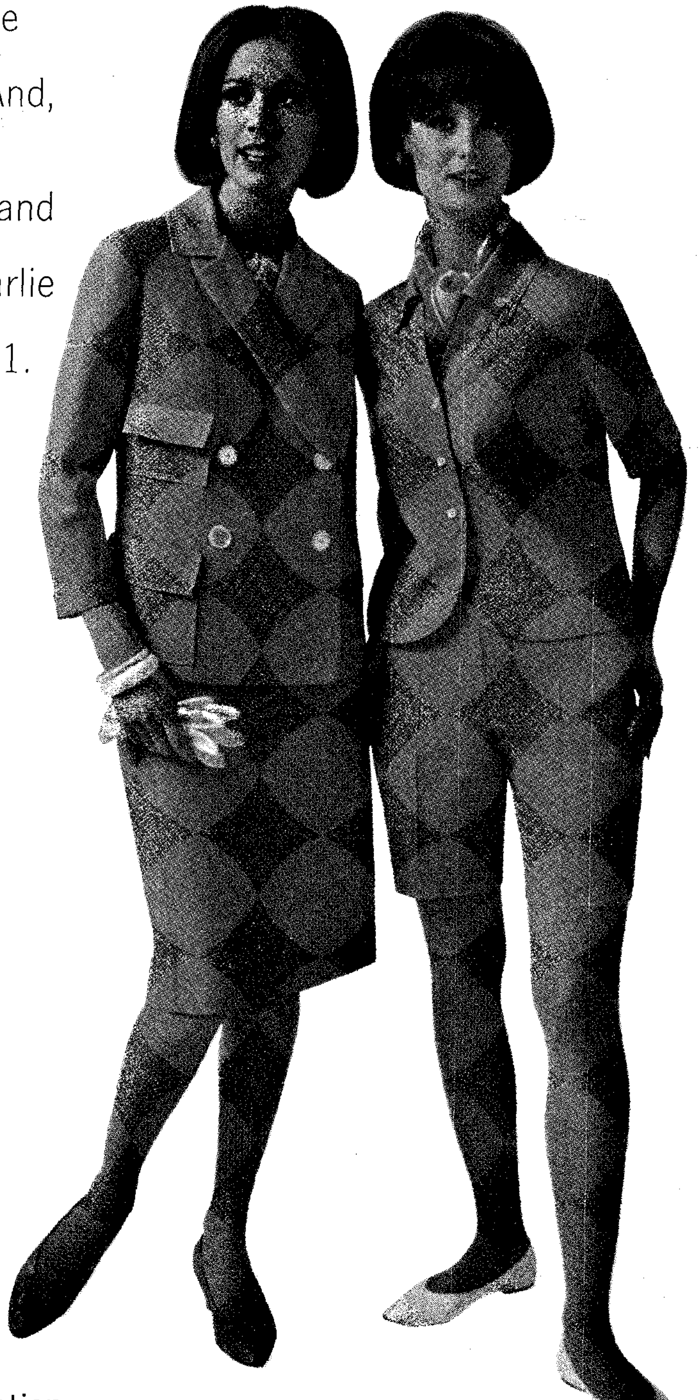

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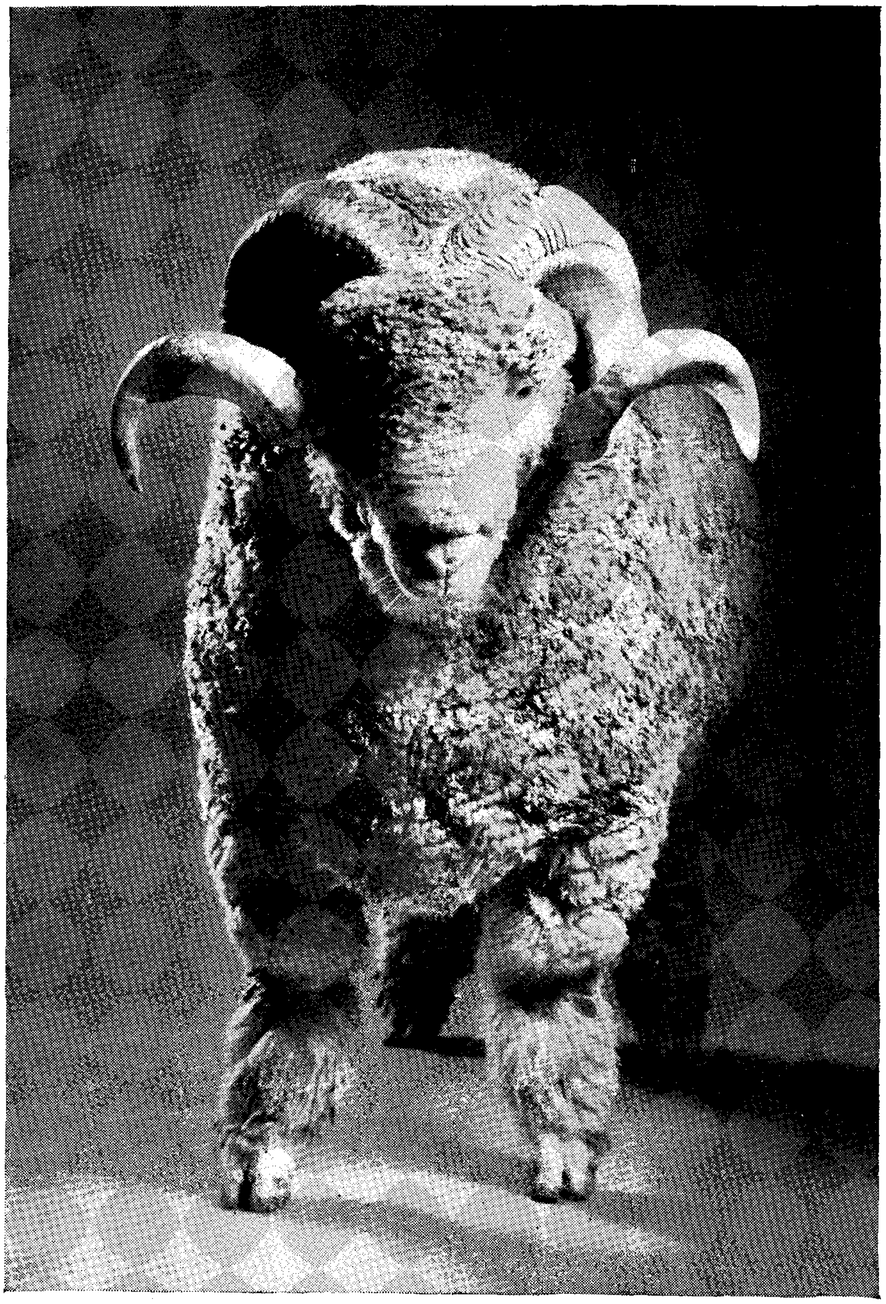
ly successful over a number of years, and newspapers got into the habit of calling him "the bandit phenomenon." Calogero's admiration for him was such that while carrying on with his workaday transport business he decided also to enroll in the Varsalona band. In 1903, after several valuable years of experience gained in this way, Calogero found himself standing trial with the rest of the band—which had finally fallen into a trap set by the police—for "association to commit crime." He was one of the few to be acquitted, and it was probably at about this point in his career that he was invited to become a member of the Honored Society. Because of the very nature of that society—the most secret, the most powerful, and the most abiding of all secret societies—the fact that one is a member can never be admitted. At the most, a *mafioso* may permit himself to be described as "a man of respect" or "a friend of the friends," or to accept—as Calogero did at the age of twenty-five—the title of "Zu," meaning "Uncle." As for the Mafia itself, while its pretensions were far too lofty to allow the admission of a common bandit, its scrutineers may well have recognized in the new recruit a refined and imaginative criminality that could be turned to the service of the organization as a whole.

By 1914, when the First World War broke out, Zu Calò was the undisputed head of the Mafia of the Province of Caltanissetta, and as such, in Mafia jargon, a "*pezzu di novanta*"—a term of honor derived from an unwieldy but impressive piece of siege artillery of the epoch of Garibaldi, which fired a shell ninety millimetres in diameter. (Hence, very likely, the Americanism "big shot.") The war provided Zu Calò with endless new opportunities for self-enrichment, mostly from bilking Italian Army purchasing commissions that came to Sicily in search of war materials. Eventually, the Ministry of War instituted an inquiry, and a General Moccia was sent to Palermo to investigate. As a result, Calogero Vizzini and a number of his accomplices, both civilian and military, appeared before a military tribunal. What happened at that trial had happened a hundred times before and has happened a hundred times since; it has come to be regarded as the inevitable outcome of all proceedings that attempt to bring the Mafia to justice. Witnesses who had been voluble outside the courtroom were now obstinately silent. Every single person who had made a statement of any kind likely to incriminate the formidable *pezzu di novanta* precipitately withdrew it. In the course



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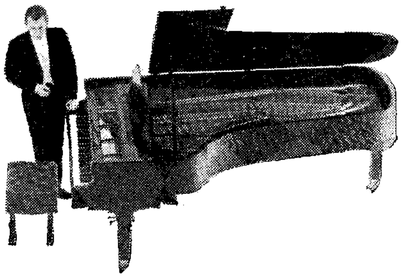

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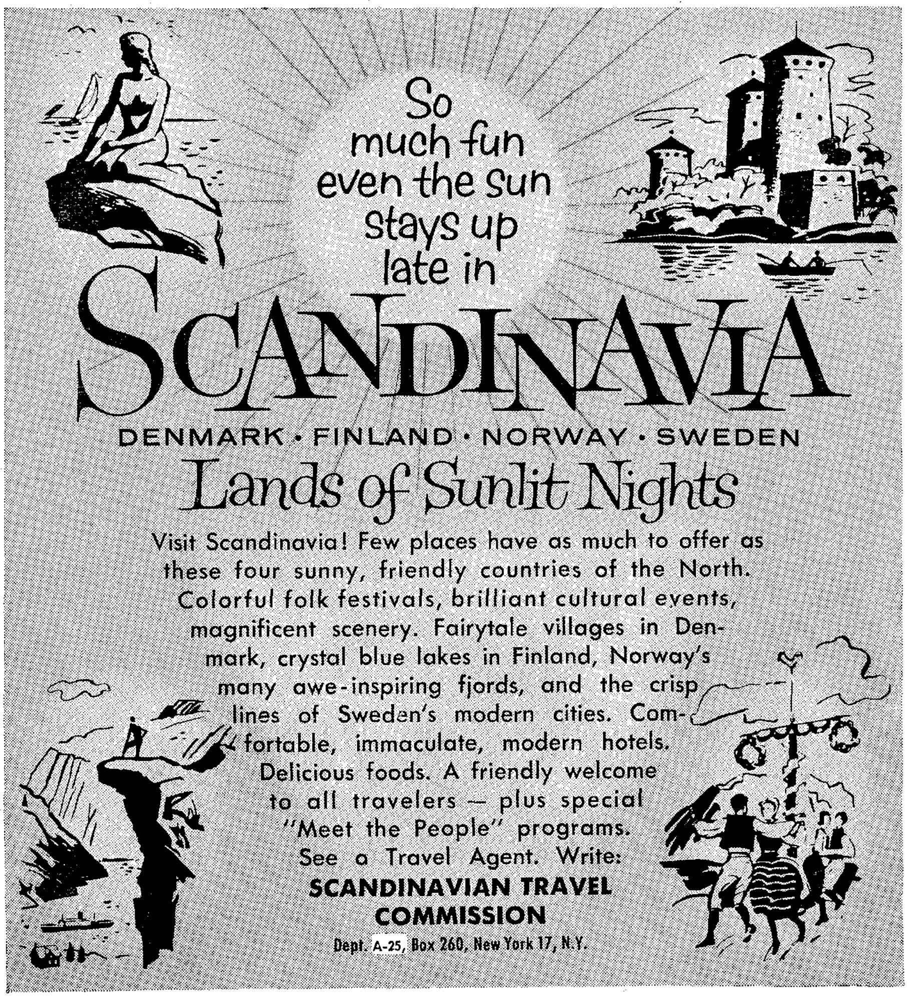
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of the brief and frustrating proceedings, nine witnesses were sentenced on the spot for perjury or "muteness of malice," and it is recorded that the only emotion they showed on hearing their sentences was relief. The defendants were acquitted, to the enormous enhancement of Zu Calò's prestige. The trial had amply demonstrated that he had powerful friends in the Army, in the administration, and probably in Parliament itself.

It was soon after his discomfiture of the Italian Army that Calogero Vizzini—now considered the second Mafia personality of Sicily after Don Vito Cascio Ferro, and thus entitled to the honorific prefix "Don"—completed a social process that had been going on since 1860, when Garibaldi swept across the island, and that is part of the theme of "The Leopard." The Mafia has at all times delighted in fishing in troubled waters and has therefore always been ready to support any attack on the central government, whether that of Italy or of its predecessors. In keeping with this traditional policy, it came to the aid of Garibaldi in his overthrow of the Bourbon kingdom, and was properly rewarded for its services. Don Calogero Sedàra, Lampedusa's sinister and powerful mayor, is shown as having made a fortune out of the war and as already overshadowing the Prince of Salina, who has been left defenseless (as the Prince sees it) by his breeding, his gentlemanly scruples, and a somewhat atypical preference for the study of astronomy over the collection of rents. With melancholy resignation, Salina foresees the eventual replacement of a class of otherworldly, enlightened feudal aristocrats by one of moneygrubbing realists. With allowances for the special angle of the Prince's view, this is roughly the historic process that was completed by Don Calogero Vizzini sixty years later. Don Calogero had no fault to find with the feudal system as such; in fact, he was to become its greatest exponent and protector in modern Sicily. What he objected to was the fact that a somnolent and, as the Prince of Salina put it, a "defenseless" aristocracy should have any part in its benefits. Previously, it had become a function of the Mafia to keep a benevolent eye on the feudal estates and to suppress the periodic attempts made by the peasants to occupy uncultivated land. Now, under Don Calò's leadership, the Mafia proposed to shoulder the barons aside. In 1922, therefore, when the lease on the Micciché estate, near Villalba, came under the hammer, Don Calò was a bidder—and, quite naturally, the only bidder,

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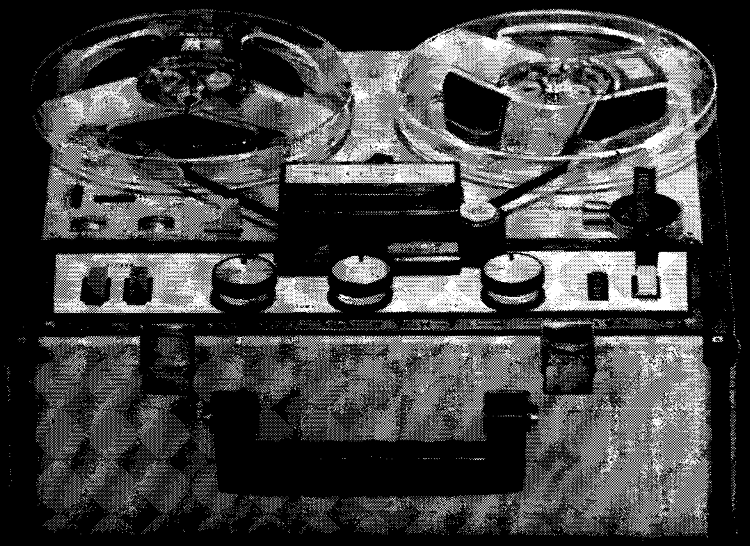

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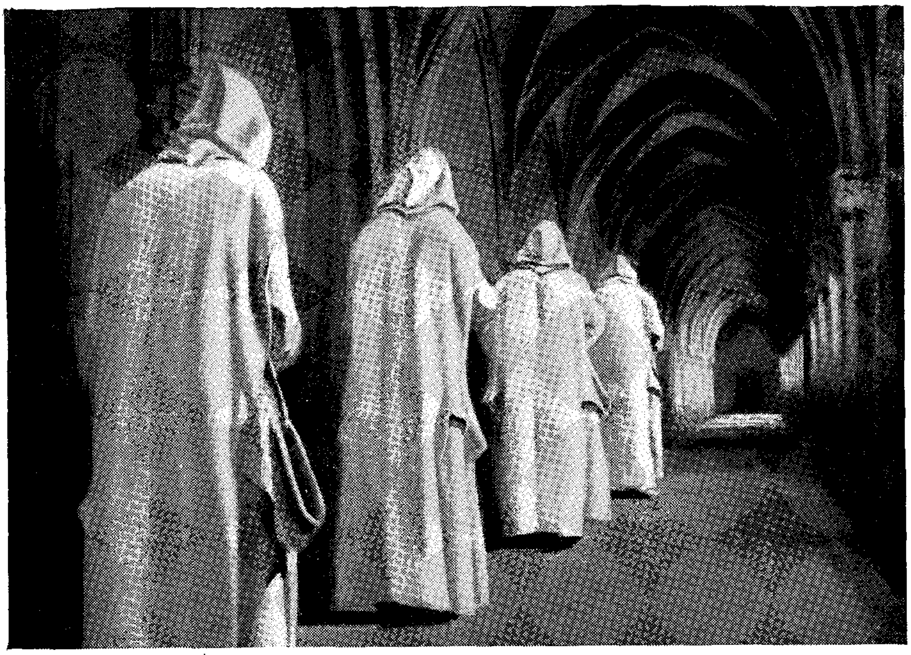

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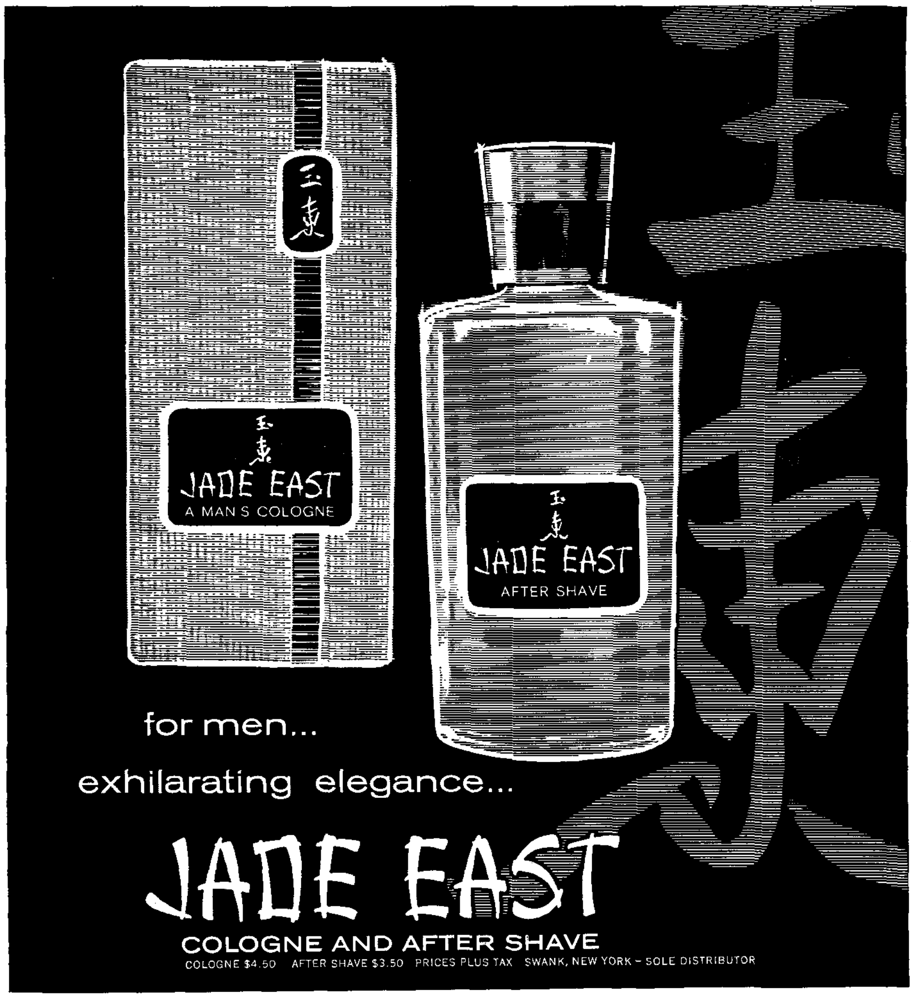

since no other contestant felt like presenting himself at the auction. The lease was knocked down to him for a derisory figure. The idea quickly spread among the Mafia, and the leases of feudal lands began to fetch a tenth and a twentieth of their normal price. An attempt was made to withdraw lands from auction, but it was hopeless. There was nothing to be done. Here and there, an aristocrat put aside his astral telescope, bought himself a farmer's corduroy suit and a pair of top boots, and appeared on the scene with the intention of organizing resistance to this takeover. Within a few days, having found a percentage of his grapevines cut down and a few of his livestock with their throats slit, he gave in and went back to his decaying palace. The Mafia had become the feudal lords of all Sicily. This was Don Calò's last major coup before the providential arrival of the Allies in 1943. In between stretched the lean years of the Mussolini dictatorship.

AT first, Don Calò found it hard to make up his mind about Mussolini. To the extent that the Duce promised to stop the government's downhill slide toward Socialism, he was obviously a good thing. But when he began to talk about governing with a firm hand, the Mafia chieftain was not so sure. Actually, a clash between Mussolini and the Mafia was inevitable, although each side seems to have underestimated the opponent's strength. It was clear enough to Mussolini that the Mafia had always had a vested interest in national weakness and division, and that its support of revolutionary governments in the past had regularly been followed by a stab in the back. Futhermore, the pattern of obstruction and sabotage seemed about to be repeated. Fascist courts trying criminal cases in which members of the Mafia were implicated were no more able to obtain convictions than the democratic courts had been of old. Although the Fascist hierarchy might rub its hands at the sight of a nation marching in step, this unity and discipline applied only to the peninsula. In Palermo, a member of the Fascist Party could be shot dead at midday in the middle of the crowded Via Maqueda without a single person's being ready to admit to the police that he had even heard the shot. The cudgels-and-castor-oil methods that the *squadristi* had used so successfully in northern Italy failed in Sicily against the ancient Mafia defense of silence and vengeance. A carabiniere officer reported, "Only two kinds of witness exist. The first lives in the neighborhood where a crime has been committed, and in no circumstances has

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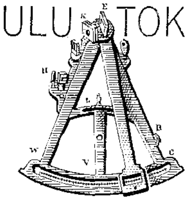

by Peter Griffith

More and more people are going West to the East today, for business and pleasure. It's so much easier to get there now . . . and so much more comfortable when you do. In each of the three major centers you'll want to visit, you can combine all the excitement of Oriental life and tradition with all the comforts of Hilton. Exotic local décor . . . full air-conditioning . . . superb local and international cuisine . . . friendly Hilton service.

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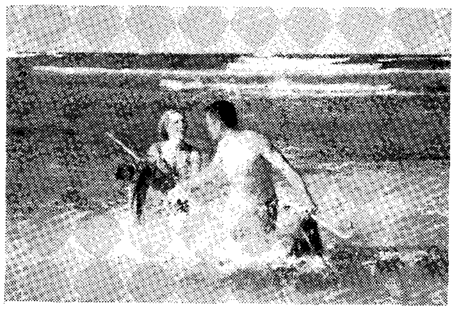


You can sail, surf, fish, water-ski, skin-dive or just plain swim. Dine in the Grill Room, beside a lagoon stocked with fascinating tropical fish, or informally on the terrace overlooking the huge swimming pool.

The rooms and suites are large and luxurious, with magnificent views of Diamond Head to the West and Koko Head to the East.

Naturally, the Kahala Hilton costs a little more than ordinary resort hotels. But probably not as much more as you'd expect. Rates start at $22 a day, single, and from $24 to $37 a day, twin or double.

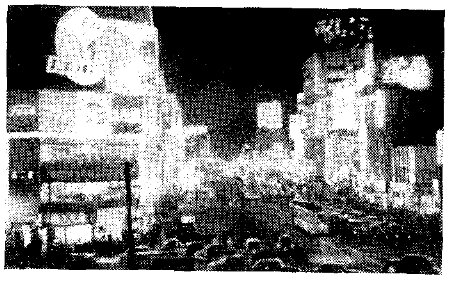
Calm Center in Tokyo's Whirl

From your room at the Tokyo Hilton you view the famous Hie Shrine, the National Diet Building and the roof-tops of Tokyo. You have a tranquil haven in the new Akasaka district, the neighborhood of fabulous night clubs and Japanese tea-houses. But hop a cab, and in five minutes you're on the bustling Ginza.

Go no farther than the hotel's Japanese Garden to have tea in the gracious manner. Just beyond, visit the famous Hie Shrine on Sanno Hill, home of Tokyo's protecting deity since feudal times. Then back to the hotel to relax in the swimming pool or the Japanese steam bath. Sample Oriental delicacies in the Japanese restaurant—or superb Kobe beef in the Keyaki Grill Room.

You're bound to want at least one evening out, for Kabuki theater and the exciting night life of Tokyo. But you'll find that even here, in the night club capital of the world, the Tokyo Hilton's star Hill Club is already famous for superlative service, food and dancing. Speaking of clubs, don't forget your golf sticks. The courses around Tokyo (and around Hong Kong and Kahala) are some of the finest in the world.

Rooms at the Tokyo Hilton start as low as $10 a day single, $13.90 double.



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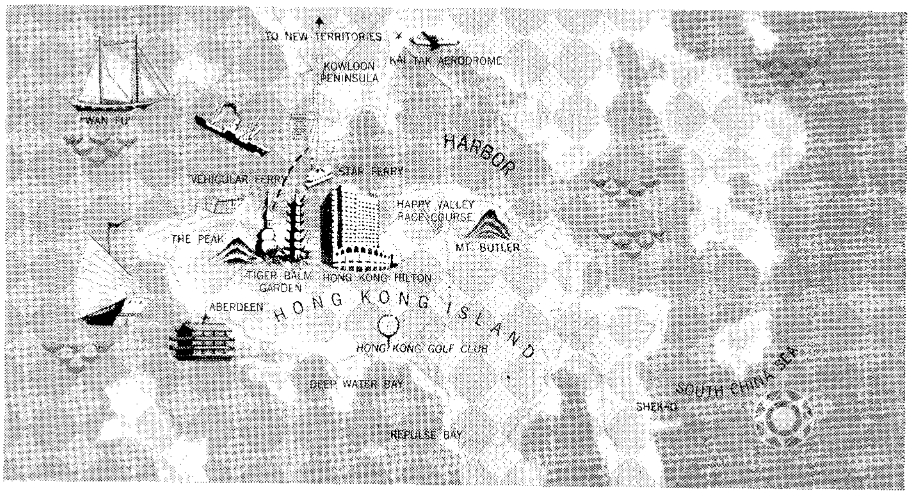
The Hongkong Hilton towers over the heart of the fabulous city they call the Pearl of the Orient. Its 25th floor Eagle's Nest Supper Club gives you a breathtaking view of the harbor . . . then you can explore it in the hotel's own 110-foot brigantine—and cruise to a quaint Chinese fishing village with the fine old Scottish name of Aberdeen. Just a few steps away from the hotel is the famous tramway to Victoria Peak, highest point on Hong Kong Island.



You'll find the Hongkong Hilton a fascinating blend of East and West. The Steak House is staunchly American, the Jade Lotus Room richly Oriental. The food is perfect of its kind. There's an Oriental Garden, a Dragon Boat Bar, an exotic underground bar called The Den . . . and an 80-foot swimming pool.

Hong Kong, as you know, is one of the great bargain shopping centers of the world. Fifty of its finest free port shops have branches right in the Hongkong Hilton's air-conditioned arcade, packed with everything you can think of.

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ever seen anything. The second category consists of the neighbors of anyone who subsequently happens to be accused of the crime. These have always been looking out of their windows when the shot was fired, and have noticed the accused person standing peaceably on his balcony a few yards away."

Disturbing facts came to light as the first inquiries into Mafia activities got under way. It was reported to the Duce that the Mafia was in complete control of the Sicilian electoral machine, and that the deputies it sent to Parliament spent their time blocking investigations of the Honored Society's misdeeds, and specialized in the production of speeches attempting to prove that the Mafia did not exist. At this time, the incidence of violent crime was ten times as high in Sicily as in the rest of Italy. In the small town of Favara, for instance, the Duce was told, a hundred and fifty Mafia killings had taken place in a single year, and only one man in the previous decade had died of natural causes in old age. Even more displeasing to Mussolini, with his visions of imperial grandeur and conquest, was the island's unpatriotic performance in time of war. Once again, as at the beginning of the 1914-18 war, the Mafia had spread the rumor that conscripts called up and sent to Italy for training were castrated as soon as they got there.

What finally touched off Mussolini's anti-Mafia campaign was an incident that took place when he visited Sicily in 1924. Having driven through the streets of Palermo, where it was easy enough to stage-manage a display of the noisy enthusiasm that he had come to expect, the Duce suddenly, and to the embarrassment of his retinue, asked to be shown a small town in the vicinity. It seemed that at some point Mussolini had picked up a tourist pamphlet that warmly recommended a visit to Piana dei Greci. This somewhat wretched little township was peopled by descendants of Albanian refugees from the Turks, and tourists were often taken there and treated to a program of folk dancing by girls dressed in an antiquated Albanian style. It was the only town in Sicily—or in all Italy, for that matter—with a Greek Orthodox church. There were two drawbacks to satisfying Mussolini's whim for a Balkan entertainment. The first, and more important, was the security risk involved. By mustering all the policemen in Palermo and placing them back to back with loaded rifles at intervals of ten yards all along the main street, it had been possible to guarantee the Duce's safety during his flying visit to the capital. But

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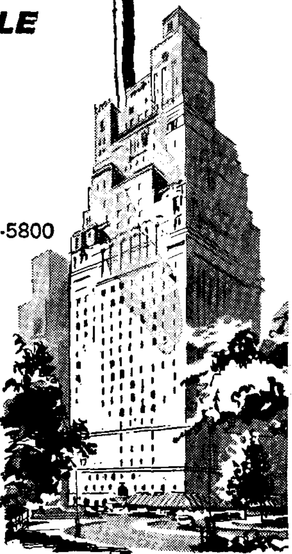

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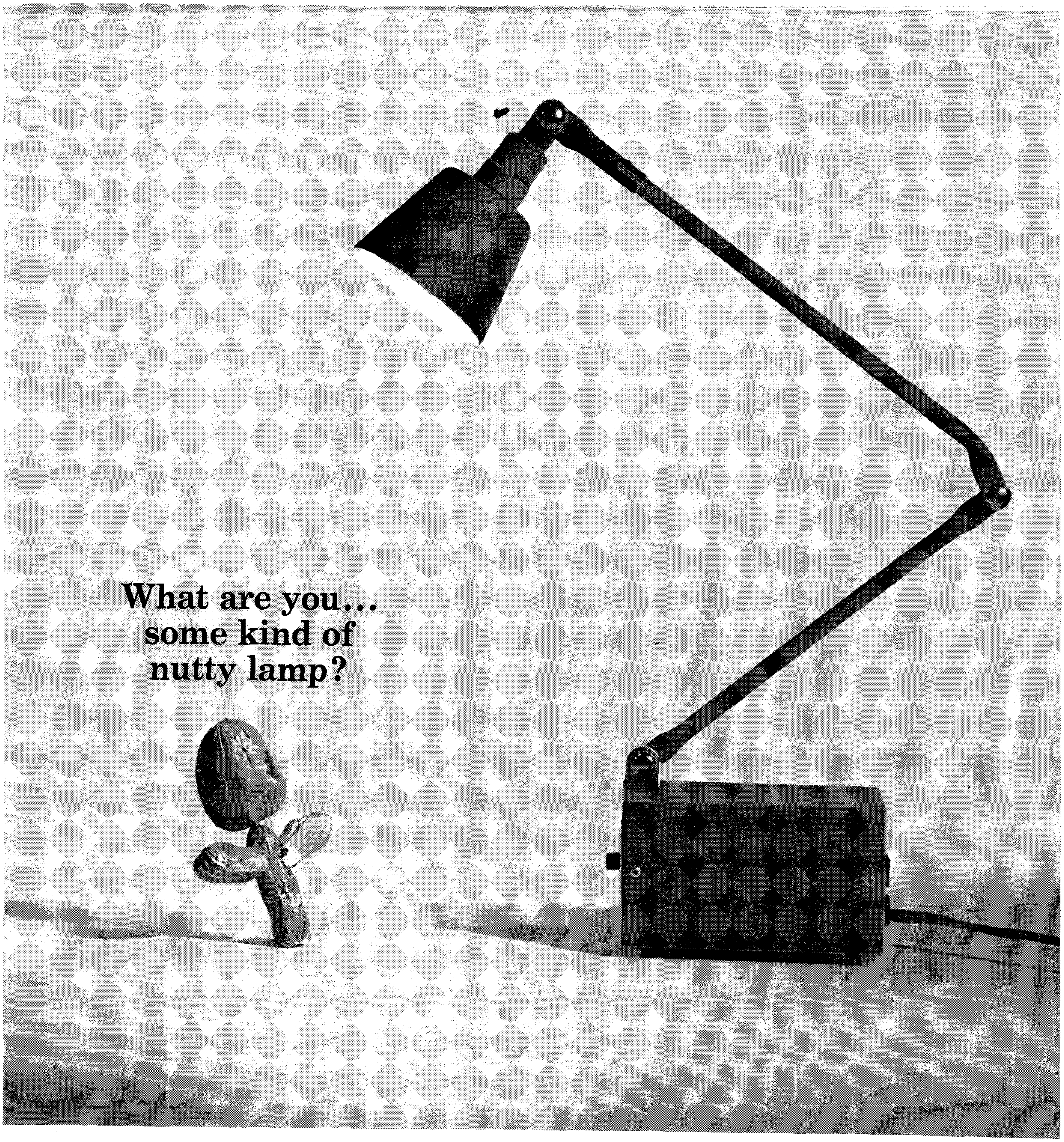
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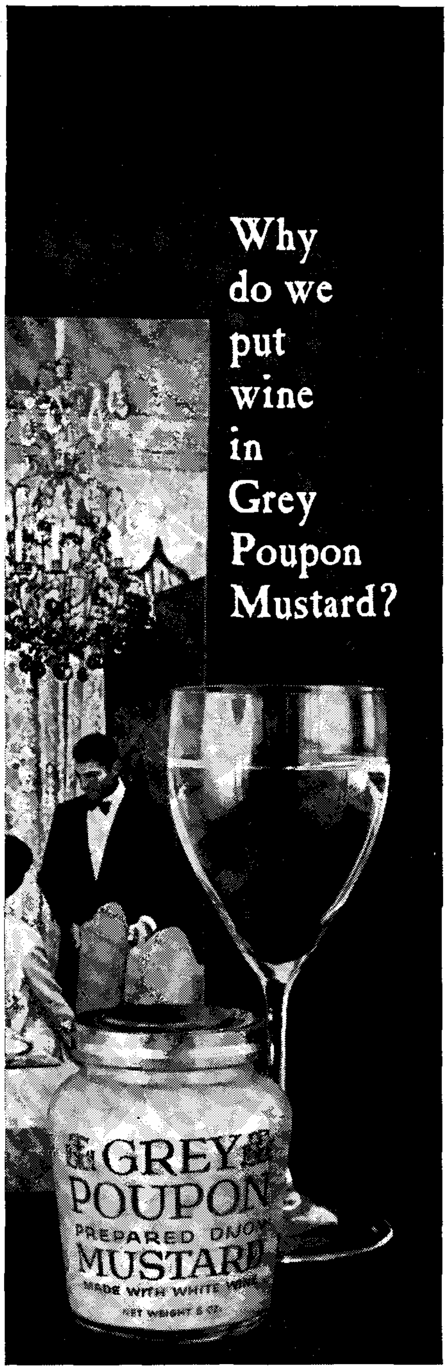
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Piana dei Greci—exotic folk costumes apart—had had the reputation of being a hive of peasant unrest ever since its participation in an insurrectional movement in the nineties. The second difficulty arose from the fact that the village mayor, Don Ciccio Cuccia, who would officially welcome the head of the government, was a Mafia potentate with an inflamed sense of his own importance. A malevolent frog of a man, he was famous for the fantastic exploits in which he was involved by his all-devouring ego, and for his traditional Mafia passion for "winning respect." It was seen that if he were to meet Mussolini, only the most delicate handling of the encounter could prevent an ugly clash of personalities.

When the official party reached Piana dei Greci, the Duce's chief of police, Cesare Mori, who was not at all happy about the security arrangements, suggested that Mussolini ride in Don Ciccio's car for his tour of the town. The Duce agreed to do so, and as his motorcycle escort lined up on both sides of the car, Don Ciccio said to him in a loud voice, "Excuse me, but why all the police? There's nothing to worry about as long as you're with me. I'm the one who gives the orders here." It was then that the Duce at last realized things had reached such a pass in Sicily that even his own chief of police had thought it advisable to place him, the head of the government, under Mafia protection. He sharply refused Don Ciccio's suggestion that he dispense with his escort—a "lack of respect" that Don Ciccio punished by ordering the town piazza to be emptied for Mussolini's speech. When Mussolini began his harangue, he found himself addressing a group of about twenty village idiots, one-legged beggars, bootblacks, and lottery-ticket sellers specially picked by Don Ciccio to form an audience. The fearful jutting of the dictator's jaw had not yet become a familiar danger sign, so Don Ciccio had no warning of what was in store for him. It is unlikely that he even bothered to listen to what Mussolini had to say, though he would have been wiser to do so, because the Duce's speech amounted to a declaration of war on the Mafia. Weeks later, in the Fascist Parliament, he repeated in substance what he had said at Piana dei Greci, but by that time Don Ciccio was already in prison.

Of all the bombastic and beribboned figures who strutted onto the Italian stage in the first years of Fascism, none outdid Prefect Cesare Mori, who was given the task of liquidating the

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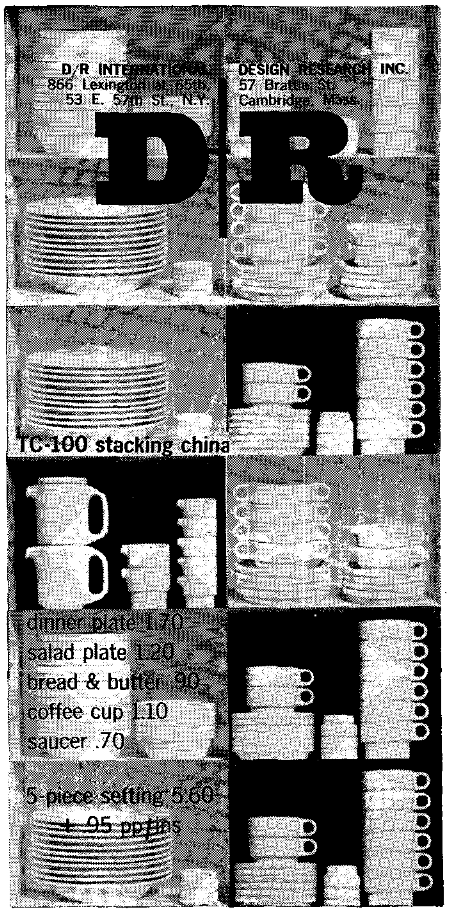

Black Devil Green Devil Yellow Devil White Devil

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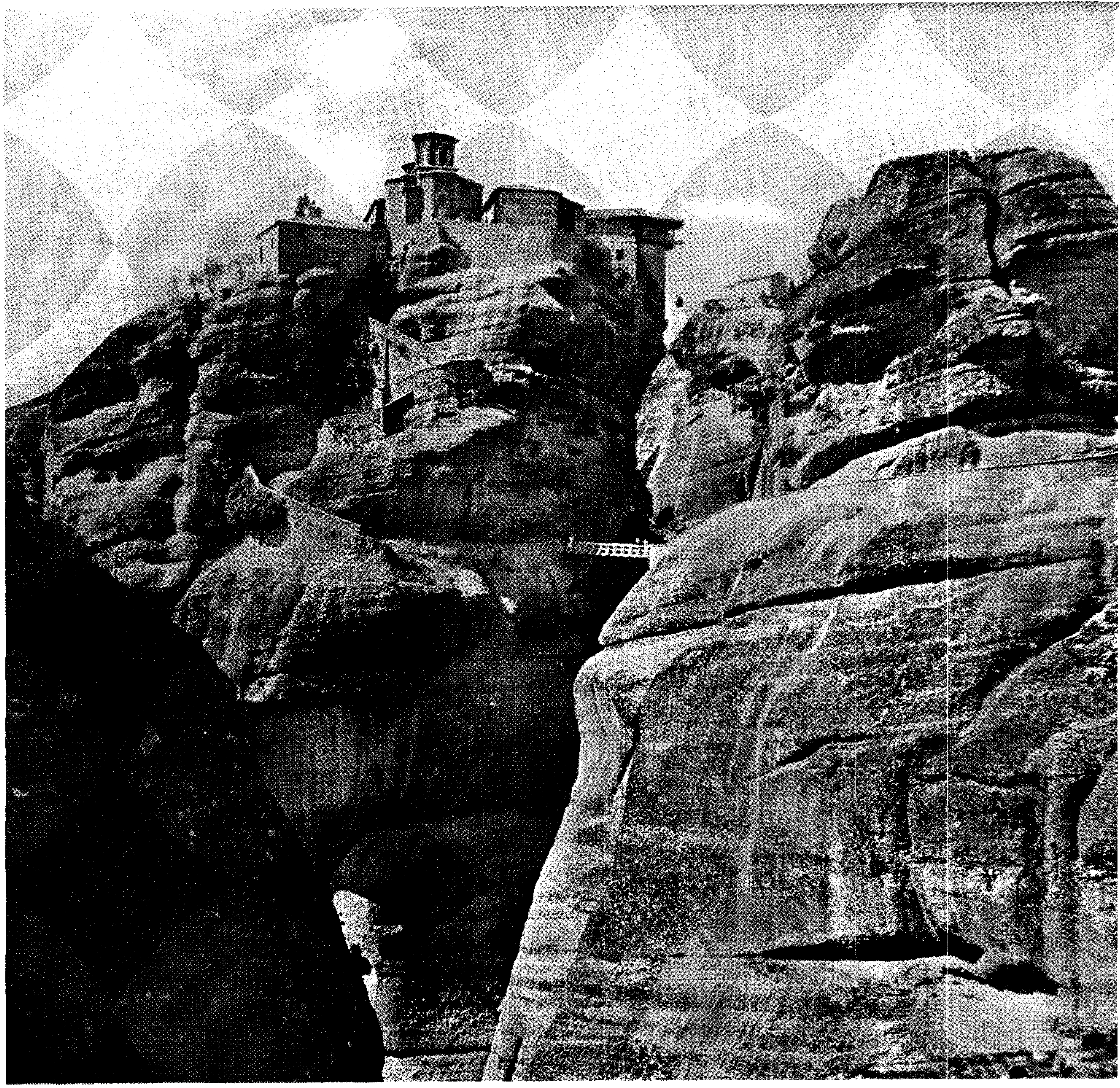

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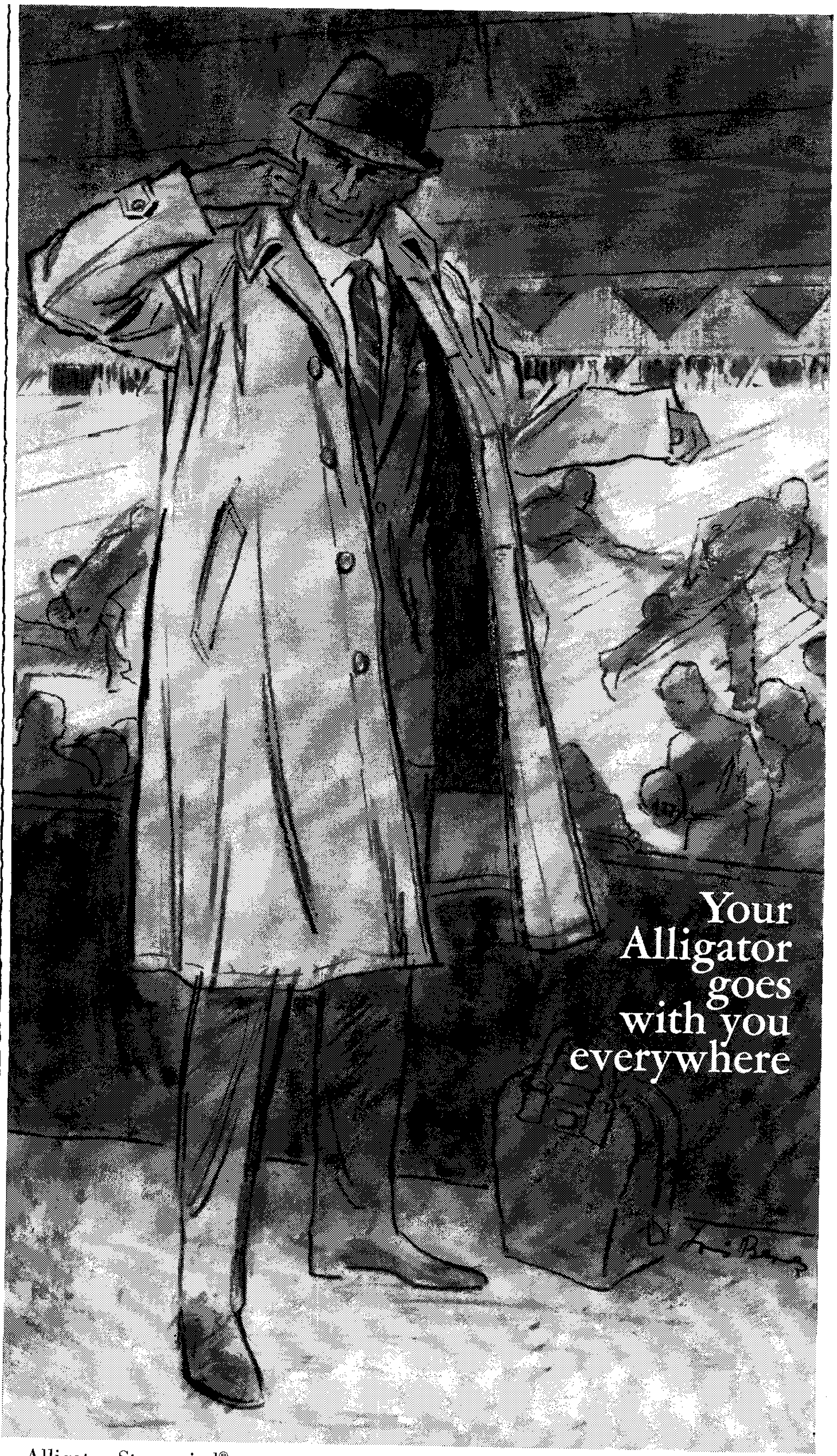
GREECE

Mafia. In thirty years, Mori had come up from patrolling a beat to the office of chief of police, and thus he was now second in importance only to the Duce himself. For all that, he remained at heart a simple policeman, who rated success purely on the basis of the number of arrests he could make. A man with a strong sense of the theatre, he gave himself the pleasure of arresting Don Ciccio in person. Thereafter, armed with the Duce's carte blanche, he put into operation what he sometimes jokingly called his Plan Attila. Unimpeded by the legal hairsplittings of democratic justice, Mori arrested suspects by the thousand. Victims of hearsay and denunciation were put in chains and sent off by the shipload to penal islands. Mori's descent on a village sometimes meant the arrest and removal of the entire male population, and it was discovered that the only hope of mollifying him was to erect a triumphal arch bearing the words "Ave Caesar." Mori was also subject to extravagant whims. Once, having heard that many Mafia victims had been ambushed by shots fired from behind walls, he ordered every wall in Sicily to be reduced to a height of one metre within twenty-four hours.

In 1927, Mussolini assembled the Fascist Parliament to announce the end of his war against the Mafia. To the tempestuous applause (as it was always called) of his deputies, Mussolini referred to his Prefect as "the incarnation of the pure white flame of Fascist justice," and the work with the butcher's cleaver in Sicily became "heroic surgery, performed with a courageous scalpel." But the effect of the Mori repression could be only temporary, since, at best, it scythed off the heads of a crop of weeds when what was needed was a change in the soil and climate that produced the crop. All the more astute members of the Mafia put themselves beyond Mori's reach by joining the Fascist Party. Other "men of respect" were allowed to emigrate to the United States, and still others to Tunisia. It was the unimportant rank and file of the Honored Society who went to prison. Mori's intervention had one important effect, though—it deprived Don Calò and his company of the enjoyment of their newly won feudal privileges. Until the coming of the Allies in 1943, the peasants had a better time of it than most of them had ever known before; at least, it became possible to argue with a landlord over the terms of a contract without running the risk of being knocked on the head and thrown into a disused mine shaft.

Mori, however, had succeeded in



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landing one huge fish, thereby unknowingly advancing Calogero Vizzini to the final pinnacle of authority in the Honored Society. His catch was Don Vito Cascio Ferro, who had been acknowledged head of the Mafia for twenty-five years, and who was the most spectacular delinquent in Sicilian history. Don Vito had spent part of his youth in the United States, where he had become an active member of the Black Hand—an amalgamation of émigrés from the Mafia, from the Camorra, of Naples, and from a lesser-known Calabrian criminal society. Quite unlike such roughcast Mafia personalities as Don Ciccio Cuccia and the slovenly Don Calò Vizzini, Don Vito was always meticulous about his appearance, affecting after his return from the States a dashing anachronism of dress, which included a frock coat, a wide-brimmed fedora, a pleated shirt, and a flowing cravat. By the time Mori came on the scene, Don Vito had added to the immense dignity of his presence by growing a long white beard. Although he was almost completely illiterate, he was a favorite of high society and frequented Palermo's most glittering *salons*. He was in demand to open exhibitions of watercolors, he romped with dukes and duchesses in party games, he listened with reverence to famous actors giving poetry readings from Leopardi, he dressed himself fashionably in knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket to shoot thrushes in distinguished company, and he joined aristocratic carriage parties to pelt the children of the poor with cakes and sweets on All Souls' Eve. Women of gentle birth spoke of the strange magnetic force with which a room seemed charged when Don Vito was present, and he once administered a severe admonition to his barber for selling his hair clippings to a maker of amulets.

Although Don Vito in his lifetime was acquitted of implication in seventy major crimes, twenty of them homicides, he admitted to—and, indeed, boasted of—having taken one man's life. "My action was a disinterested one," he used to say, "and was taken in response to a challenge I could not afford to ignore." The victim was Joseph Petrosino, a lieutenant in the New York Police Department who was engaged in an investigation of the Black Hand. Petrosino's researches had convinced him that a liaison existed between the American secret society and the Mafia, and in 1909 Theodore Bingham, the Police Commissioner, gave him permission to go to Sicily to study the methods of the parent organization. On the evening of the day that Petrosino's ship docked at Palermo,

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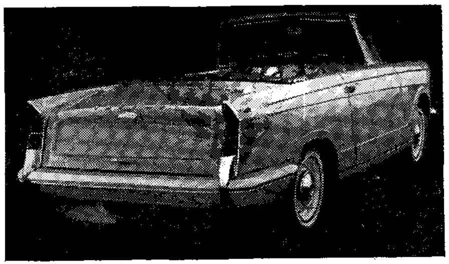

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Don Vito was dining, as usual, with an influential member of Palermitan society—this time a member of Parliament. At a certain moment, he pretended to remember a most important matter he had neglected to attend to before leaving home, and asked to be excused for a short time. Borrowing his host's carriage, he had himself driven to the Piazza Marina, near the port. At about that time, Petrosino left his hotel nearby, clearly to go to a secret rendezvous. A few minutes later, the lights of Palermo went out, and Don Vito, who was waiting for the detective, shot him dead. He then returned to the waiting carriage and was driven back to the house of his friend, arriving in time for the port. When suspicion later fell upon Don Vito, the friend was ready to swear in court that his guest had never left the house on the night of the killing.

Upon being netted by Mori, the old Mafia leader had to be tried on a trumped-up charge of smuggling, for lack of anything better. During the greater part of the trial, he contented himself with disdainfully ignoring the proceedings of the court. A Mafia exponent of the old school, he clearly felt that "respect" was all that mattered, even in this desperate emergency. When a defense counsel appeared to be pleading for lenient treatment, Don Vito rebuked him harshly for adopting tactics "in conflict with my principles and my authority." Asked whether he had anything to say before being sentenced, Don Vito replied, "Gentlemen, as you have been unable to obtain proof of any of my numerous crimes, you have been reduced to condemning me for the only one I have never committed." This indeed expressed the facts of the case accurately enough.

A short time after his incarceration in Palermo's Ucciardone Prison, the old man died of heart failure. His cell is still used to house prisoners of distinction.

VILLALBA, Don Calò's home town and the classic capital of the Mafia's "state within a state," turns out to be a small, bleached town, carved from the bone of its own landscape. In the town's heyday, twenty years ago, its population numbered about six thousand—a figure now cut almost in half by emigration. In winter, rancid water from the cold rains lies in its cobbled streets, and in summer an ochreous bloom of dust covers the stumpy buildings. A few wilted hollyhocks, self-sown in the angles of walls, curl down like flower-decorated shepherd's crooks. Piglets and chickens scuffle amid the black refuse piled up in the side streets. Many of the houses on the

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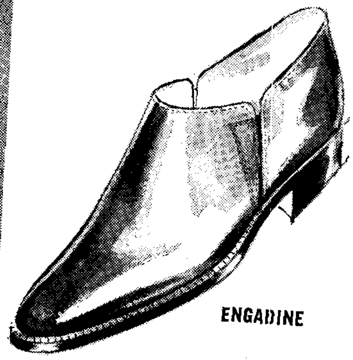

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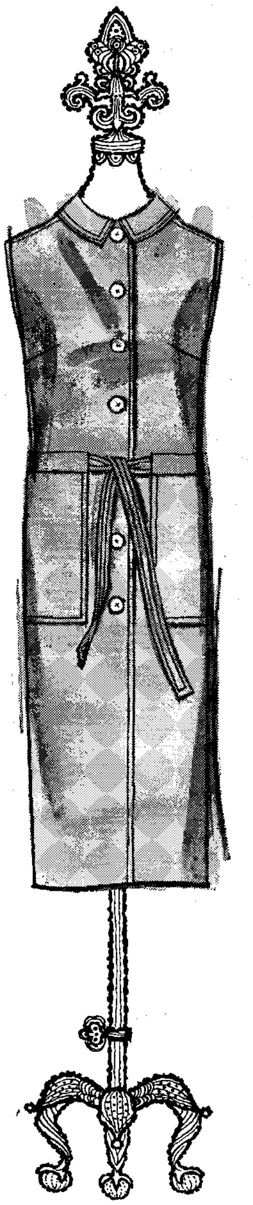

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outskirts of the town are Neapolitan-style *bassi*, consisting of a single windowless room, into which light and air enter only through the door, and in which the members of the family sleep on bunks. Blue paint daubed on door jambs and on the window frames (when windows exist) testifies to the fact that the Moors were here, as does the name of the feudal estate that Villalba was built to serve—Miccichè, or, in Arabic, Mikiken. The Miccichè lands that surround Villalba, rolling away to the horizon in all directions, seem un-European. Central Asia must be like this, one imagines. There are no boundaries, hedges, walls, trees, windmills, or buildings of any kind. The landscape, green in the few weeks of spring, and thereafter whitish under the sun, heaves gently, like a carpet with the wind under it. Distantly to the north, the mountains of Cammarata are traced on the sky, with a faint scar tissue of forest. Miccichè is soundless, apart from the dry chatter of bells echoing off some bony hillside and the high-pitched creaking squeal of falcons. It is a place of unbroken distances, and the Villalba peasants who pass into these empty, vitreous immensities to their work seem to vanish as soon as they leave the town. This feudal estate is dedicated to the cultivation of the lentil.

Danilo Dolci, in his book "Waste," which is a closely documented study of social conditions in western Sicily, gives some idea of what it was like to live in a town like Villalba five or six years ago. He found that the day laborers, who composed the majority of the working population, were paid an average wage of six hundred lire (one dollar) a day for their ninety days' work a year. Laborers offered themselves for hire at a kind of human auction held daily before dawn, when—since work might be available for only one man out of three—the peasants were encouraged to bid against each other in order to bring down their terms. Children as young as eight years of age were taken on as laborers for a hundred and fifty lire a day, and their competition in the labor market further undercut prices. Enormous families were the order. Elsewhere, one reads of priests paying visits to women who failed to produce a child a year, and asking, "Why are you denying souls to God?" The sharp decline in population effected by emigration has modified this picture since Dolci carried out his study, but the basic misery is little changed.

In 1944, when Don Calogero Vizzini had held the office of mayor for eighteen months, the situation in Villal-

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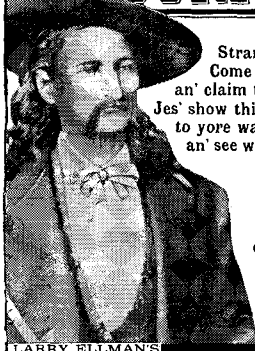

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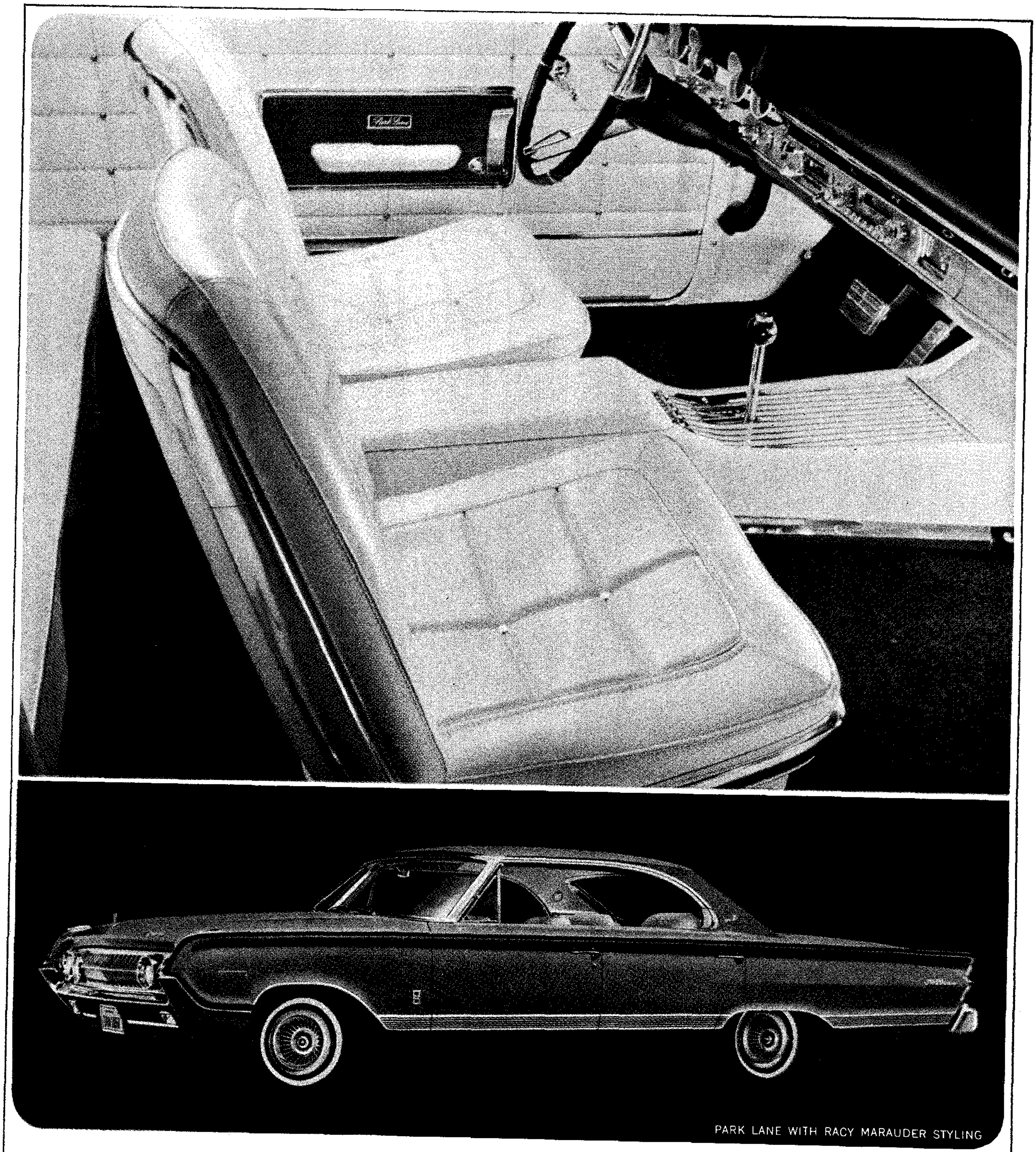
ba was desperate indeed, but many urgent tasks had prevented the mayor from interesting himself in the welfare of his community. Surrounded by his cohort of tried "anti-Fascists," all of them armed by special license of the Allied Military Government, Don Calò had dedicated himself to a flourishing black market in olive oil. The old, interfering police chief of Villalba, Maresciallo Purpi, had been killed off, and since his successor knew what was good for his health, Don Calò could conduct his operations openly. He received the fullest coöperation from his friends in the A.M.G., who supplied all the passes necessary for his truck caravans to stream along the roads of Sicily and Italy. At about that time, the A.M.G. had fallen under the sway of its unofficial adviser Vito Genovese, the American gangster who had disappeared after his indictment in New York on a charge of murder and had turned up in Sicily to serve as an interpreter. Don Calò found Genovese most accommodating. From the A.M.G. came all the gasoline he required, and sometimes, when he ran short of transport for an exceptionally large shipment, his friends helped out with a military vehicle or two.

In those days, Don Calò was dividing his time between the black market at Villalba and certain important and highly secret discussions that took him frequently to Palermo. In Palermo, he occupied his old suite in the Albèrgo Sole—a remarkable privilege, considering that the hotel had been requisitioned by the military authorities and was off limits to all civilians. The fact is that Don Calò and a number of other leading citizens had been called in by the Allied authorities to discuss the future of Sicily. Don Calò and his friends, as well as the members of the Sicilian aristocracy, wanted to detach Sicily from Italy. They were divided in their opinion over the form that the separate Sicilian state should assume. Some of the nobles were in favor of choosing one of their own number to rule as king, in the good old-fashioned way, without any nonsense about a Parliament. The more moderate voices, supported by the hardheaded Don Calò and the Mafia, were in favor of the country's becoming either a British colony or an American state. All agreed, however, on the necessity of severing the link with Rome. What was then called "the wind from the North"—a gusty political mistral arising in the great industrial towns of Lombardy—had begun to blow. The Allies had allowed political parties to register themselves, and Italy north of Rome had immediately and disturbingly swung to the Left. Many Sicilian peasants had fought in the Army and rubbed elbows with enlightened northern Italians, and they were showing little inclination to buckle down again to the old servitude of the feudal estate. The outcry for land was louder than ever before, and for the first time trade unions were being formed in Mafia areas. The Separatists, led by the Mafia, asked for the chance to put down this clamor in their own way, without bureaucratic interference from Rome.

There is no denying that the Allies, with their eye on a war that was still far from won, encouraged the Separatists—at least for a time. Already, intelligence reports concerning the strength of the emergent Italian Communist Party had suggested that it was likely to be the strongest in Western Europe, and that if a Socialist-Communist coalition should ever form in Italy, it could well take over power. Some Allied political observers said quite openly that if Italy should plunge disastrously to the Left when election time came, it might not be at all a bad thing to know that Sicily, with its excellent naval bases, remained in friendly hands. To Don Calò and his confederates, however, the threat offered by trade unionism may have seemed the most dangerous. In his handling of this prickly situation, Don Calò showed his usual mental pliability. Like a judo expert, he relaxed his muscles and rolled onto the mat with his opponent while preparing a better hold. To the amazement of less politically gifted Mafia leaders, he offered to permit, first, the establishment of a trade-union center in Villalba and, later, even a Communist Party headquarters. The only stipulation he made was that their activities should be directed by one of his lieutenants. When both these offers, to his astonishment, were turned down, he realized—probably with real regret—that a shooting war was inevitable.

After twenty years, the gag of Fascism had been removed, and thirty-two political parties, great and small, were almost hysterically preparing for the elections. Some idea of the political temperature of the time can be gathered from the circumstance that when the terrible Mafia chieftain of Camporeale announced that, largely for sentimental reasons and as a tribute to his father's memory, he proposed to see to it that his constituency was represented by a Liberal candidate, the parish priest of Camporeale denounced him from the pulpit for atheism. The *capo-mafia* re-



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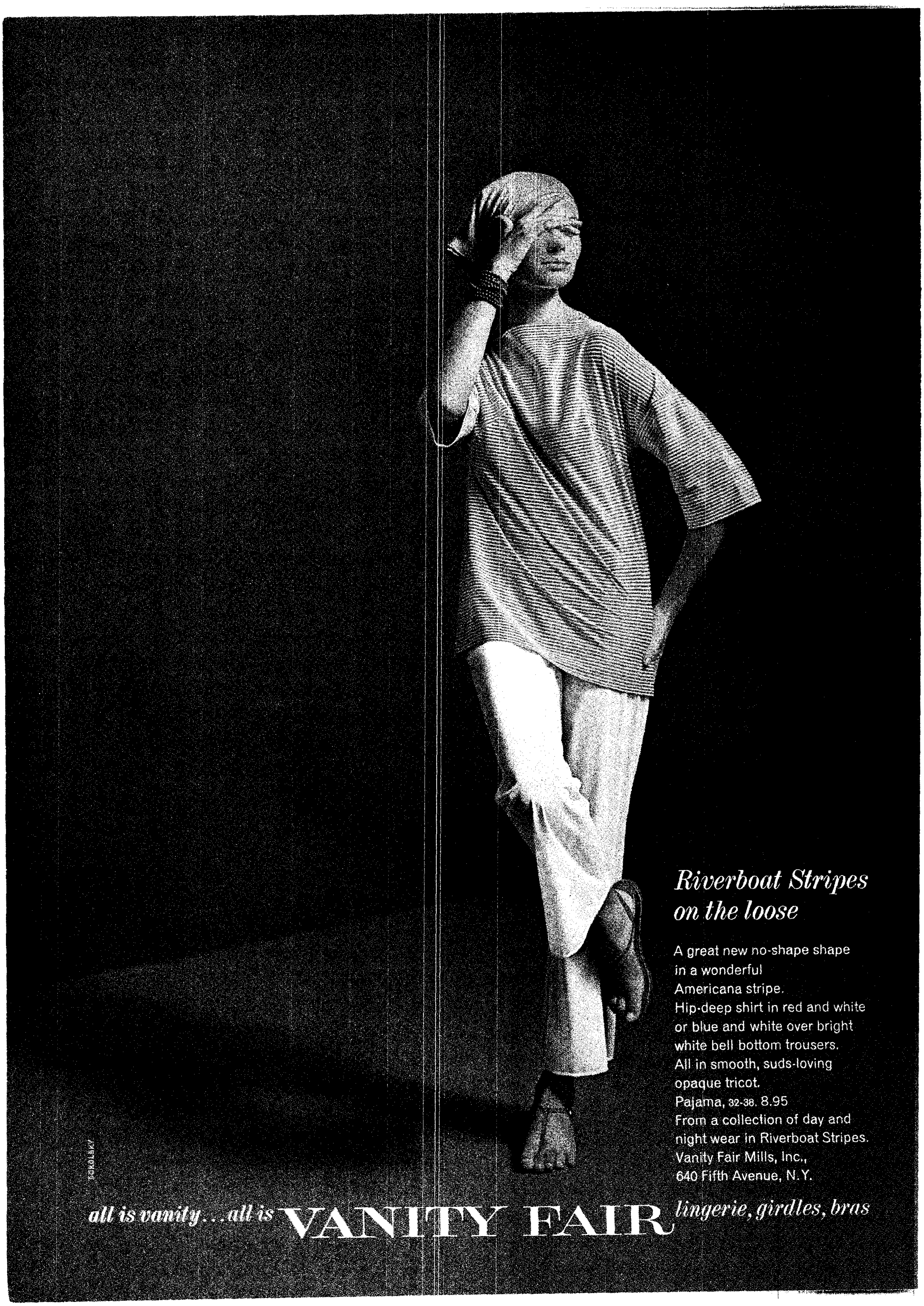

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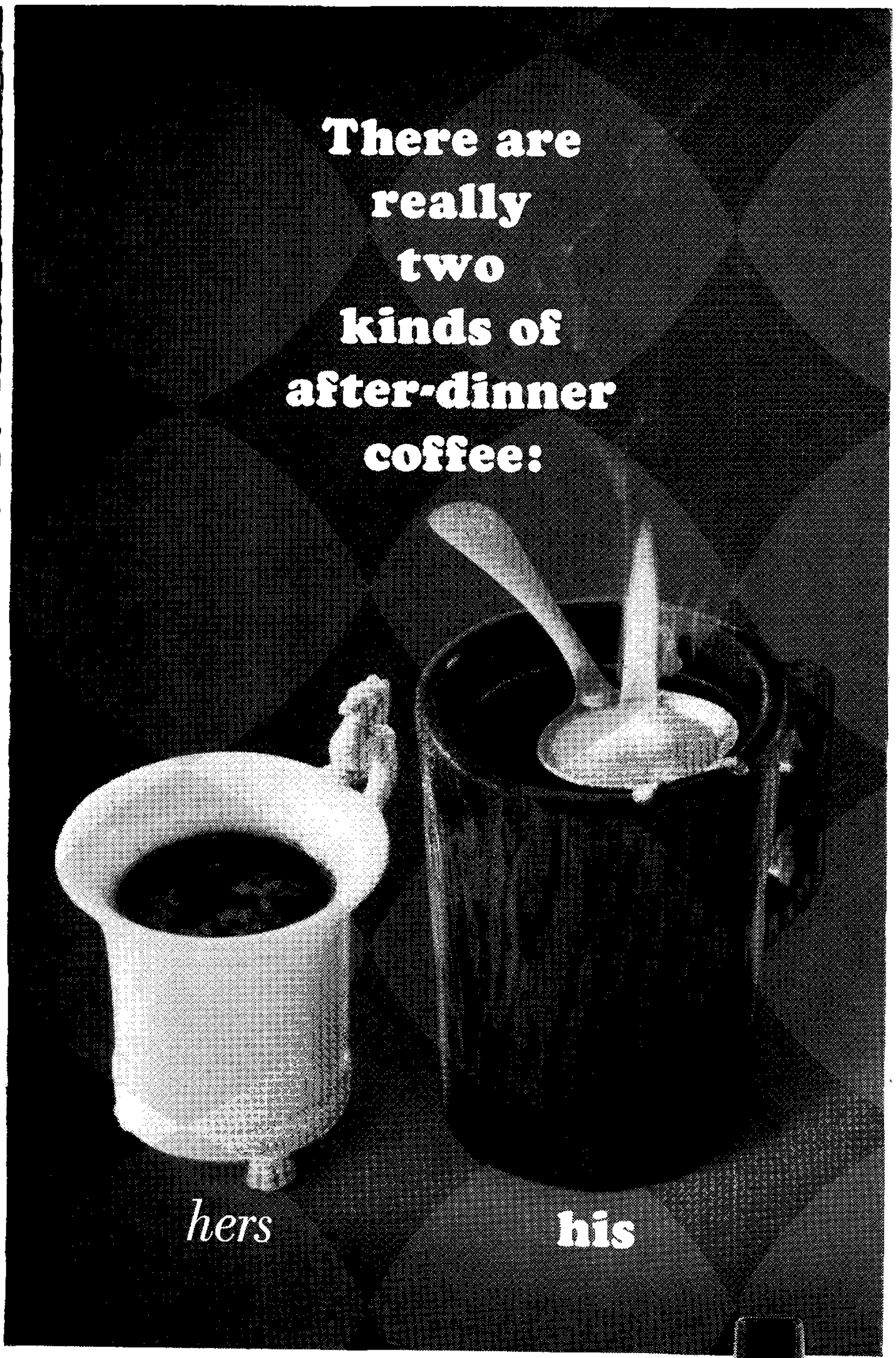
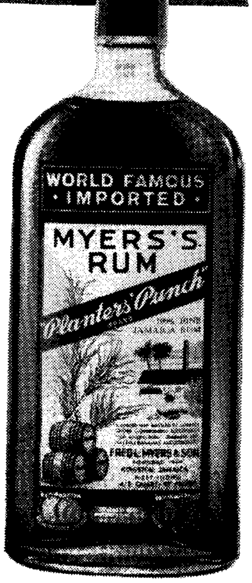
plied in a letter that was apparently courteous but was so charged with obscure Mafia symbolism that the priest had to have it interpreted by an expert before realizing that it contained a threat to hang him from his own church tower. Trade unionists were regarded with a sort of amazed contempt by the landowner and his supporters. There seemed something basically un-Christian—almost diabolical—about the way such men could corrupt ordinary, decent laborers, "put ideas into their heads," and induce them to extort grossly unfair rewards for their labor by the threat of withholding it altogether. Trade unions had existed in Italy before the coming of Fascism, but in Sicily they had been a distant calamity—something that happened to other people—and were discussed in the landowners' clubs like the unreal loss of half a million Chinese lives through the flooding of the Yellow River. Sermons were preached on the blessedness of poverty, as illustrated in the parable of Lazarus and the rich man, and peasant congregations were exhorted to render unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's. In view of the fact that the Sicily of 1944 was less politically advanced than the England of, say, 1834, when trade unionists were punished with seven years' transportation to the penal colony of Botany Bay, it is not surprising that Sicily's trade-union leaders were quietly marked down for elimination.

Against hostile politicians—particularly those who dared bring up the matter of the uncultivated estates—Don Calò took direct, immediate, and effective action. On September 16, 1944, the leaders of the left-wing Popular Front had the temerity to hold a political meeting in the heart of Mafia territory—in the square of Villalba itself. With deceptive mildness, Don Calò had agreed to let this meeting take place, but he had imposed his conditions. These included prohibiting agricultural workers from entering the square while the meeting was in progress, and a further veto on any mention of the vexed question of agrarian reform. To make quite sure that his conditions were observed, Don Calò had the side streets cordoned off, and the only members of the public allowed in the square were his own bodyguards, all of them carrying shotguns. Don Calò himself presided over this singular political meeting, standing in the middle of the square, his Separatist badge pinned to his lapel and a cudgel in his hand.

The opening speech, which was on the historical origins of democracy, provoked no reaction from the mayor but





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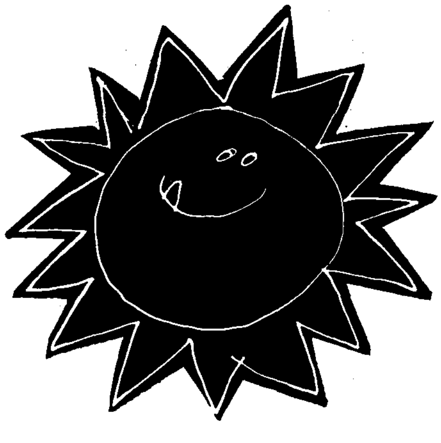

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yawns. Then Girolamo Li Causi, the Sicilian left-wing leader, got up and went straight to the heart of the matter. Li Causi had a very powerful voice, a dramatic oratorical style, and apparently no fear of the Mafia guns, and the faces of peasants began to appear in the windows and the doorways of the nearest houses. Inevitably, the forbidden subject was broached. The cries of encouragement from the peasants were drowned as the Mafia opened fire. Fourteen members of the Popular Front, including Li Causi himself, dropped to the ground, wounded. The meeting was at an end, and, with it, all such meetings in the territory of Don Calogero Vizzini. It was fourteen years before the men who fired the shots at Villalba were brought to trial, and although they were eventually found guilty, they benefited from various political amnesties that had been granted while their cases were being prepared, and not a single one of them served a day in prison. In the meantime, some had had the opportunity to commit other important crimes. Not for nothing is the law in Mafia jargon called "*la sunnambula*"—the somnambulist.

THE shooting at Villalba alerted the feudal landowners to the dangers of their position. In 1933 and again in 1940, under the Fascist regime, laws had been passed by which, in certain clearly defined circumstances, uncultivated or undercultivated land would be turned over to the peasants. Nothing had ever been done to enforce these laws, but they remained on the statute book, and now demands, couched in the proper legal form, were being made for the long-delayed opening up of these holdings. In March of 1945, the Princess of Trabia, owner of the estate of Micciché, on learning that her peasantry had formed a coöperative and that lawyers were busy drawing up their demands, struck back by calling in Don Calò and entrusting to him the management of Micciché—the same estate that he had been able to lease for a negligible annual sum before the coming of Mussolini. This was the first move in the organization of the defenses of feudalism. By definition of the Acts of 1933 and 1940, the estate of Micciché was undercultivated, and it seemed likely that the peasant claimants would win their case if it was allowed to come before the courts. But now, with Don Calò's appearance on the scene, the landowners' spirits revived. The High Commissioner for Sicily himself sent for the papers involved, and wrote in red ink across the folder,

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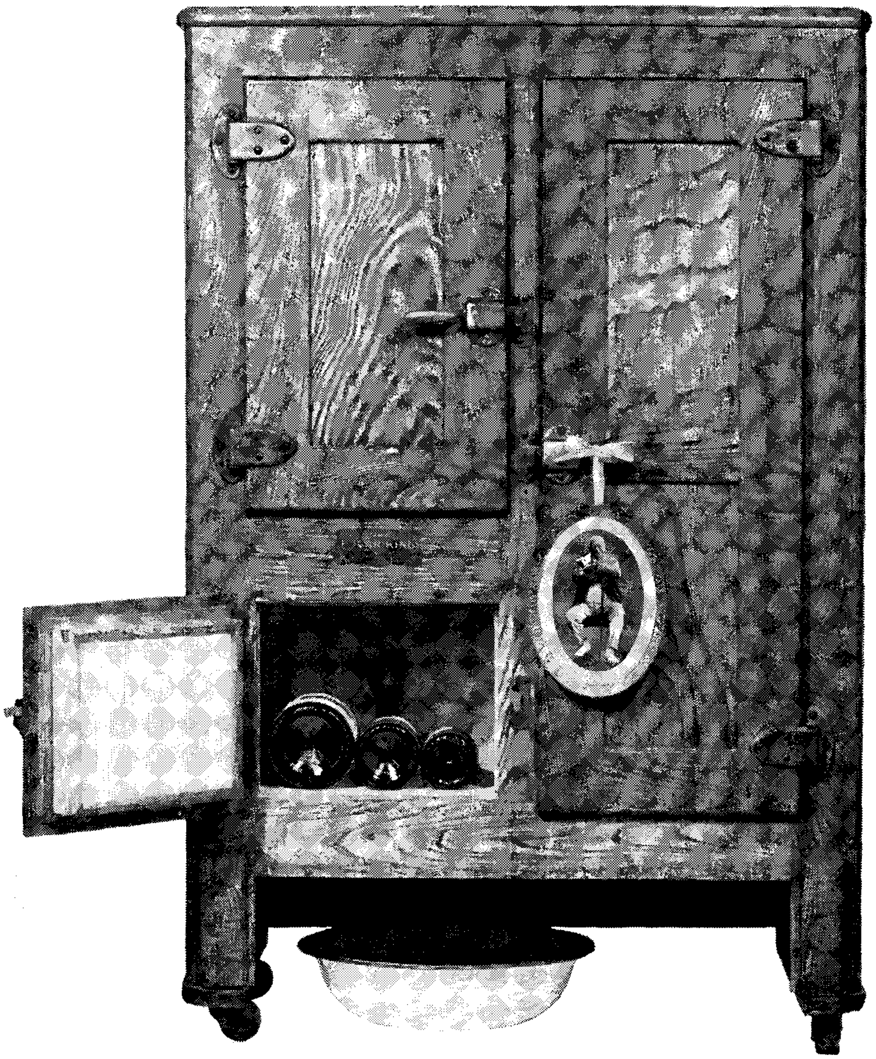

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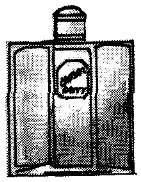

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“Do not proceed.” Discouraged but still not quite beaten, the peasants of Villalba sent a deputation to argue their case before a commission that had been set up at Caltanissetta, the provincial capital, to deal with the problem of the assignment of uncultivated and undercultivated estates. On their return, the members of this delegation were seen individually by Don Calò, who reminded them that good health was the greatest blessing this life had to offer, and then advised them to let the thing drop. A few days later, by a unanimous vote, the peasants’ coöperative was dissolved. Don Calò, however, had a pleasant surprise in store for its ex-members. It turned out that he had decided to console them for the loss of their coöperative by forming one himself, and he not only invited but strongly urged them all to join it. A coöperative run by Don Calò had one main disadvantage compared to the normal kind, which was that its members could not expect to share in the proceeds. However, Don Calò’s communal venture legally *was* a coöperative, and when, shortly afterward, the Princess of Trabia handed over to it the whole of her vast estate, her lands automatically passed outside the scope of the laws governing expropriation. The other landowners took their cue from the Princess and simply handed over their estates to the Mafia for administration. In this way, the aristocrats again withdrew from the Sicilian countryside, leaving the Mafia once more in possession of their lands.

IN some places, the peasant leaders acted with considerable circumspection, and thus managed to avoid stirring up the landowner-and-Mafia combination. These were the tactics adopted in Corleone.

In this world, one occasionally stumbles upon a place that in its physical presence and in the atmosphere it distills manages to match its reputation for sinister happenings. Such a town is Corleone. A total of a hundred and fifty-three murders took place there in the four years between 1944 and 1948. Since it has a population of eighteen thousand, this gives it probably the highest rate of death by violence in the world. Men and women go perpetually in black, worn for old tragedies: for a father, five years; for a brother, three years; for a son, three years. Sorrow leaks from these people into the streets. Corleone is built against a lugubrious backdrop of lead-colored mountains, and its seedy houses are wound around a strange black rocky outcrop jutting

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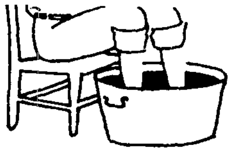

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up from the muddle of the town. Upon this pygmy mesa is the town lockup, and from its summit the crows launch themselves in search of urban carrion. Behind the cliff-shadowed streets of Corleone stretches a savage, entranced landscape of rock and grizzled pasture, for centuries the setting of a bloody routine of feuds and ambuscades. A few miles away is the famous wood over whose possession the Barbaccia and Lorello families have been slowly destroying each other since 1918. The problems of the peasants of Corleone are complicated by inheritances from history and prehistory: they are an island of agriculturists in a hostile sea of shepherds, and the sayings of the local herdsmen—including such proverbs taken straight from classical Arabic as "With the plow came dishonor"—enshrine the nomad's detestation of the encroaching farmer. The shepherds, then, are on the side of the Mafia. "We don't hit it off too badly with the *mafiosi*," a young shepherd recently said. "The barons haven't robbed us of our pastureland." The shepherds have furnished the Mafia with most of its hired killers.

In the immediate postwar period, a further complication in the lives of the peasants of Corleone was the presence of two Mafias. One of these was the classic version, commanded by the town's leading doctor and leading citizen, Michele Navarra. The other was something quite new at the time—a hybrid of the home product and American-style gangsterism brought back by criminals repatriated to Sicily from the United States. The New Mafia, as it came to be called, was represented in Corleone by Luciano Liggio, who at the age of nineteen had become the youngest Mafia chieftain in Sicilian history. Liggio had made his name as a phenomenally successful cattle thief, and he was without any of the self-delusion of the old-fashioned "man of respect." A threadbare vestige of the ancient Mafia tradition of the "state within a state" still adhered to Don Vito Cascio Ferro and his successor, Don Calò, but Liggio was something else entirely. He had modelled his career on a transatlantic pattern and cleansed himself of scruples. In exile in the United States, such *mafiosi* as Lucky Luciano had forgotten tradition to the extent of making fortunes out of prostitution—an unthinkable vileness to an old-fashioned "man of respect." Liggio and his followers had nothing in common with Don Calò's association but its iron laws of secrecy and the vendetta, and the two Mafias were soon to be at each other's throats.

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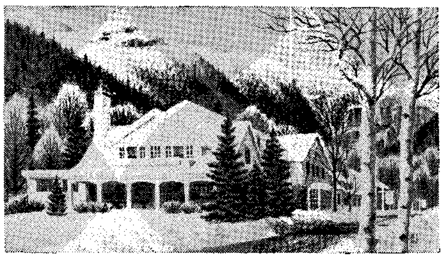

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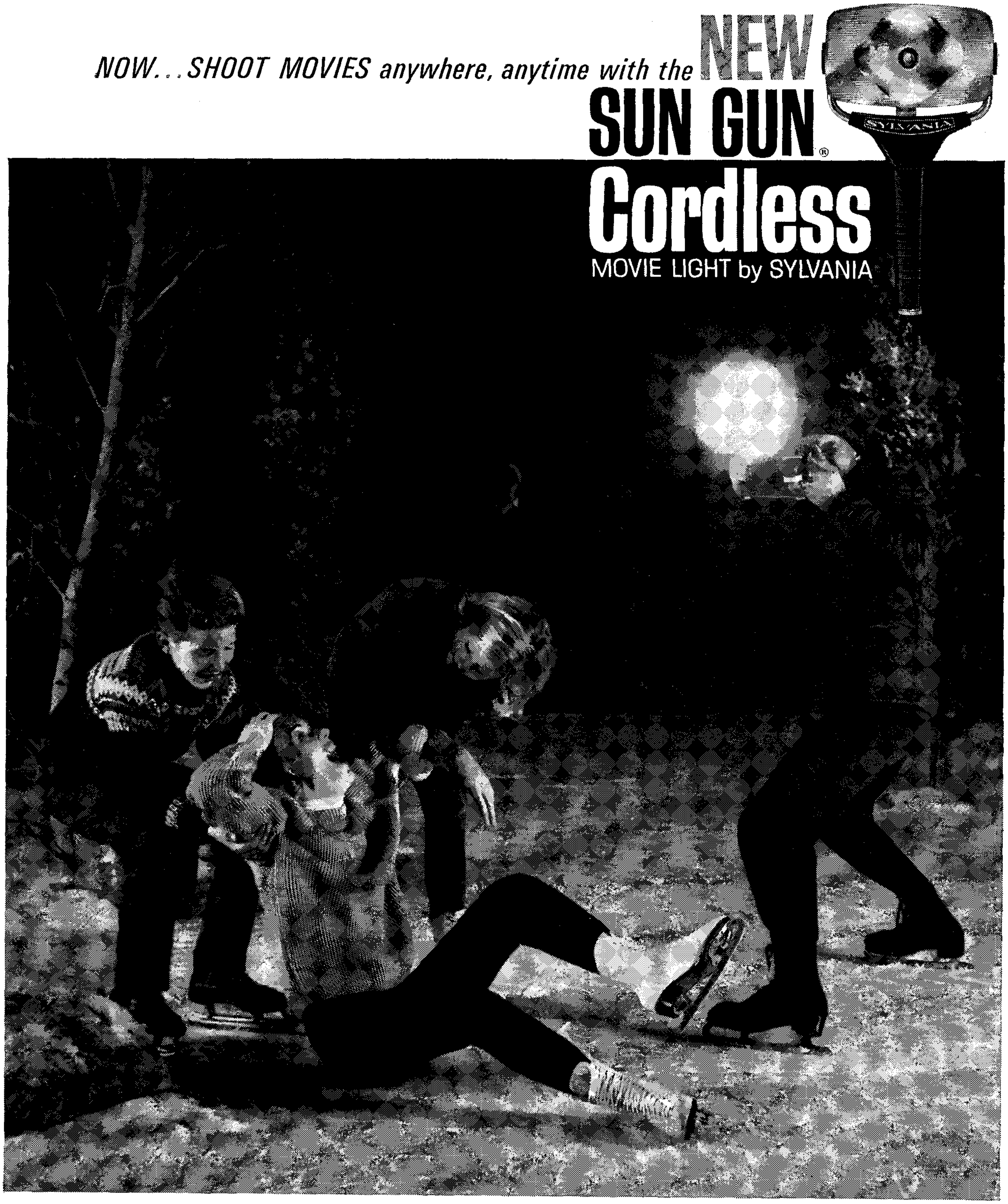

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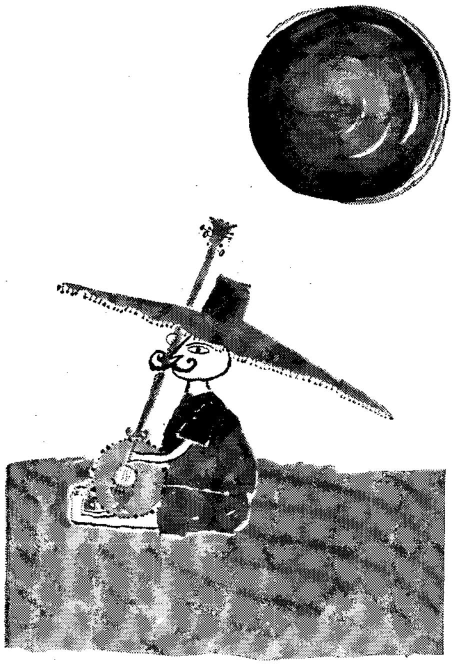

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bellotto and the protector of the huge Strasatto estate, his first move was to drive out all the tenants who possessed sharecropping contracts and replace them with cowed day laborers. He did this simply by burning down the sharecroppers' houses and cutting the throats of their animals—tactics that would certainly have shocked the warped paternalism of Don Vito. Liggio, whose unprecedented rise to stardom in the new gangsterism had been assisted by material aid from his mistress, a baroness, is shown in photographs of the period as a loose-lipped, smirking, dandified youth with a slight squint. Apparently, the life of a feudal seigneur on the Strasatto estate soon irked him, for he began to widen the scope of his interests. He believed in moving with the times, and he saw that there was far more money to be made from, say, controlling the supply of meat to the Palermo market than from growing and selling beans. He threw overboard all the old-fashioned Mafia pretense of reasonableness and persuasion. He simply shot anybody who crossed his path, and he and his strong-arm men, recruited from the nomads of the bitter pastures, filled the streets of Corleone with dead. In his book, Danilo Dolci tells of talking with a man who was able to chronicle the circumstances of twenty murders, without taking count of the many disappearances—men who were spirited away and never seen again, "so that a vendetta could not be sworn in the presence of the corpse."

Dr. Michele Navarra, the leader of the traditional Mafia—and, as such, a dependent of Don Calò's—was a man cast in a more conventional mold. He had passed his soul over to the Mafia for an excellent price. By a skillful manipulation of the Mafia network of graft and mutual aid, the Doctor had rapidly risen to become town health officer, medical officer for the smallholders' health-insurance plan, inspector of health for the area, and chairman of the hospital. Outside his purely medical interests, he was chairman of the local branch of the Christian Democratic Party and president of the Cultivators' Association of Corleone. The Doctor's photographs show him with a lined forehead and a sensitive, haunted expression, almost as though he were on the verge of tears over some unhappy memory. Despite the mildness of his appearance, he was given to arrogance—and sometimes to impatience as well, as evidenced by his supposed assassination of a Dr. Nicolosi, who had preceded him in his various medical posts. At a later period, he was to make a novel contribution to the science of rigging elections by issuing

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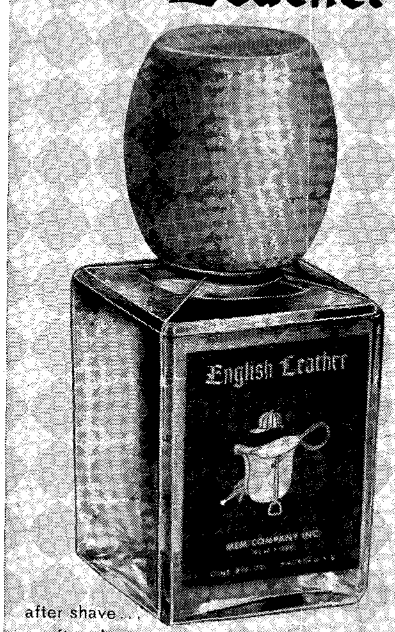

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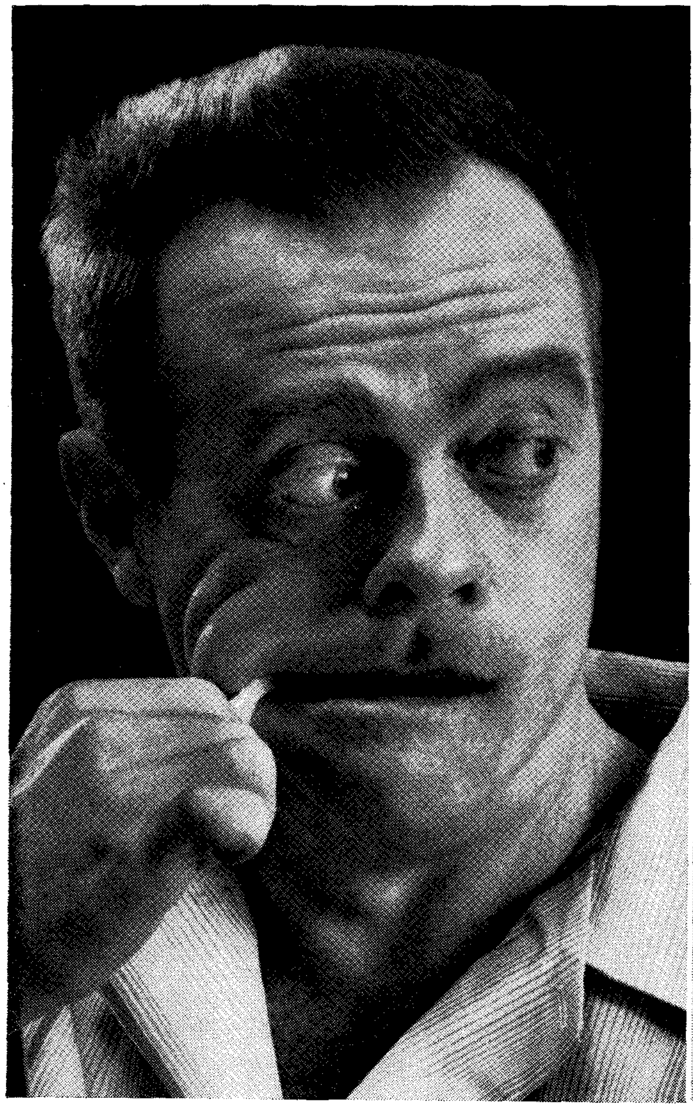

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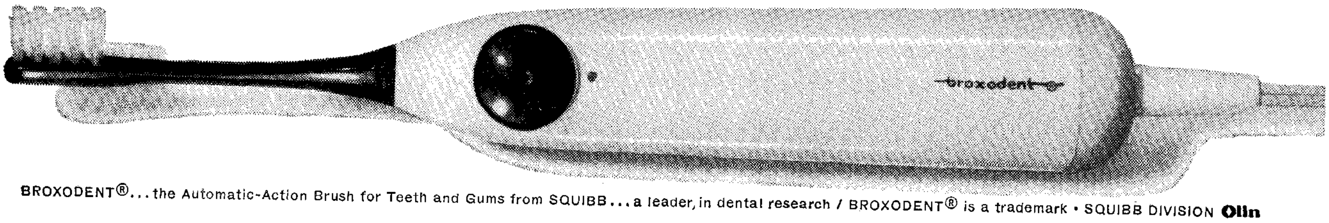

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several hundred certificates of blindness or extreme myopia to the women of Corleone, who were then accompanied by Mafia guides into the polling booths, to make certain that they voted right.

It was against this composite background of the Middle Ages and gunplay in the streets that a young man named Placido Rizzotto set about organizing the peasantry of Corleone. From the Mafia point of view, it was the old story of a promising lad corrupted by Army life. Placido had done an acceptable six months in prison in his extreme youth, and he came of a satisfactory family. His father had been a low-grade *mafioso* who had been caught in Prefect Mori's net, been sent to *confino*, and thereafter been inactive in the organization. But Placido's years in the Army, including a period of fighting with the partisans in northern Italy, had provided him with new perspectives and thrown him out of step with the old life back in Corleone. For a former Army sergeant and a partisan, he seems to have been remarkably gentle in his manner. He was slight in build, and is admitted with some reluctance by his friends to have been rather girlish in appearance. He contrived to see some good in most people, and amazed his fellow trade unionists, whose moral judgments were clear-cut and devoid of in-between shades, by arguing that even the gunslinging Mafia bullies of Corleone were the products, as well as the prisoners, of a tragic environment.

The peasants' response to Rizzotto's urgings to unite and organize was slow. Ingrained in the Sicilian mentality (beaten into it, one might almost say) is the idea that it is respectable to keep oneself strictly to oneself—not to hear the shot fired at night, not to see the figure escaping down the alleyway, to turn back at the sight of the body lying in the gutter ahead, to know nothing of what is going on. To the downtrodden Sicilian peasant, the parable of the Good Samaritan is almost without meaning and the conduct of its protagonist irrational. Rizzotto's concept of peasant unity, of fixing minimum wages, of demanding that produce be divided according to the new laws, and of forming a coöperative with the ultimate intention of taking over uncultivated land was too novel, and, considering the invisible, sombre presence of Luciano Liggio, too frightening.

Rizzotto went from hovel to hovel convincing the doubters. In his way, he showed a flexibility of character that would have done credit to Don Calò himself. To refute the charge that as a trade-union leader he must be an atheist, he took over the organization of the

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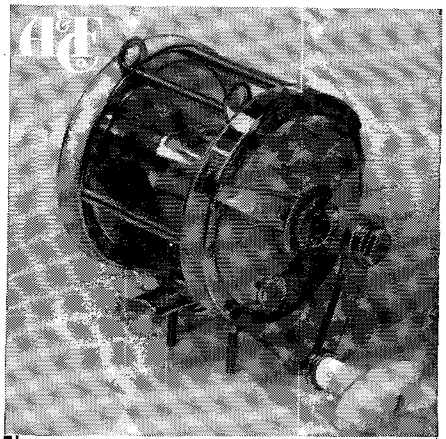

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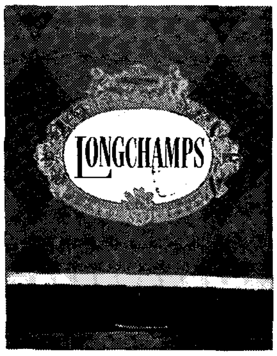
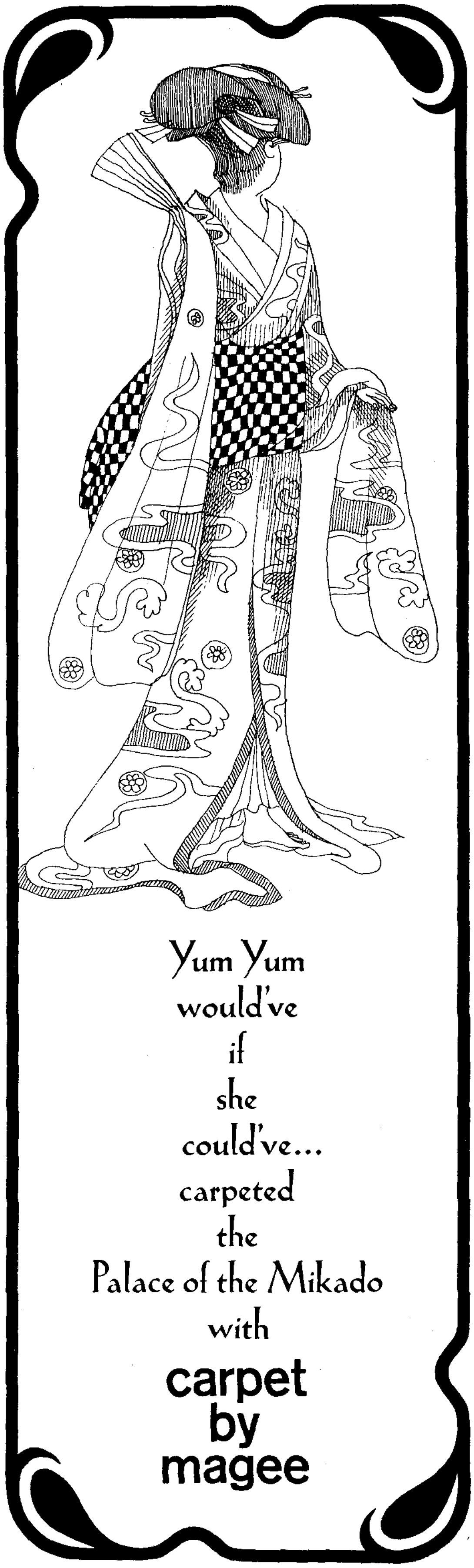


annual festivities in honor of the patron saint of the town, and provided more colored bunting, more flowers, and more fireworks at less expense. In the end, he grew on the people of Corleone, and they were willing to overlook his lack of manly gruffness and his un-Sicilian passion for bothering himself with other people's affairs. By a kind of infectious courage, he won over those who hung back from fear of the gunmen. His argument was that only a few dozen of Corleone's population were members of the Mafia, and that if people got together and faced up to them, the Mafia would be powerless. Eventually, Placido had ten thousand peasants behind him. Profiting from the mistakes of others, he gave the police no trouble. There were no rabble-rousing speeches—just a quiet, steady undermining of the enemy's positions, and always with the law at his back. He worked to such good effect that while the Mafia was busying itself with the immense opportunities for self-enrichment of the postwar period—while Liggio was occupied with marketing his stolen beef and while Dr. Navarra was consolidating his medical monopoly—the citizens of Corleone in 1946 voted in a left-wing town council.

With the Mafia hold thus apparently broken, Placido's next move was the logical one. His coöperative applied to the local court for the redistribution of the uncultivated land of the Drago estate, and was successful. A few days later, a commission was sent from Palermo to inspect the lands that were to be taken over, and Placido showed its members around. A *mafioso* recalling this circumstance said that the only thing that surprised him, from the Honored Society's point of view, was that things had ever been allowed to go that far.

On March 10, 1948, Placido Rizzotto went out for a stroll before supper, telling his parents that he would be back in half an hour. What follows is taken from a signed statement made to an examining magistrate two years later by Pasquale Criscione, a *gabellotto* of the Drago estate and a rank-and-file member of the Mafia. Criscione began his statement by saying that he was an old friend of Placido Rizzotto's. They were born in houses facing each other on the same street, had always played together as children, and in later years "used to go around together quite a bit, arguing about one thing and another, just like all the other fellows of our age did, but always in a friendly sort of way." The statement goes on:

> On the evening in question, I'd been out as usual trimming up the vines. I came



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home, had a cleanup, and decided to take a turn in the square. Just outside the Café Alaimo, I noticed Placido Rizzotto and Ludovico Benigno. Both of them being friends, we started to chat. We walked up and down the Via Bentivegna together until about ten o'clock. After that we dropped Benigno near his house by the new bridge and carried on together toward the Piazza Garibaldi.

Just as we were going by the Café Alaimo again, I was called across the road by a certain Luciano Liggio, an acquaintance of mine. Turning around so that he had his back to Rizzotto, who was still waiting by the café, Liggio said, "Carry on with Placido as far as the Villa, and remember I'm behind you." I made some sort of objection, with the idea of getting to know what was behind it, but all he did was to pull up the right side of his jacket and put his hand on a pistol he had in his belt. He then said, "Do what I say or I'll kill you." Being aware of Luciano Liggio's violent character and his reputation as a killer, there was nothing I could do but agree, so I went back to Rizzotto again.

Rizzotto didn't ask me what Liggio wanted, and we started off again in the direction of the Villa. I noticed now that Liggio, having pretended to go off in the other direction, had turned around again, and was following us. I made no attempt to put Rizzotto on his guard. We had just reached Triolo's shop when Liggio came up from behind, took Rizzotto under the arm, and pushed a gun into his ribs. He said, "Don't be afraid. I'm not going to shoot you. We're just going to have a quiet chat, and after that you can clear off."

When Rizzotto saw the gun, he was startled and half put his hands up. We went up the street the way Liggio said, and beyond Triolo's shop we turned into the Via Misericordia and after that the Via Sant' Elena. At the end of the street last mentioned, and where the straw shacks are, I saw Vincenzo Collura waiting. As soon as we came up, Collura pulled out a gun and took Rizzotto by his free arm.... Liggio pointed his pistol at me and told me to go back home. He said that if I ever let a single word drop about what had happened he would finish me off. Knowing he was quite capable of carrying out his threat, I didn't feel like arguing about it. I went back and dropped in at my brother-in-law's house to ask how a sick ox of his was getting on.

In answer to a question, Criscione replied:

After I left them, I had a chance to see that Liggio and Collura, with Rizzotto in the middle, went off up the footpath that leads to Sant' Ippolito. I can't say that I heard any screams. In any case, I'm nearly deaf in the right ear.

Criscione and Collura were arrested after Placido's father (once again, a curiously medieval touch) had formally denounced them in the presence of the assembled citizens of Corleone from the balcony of his house. Collura's confession more or less bore out Criscione's, although he alleged that Liggio had

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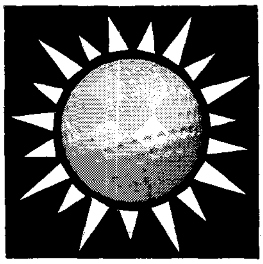

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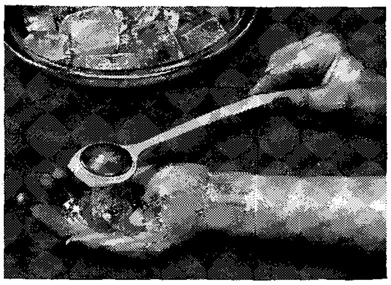

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done the actual killing. Inevitably, Criscione and Collura withdrew their confessions at the trial, claiming that their statements had been obtained by violence. In addition, Collura—an American repatriate—produced an alibi; a number of witnesses appeared to support his statement that he had not been in Corleone on the day of the killing. The two men were then acquitted for lack of evidence.

Eyewitnesses have supplied a lugubrious account of Placido's abduction and of his last minutes on earth. It was around ten o'clock on a fine evening of early spring—a time when the Via Bentivegna and the Piazza Garibaldi were crowded with people out for an after-supper stroll. Everyone knew what was happening, saw the pointed guns, knew that Placido was being led away like an animal to the slaughterhouse. What took place was a sad Gethsemane of averted eyes and abandonment, of doors quickly closed and lights quickly put out. Within minutes, the streets and the square of Corleone were empty, and Placido walked alone with his captors. A man present at this scene said later, "He was our hero, and we let him go. All we had to do, every one of us, was to have picked up a single stone from the street, and we'd have been too much for them." As to the fashion in which Placido met his end, there will always be a doubt, owing to a macabre event that took place immediately after the abduction. A shepherd boy was brought into Dr. Navarra's hospital half dead of fright. He said that he had been on the mountainside and had seen two "bandits" hang another man from a tree. Dr. Navarra listened sympathetically and then administered a sedative injection. Soon afterward, the boy was dead. At that time, Liggio and Navarra were good friends; in fact, it was almost exactly ten years before it was Navarra's turn to die from a burst from Liggio's submachine gun.

After the loss of Placido, the peasants of Corleone gave in. All idea of a coöperative was abandoned, and fifteen years later the feudal land that had been allocated to them was still covered with brambles and stones.—NORMAN LEWIS

(This is the first of a series of articles on the Mafia.)

◆

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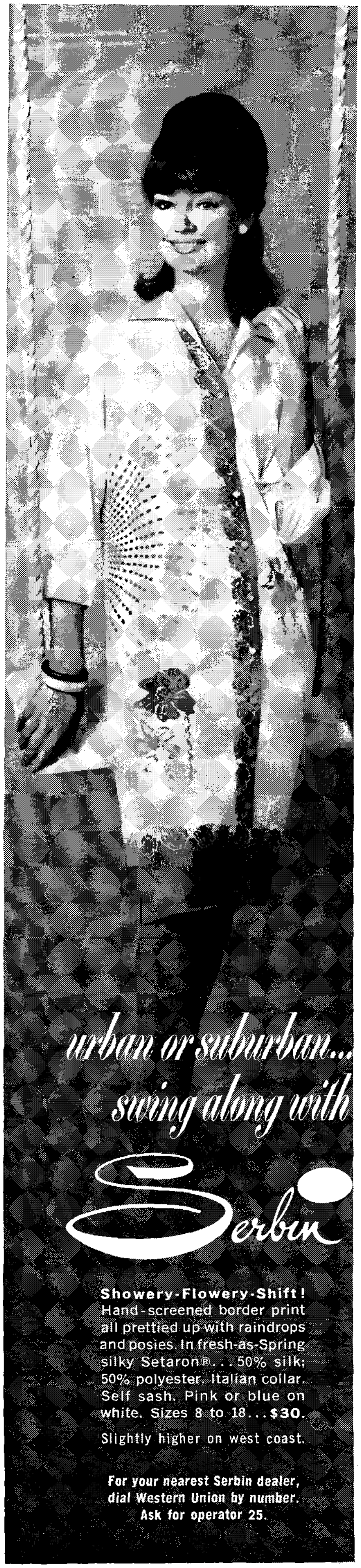

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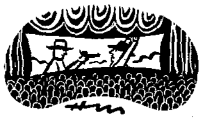
THE CURRENT CINEMA

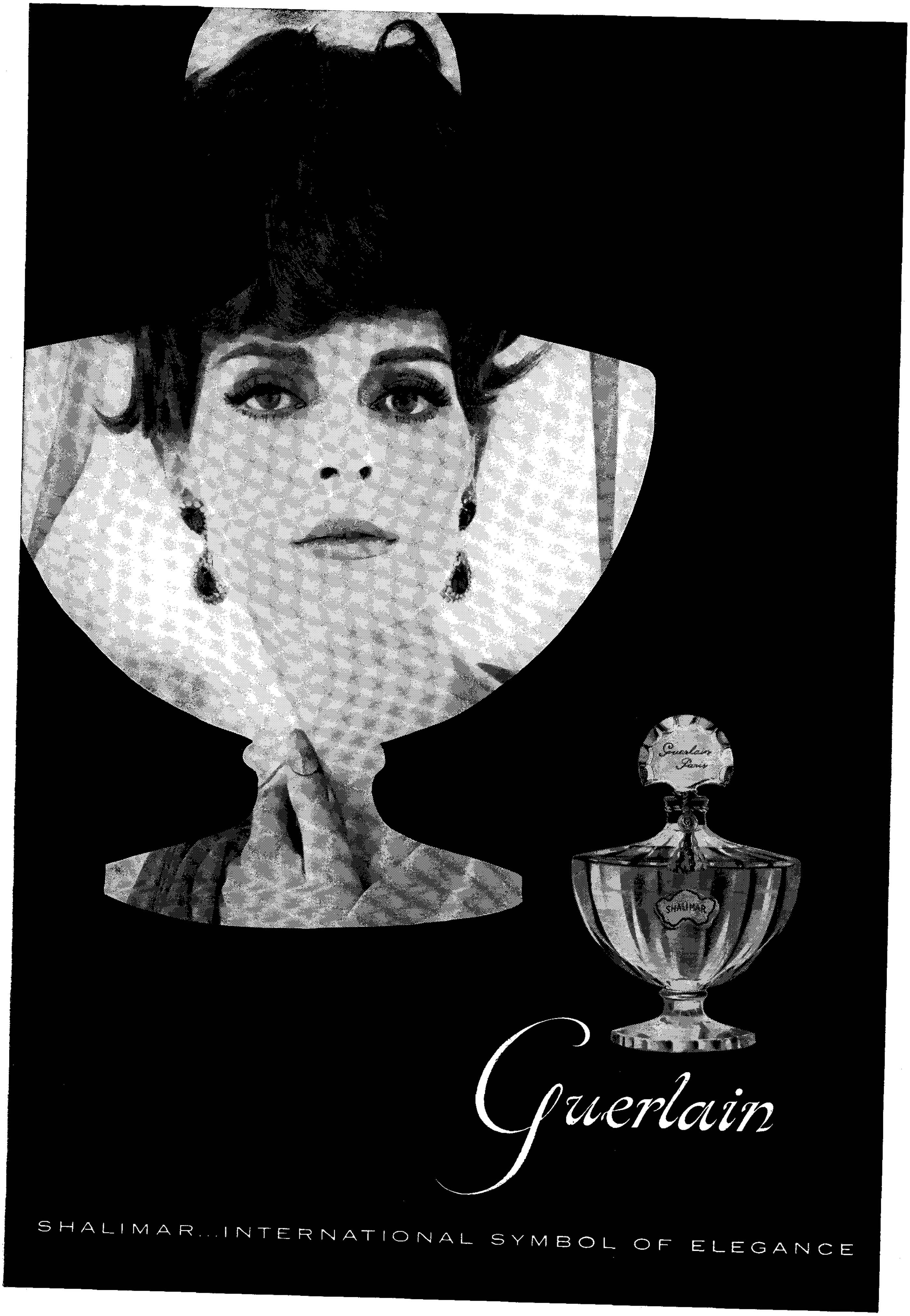
No Contest

IN the last Ingmar Bergman movie I saw—"Winter Light"—the celebrated Swedish director was venting his displeasure with God for having devised creatures capable of recognizing Him and then coolly pretending not to see them as they bowed and scraped in His earthly antechambers. One sympathized with Bergman's displeasure—how awkward it is for all of us when the principle of noblesse oblige is violated in the highest possible quarters! At the same time, one noticed that Bergman had very little hope of making friends with God and that any sort of encounter would suffice, no matter how disagreeable the circumstances. The appropriate metaphor wasn't, it turned out, a king's court crowded with needy subjects but a cleared place in a forest, suitable for combat. With increasing truculence, Bergman seemed to be asking, "Why can't He come out and fight like a man? After all, He did once, or so His followers claim. I am the son of generations of followers, and sick to death of a lifetime of mere shadowboxing." Now, in "The Silence," Bergman is supposedly continuing the quarrel begun in "Through a Glass Darkly" and exacerbated in "Winter Light," but unless the title contains Him by ironic indirection, God has been dropped from the dramatis personae—is, indeed, no longer present even through the felt force of His implacable absence. The misery of the predicament that Bergman holds up and turns slowly round before our dismayed eyes in "The Silence" is the misery of being human, but not necessarily of having been made human by God. Any animal that has learned to walk erect and communicate with words would be able to suffer as the characters in "The Silence" suffer; on the evidence offered here, that vast primordial catastrophe in which Newman believed we were all implicated need have been scarcely more than the accidental acquisition of opposable thumbs. "What hurts the soul," Yeats wrote, "My soul adores,/ No better than a beast/Upon all fours." Bergman presents a beast sick with despairing sexuality and often literally upon all fours; and not only is it far from God but it fears that it lacks a soul to hurt.



The Swedes are said to be a hard people to shock, especially in regard to sexual matters, but from all accounts they have been shocked by "The Silence," which uses sex much as "Winter Light" used faith: as one of a number of vocabularies in which it's possible to state the terms of a problem. To the question "What *is* man?" Bergman replies, "Among other things, he is what responds in this fashion to these hungers." I don't know how much of "The Silence" has been cut to spare American sensibilities, but surely it remains so nearly intact that we can measure Bergman's intentions and judge the degree of his success. (Since the picture may cause a scandal here as well, I ought to mention that it *is* extremely candid, both in what it depicts and in what it implies. It is also the very opposite of pornographic. What may have shocked the Swedes and may well shock us isn't the candor with which it faces sex but the candor with which it turns away from it. We are instructed that sexual joy in any and all forms—some of them fairly bizarre—is a delusion and the pursuit of it continuously humiliating. Exposed to love à la Bergman, the most doting Fanny Hill would turn celibate in a twinkling.)

The plot of the picture is purposely slight and unclear, and only a nagging sense of duty prompts me to sketch it for you. Two sisters, not in their first youth, are returning to Sweden from a holiday abroad. With them is the gawky little son of the younger sister. The elder sister is desperately ill; for her sake, they break their journey at a de-luxe hotel in some unnamed city in Central Europe. A translator by profession, the elder sister is unmarried, detests making love to men, and is more or less openly in love with the younger sister, who, for her part, has no sooner settled down in the hotel than she must bathe, dress, and hurry out into the streets to pick up a man. The little boy is left to amuse himself in the hotel, whose endless, ghostly corridors will remind you of those in "Last Year at Marienbad." The elder sister takes to the bottle, and is nursed in her worsening illness by an ancient, tenderhearted, and somewhat dotty manservant. Both sisters are charged with the same passion, which each manifests in a way that revolts the other and so transforms what might have been love into hatred. As for the little boy, we see him poised on the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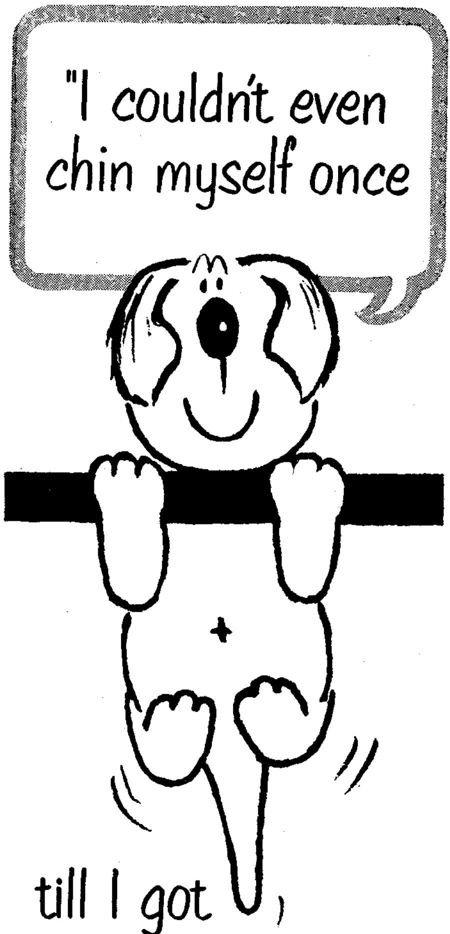
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brink of a lifelong corruption. Only the rickety servant is pure, and even he, I regret to say, has a weird and perhaps distasteful streak in him, since he carries about a collection of snapshots of a loved one in an open coffin and eats the oiled paper in which his lunch comes wrapped. The sisters have a final confrontation, much of which takes place while the younger one is making love to a waiter she has found somewhere; the younger one and the little boy then resume their journey home, and the elder one is left in the hotel to die.

There are, of course, a hundred ambiguities inside the narrow compass of "The Silence," many of which I look forward to ravelling out at odd hours for the rest of the winter; meanwhile, let me assure you that while you won't enjoy the picture—it is one of the least *enjoyable* pictures I ever sat through—you will find plenty of rewards along the way, among them its high pictorial interest (unlike its immediate predecessor, with its cold desiccation of landscape and bleak architecture, "The Silence" is all stifling heat and pillowy opulence of interior decoration) and the superb acting of Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom, as the two sisters, and Hakan Jahnberg, as the servant.

MUCH in vogue these days is the suspense comedy, which may be defined as a thriller that has the impertinence not to take itself seriously; its peculiar double goal is to make us laugh even as it makes our flesh creep, and in the hands of a Hitchcock the tension induced in an audience by its being obliged to feel two utterly dissimilar emotions at the same time can become almost unbearable. ". . . And Suddenly It's Murder!" is a good specimen of the genre, but coming, as it does, from sunny-minded Italy and starring those marvellous comedians Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi, the emphasis is on laughter, not terror. Since the plot is agreeably intricate—a tiresome old lady has been murdered, and the police have reason to charge at least three suspects with the crime—and the setting Monte Carlo, and since, moreover, a couple of pretty girls are on hand to provide the occasion for some of Gassman's and Sordi's most unbridled mugging, the picture proves a charming trifle. Mario Camerini was its director, and I hope he and his quartet of writers provide a sequel, with exactly the same setting, cast, and, for all I care, corpse.

—BRENDAN GILL

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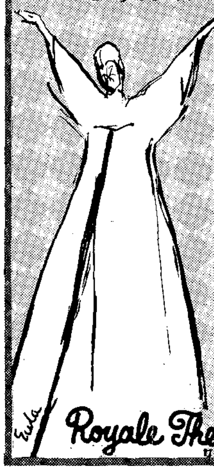

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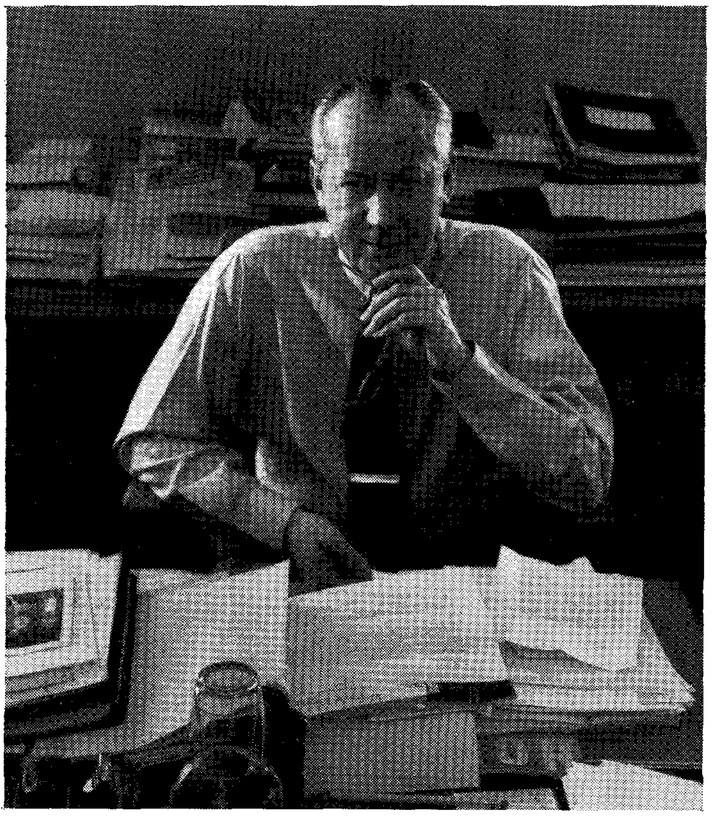

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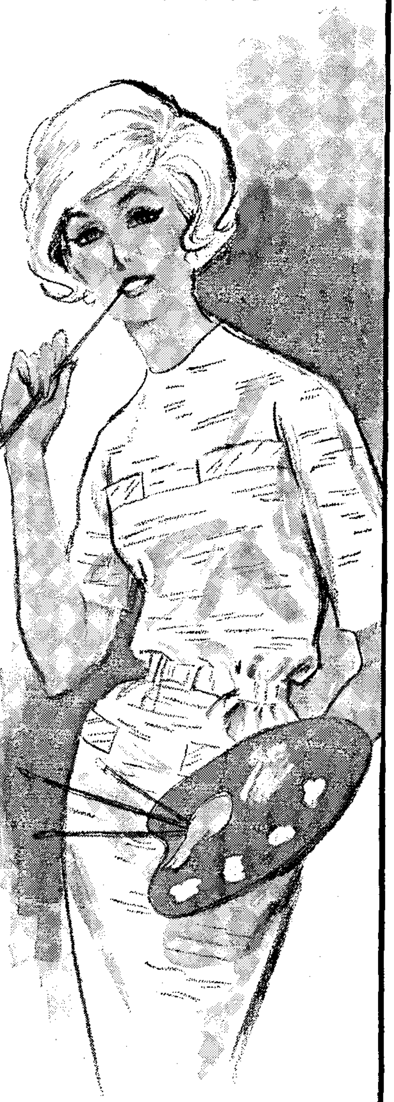

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Human Touch

THERE was a time when the hallmark of the avant-garde was extreme individualism, but today it seems to be universal monotony. The personal stamp of the composer is lacking in a great deal of contemporary music. All serial and atonal music sounds pretty much alike; so does all electronic music. To have heard one composition by Edgard Varèse or John Cage is to have heard them all. What is referred to in literary circles as "style" is missing in most modern music of the "progressive" sort. It has been replaced by methods, systems, theories, and technology, and the listener seeking communion with an interesting musical mind is baffled, simply because the composer does not seek communion with *him* but presents him instead with a mathematical construction having nothing whatever to do with the communication of feeling. I was reminded of this, in a roundabout way, at last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert, at Lincoln Center, where the enterprise of the young conductor Claudio Abbado brought forward two works I had never heard before, each of which, though seldom encountered nowadays, shows a stage in the development of an unmistakable style by a composer of great ability. One of them was the suite from Prokofieff's ballet "Chout" ("The Buffoon"), and the other was Tchaikovsky's early Symphony No. 2.

When Prokofieff wrote "Chout," he was working for Diaghilev, and was very much under the influence of the youthful and vigorous Stravinsky; in fact, one might say that "Chout" was Prokofieff's "Petrouchka," while the "Scythian Suite" was his "Sacre du Printemps." Nevertheless, there is a distinct difference between the two composers. Prokofieff was at the time (roughly, from 1911 to 1920) a less sensational and more suave artist, and his orchestration tended to be less bumptious. He was not the innovator that Stravinsky was, but in "Chout" he was already consolidating a style that was uniquely his until his later years, when he went back to Russia and became

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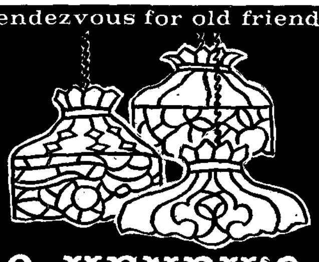

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a comparative conservative. "Chout" makes a delightful suite, containing a certain amount of Slavic barbarity but extremely elegant in its scoring. I am surprised that it is not more frequently performed.

The Tchaikovsky symphony dates from 1872, though some revisions seem to have been made in it in 1881, when the composer had achieved complete mastery of his style. It is curious, in any event, how this early work prefigures the mature Tchaikovsky. It is not as good a symphony as the Fourth, Fifth, or Sixth; the composer's later melodic sweep is not present. But it is unmistakably Tchaikovsky, and one can find in it, in embryo, nearly every stylistic quirk and mannerism—the more or less continuous use of the whole orchestral ensemble, the sequential passages, the literal repetitions, the antiphonal use of strings and winds, the pizzicato sections, the march rhythms, and so on—that characterized the Russian symphonist for the rest of his life. To hear it was to get a glimpse of a distinct personal style in the process of development and to realize that although Tchaikovsky's powers of eloquence increased greatly after he composed it, his basic habits of musical thinking were already formed.

Mr. Abbado, who is one of those assistant conductors recently nurtured by Leonard Bernstein, conducted both works with a crisp efficiency that promises much for the future. He also presented Mozart's overture to "The Impresario," and the same composer's Third Violin Concerto (K.216), with the young American violinist Charles Treger as soloist. Mr. Treger—a dark, thin, bespectacled, and rather scholarly-looking man—played with a delicate sense of what has become known as the Mozart style, and his intonation, general accuracy, and feeling for phrasing were beyond cavil. At times one could have wished for a more powerful tone, but what tone there was was agreeable and perfectly controlled. Perhaps because the Mozart works were at the beginning of the program, and Mr. Abbado had not had a chance to get his bearings, there were some slight inaccuracies here and there in both of them, as well as a good deal of muddy sound in the inner voices.

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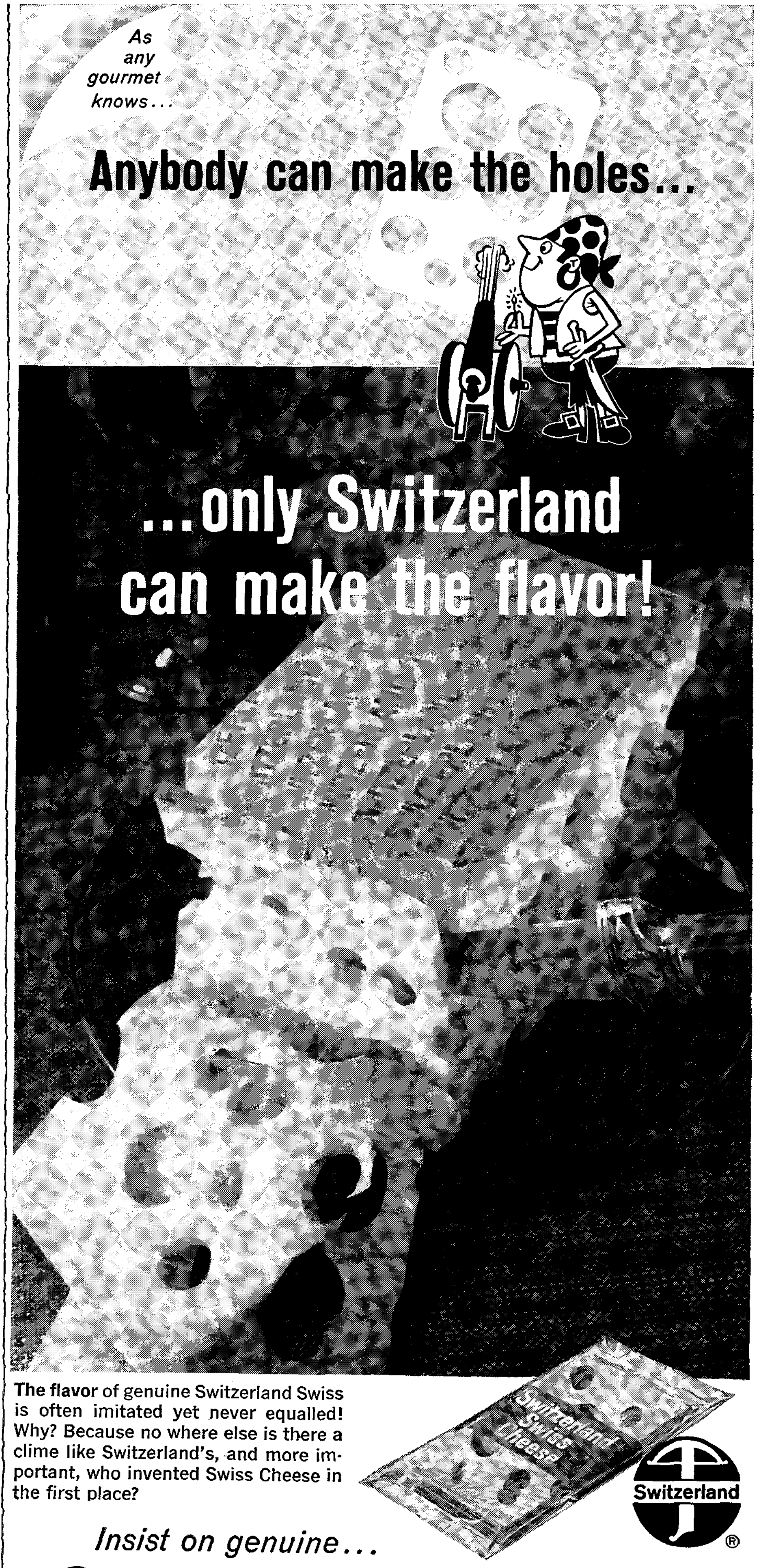
some process of hypnosis. The most memorable items of the evening, to me, were the stunning performances he gave of Sibelius's Second Symphony and Richard Strauss's tone poem "Tod und Verklärung," both marked by magically luminescent tone and a high sense of drama. It was good to hear the Sibelius symphony again, as it is a truly great work and one that has lately fallen into neglect, owing partly, I think, to the general aversion of our Central European maestros to Sibelius. (It took the Teutons two generations to recognize Verdi as something other than an organ-grinder, and one generation to recognize Puccini. It will probably be a couple of decades yet before learned musicologists in Berlin and Vienna begin writing profound and detailed treatises on Sibelius, and when they do, you can be sure that they will act as though they had discovered him, and remain quite oblivious of the fact that the English and we in this country were well aware of his work way back before the First World War.) Mr. Stokowski also presented a passacaglia from Benjamin Britten's opera "Peter Grimes," which I found insufferably noisy, and a highly respectable, though slightly diffuse, composition by Warner Seeley Bass entitled "Overture and Fugue: Song of Hope." This was inspired by the aspirations of the people of Israel, and it is to Mr. Bass's credit that he nowhere expresses himself by imitating the wailing intonations of synagogue chant—for a long time a cliché of nationalist Jewish composers. His fugue is expertly written—its theme reminded me slightly of "The Arkansas Traveller" played in slow motion—and it is preceded by a kazatzka with Hasidic overtones and considerable spirit, and also by some writing of the sort that is usually labelled "impressionist."

ON Tuesday evening, Eugene Ormandy brought the Philadelphia Orchestra to Lincoln Center in an all-French program that was, at least, a festival of beautiful tone. Zino Francescatti played the solo part of Saint-Saëns' Third Violin Concerto with immaculate style. Ernest Chausson's rather Wagnerian, and somewhat neglected, Symphony in B Flat Major was given a dutiful, if not exactly rousing, performance, and Satie's cute "Trois Gymnopédies," in orchestrations by Debussy and William Smith, and Debussy's "La Mer" completed the program, which, on the whole, was performed with the usual Ormandy dependability.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT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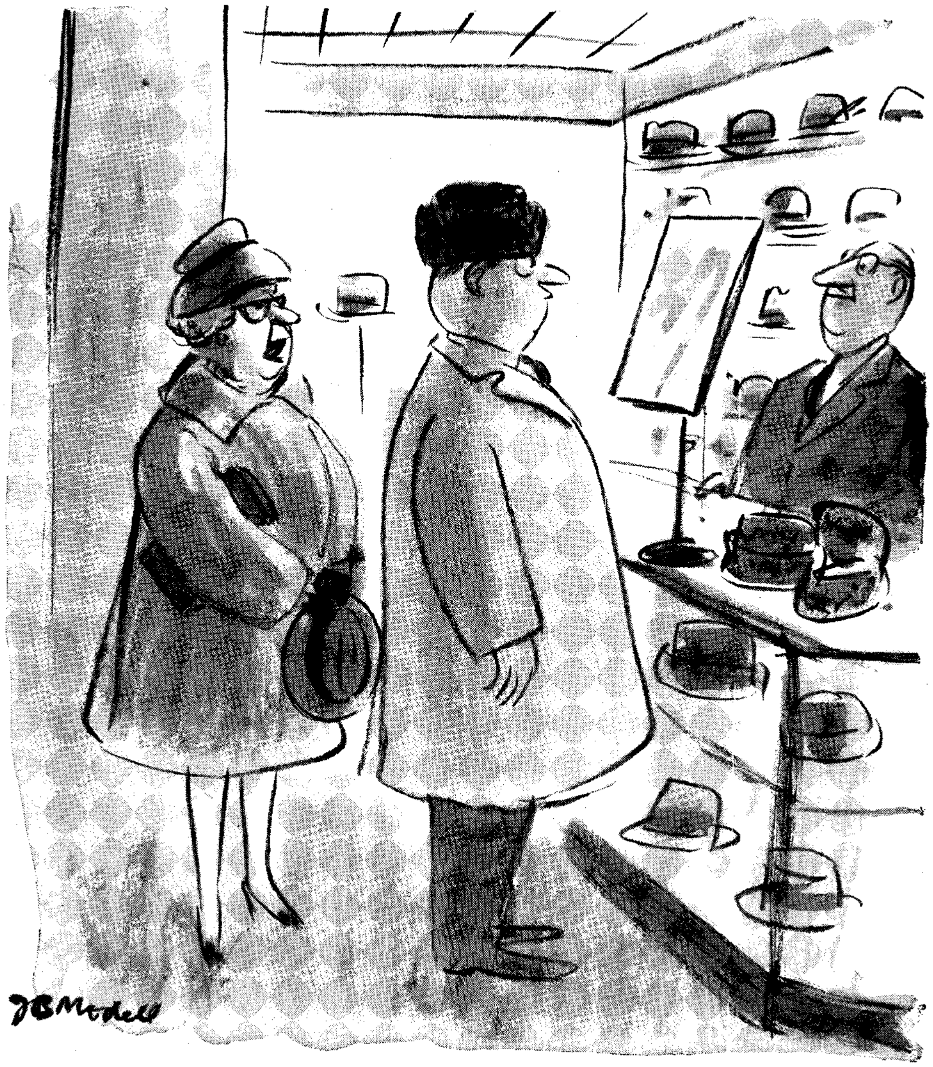
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

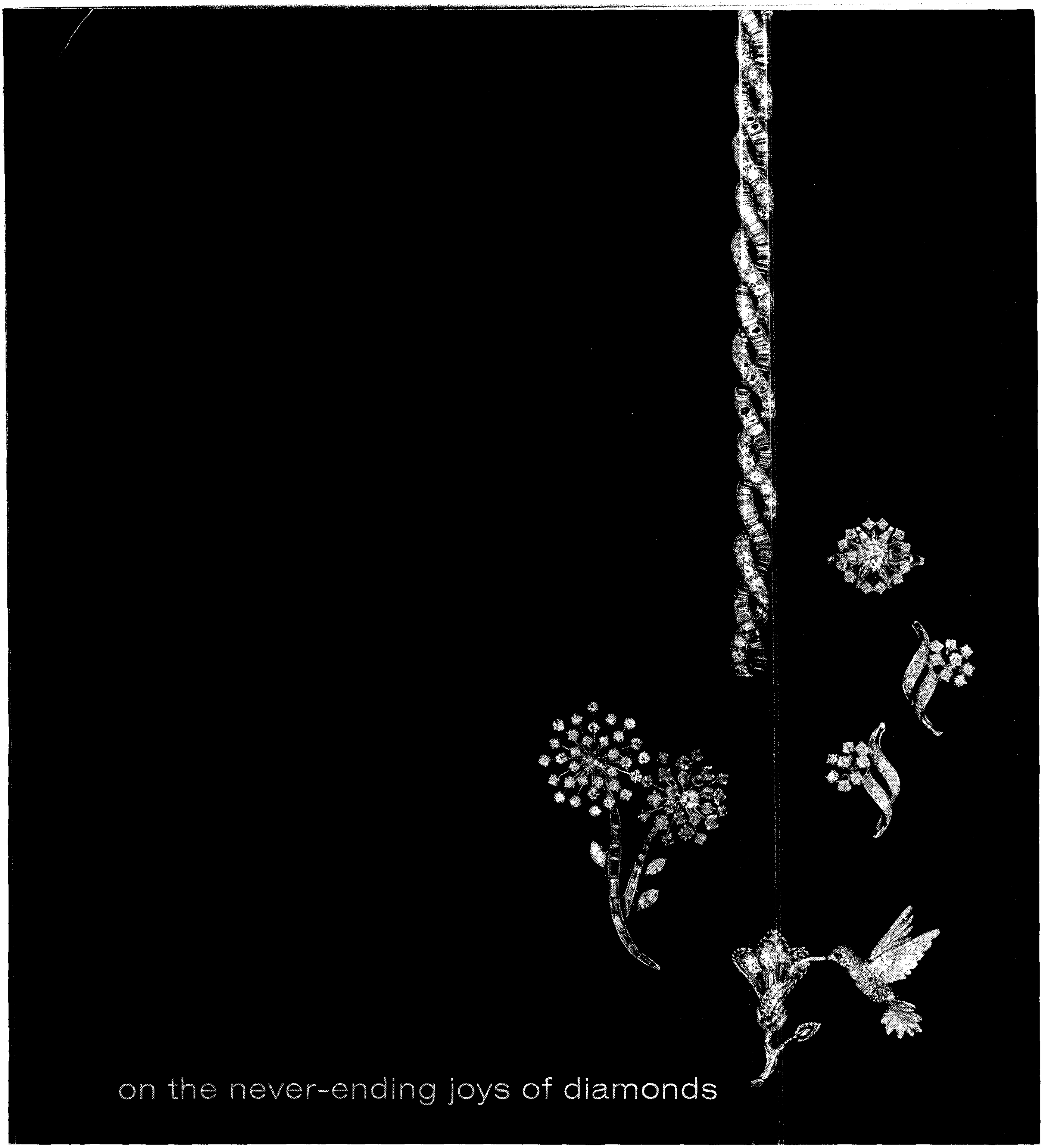
FEMININE FASHIONS

As I enter my second orbit through the clothes for beach, cabaña, cruise ship, or (there's *still* some of that) plain summer country living, it occurs to me that although there are loads of items of the sort that should be restricted to the sandy, hot outdoors, more attention should be paid to the colorful "little" dress for sightseeing or strolling in the South or even for wearing under winter coats in New York, inasmuch as the vogue for white and bright colors under our bleak skies is at last giving a belated and cheerful boost to the snowbound and city-bound. This attention is also due a number of outfits that were designed for cabañas but that, worn by a hostess in our town, would give a lift to her frozen guests even before they fight their way to the bar. Another first principle I want to state evolves from the fact that I seem to have examined thousands of little tags on dresses that say something like "47% Dacron, 34% cotton, 19% flax," and *that most of these mixtures look like* 100% of something else—silk, linen, or whatever. And I'm weary of all this statistical reading matter. My point is that synthetic fibres have come up in the world—particularly rayon, which was nobody's child in the days of the Second World War, when it went around under the unloved heading of "ersatz"—and the fabrics that these fibres have wormed their way into have become more washable, more durable, less wrinklable, and/or more clingable. (This last especially applies to Helanca, the two-way-stretch stuff that keeps so many snug bathing suits, no matter what the rest of the material is, from sagging or bulging.) So my proposal is this: From now on, we'll assume that a man-made thread is involved in everything except when I affix the word "pure" or some such to silk, cotton, Irish linen, or whatever other topic is in hand. And for anyone who has a dislike for a particular synthetic, there are still those tags to tell her exactly what she's getting.

Well, then, "pure" cotton, in a heavily ribbed ottoman version, is a new favorite in Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room. The mighty Arkin uses it for a suit there, running the ribs in the fabric horizontally. The skirt is slightly gathered, and there are six double-breasted buttons on the hipbone-length jacket. Its running mate is a blouse of white surah wildly streaked in a vivid color. Thus we get white ottoman with green streaks on the blouse (this is the most spanking of the lot), and green with green, and navy with red. A slight $80 is all that's necessary. Jerry Silverman, another skilled hand at mingling high style and moderate price, uses the same sort of cotton in white, but a Japanesy design in turquoise or bright pink is printed on it. There's a tight basque top (after all, sharp nips at the waist are a Carnegie specialty), and small gathers collect below a waistline that arches a trifle in front; a self bow appears at one side of the round neck. In day length, this is $70; in formal length, it's $90. I forgot to add that in spite of the gathers, the skirt is slim. Carnegie also admires white cotton brocatelle with small designs in pink or bright yellow spaced all over it, so Arkin has evolved a really shapely item of pink-and-white or yellow-and-white cotton brocatelle with a snug separate top that has a deep oval neckline and short sleeves; the skirt, which is gathered on a bodice, pulls upward in front into a knot just above the high waist, and tiny flat tailored bows descend the back of the bodice. It's a real doll at $110. Some of those "little" dresses I was just talking about are here, too. Once upon a time, a man named David Hart turned out a round-necked dress with minute self bows on both sides of the waistline welt seaming, and the thing sold by the thousand; some people scooped it up a half dozen at a clip, in absolutely every fabric and color. Now David Hart has become the house of Kikki Hart, and great again are the results. Result No. 1: A dress in a silky, linen sort of fabric—blue, white, yellow, or watermelon pink—with a belt, an inch and a half wide, that starts at one



"*Nyet!*"



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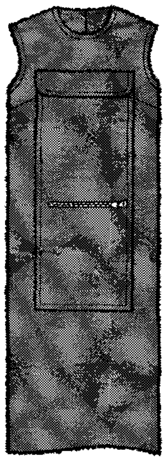

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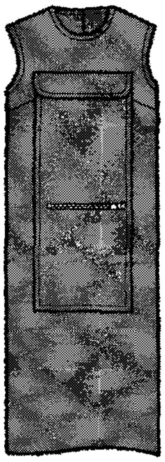

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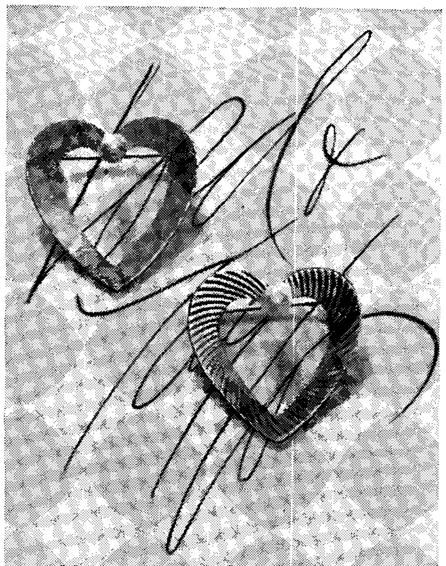
side of the high waistline, disappears under a couple of side seams at the rear, and pops out to end in a bow under the opposite breast. The lines are nice and straight; the price is nice, too—$70. Result No. 2: A dress of black, taupe, pale-blue, or navy silk with a tightly fitted top and another of those waistlines that arch somewhat in front. And, like most of the other knowing establishments in town, Carnegie has gone all out for the Kimberly knit goods. These wool knits, though infinitely practical, have an air, all right, and along with the standard sober hues we now have things like cyclamen pink, oatmeal, "tender" green (I'm not the one who's making these up), and cobalt blue. There are three-piece jobs (with white overblouses), two-piece jobs, and one-piece jobs. I'll quote two of these last—one, with a really plunging V neck, is a suit in a tweedy oatmeal; the other, in one or another of the colors I've set forth, is a round-necked dress that buttons down one side all the way to the hem. The second of these is $85; the usual prices for these things are $70 and $75.

THE beach shift gets anything but short shrift on Bonwit Teller's fifth floor, where there are many, many Italian samples. These make merry with bits of vivid appliqué, as in a shift of an opaque cotton in stripes of gray and white (little umbrellas of red-and-white bandanna cotton are all over it) with a matching bandanna bikini. Flaring shifts in tent shapes are sometimes of red-and-white checked cotton with boy (or girl) figures appliquéd down the front. More flaring shifts issue from Carmen G, one of natural linen. It has a willfully low décolletage, with wooden buttons below that, and many layers of the linen in a looped formation are assembled along the hem; $45. A frenzied dress comes from Sarff-Zumpano—a top of pink-and-white polka-dotted cotton, with a mildly indented waist and white ball fringe around the hips; a skirt of matching cotton in stripes. It's $90. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm trying the hullygully is what it looks like. Robert Sloan's derring-do with starchy white cotton lace is seen to its best advantage in a coat dress, buttoning down to the hem, that has full-length sleeves and buttoned cuffs; $55. Wragge, who is one of Bonwit's prize belongings, has also been at work on beach shifts. One of white Arnel uses black fishing-line detail to conceal the front zipper, and a yellow fish dangles before it. My own pet Wragge, though, is an outfit that begins with a sleeveless



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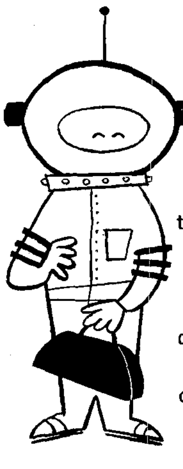

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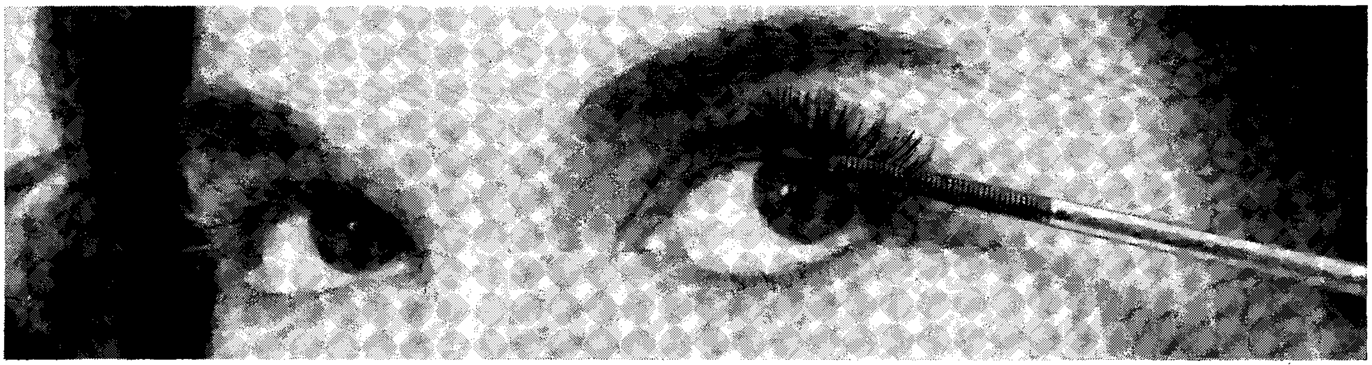

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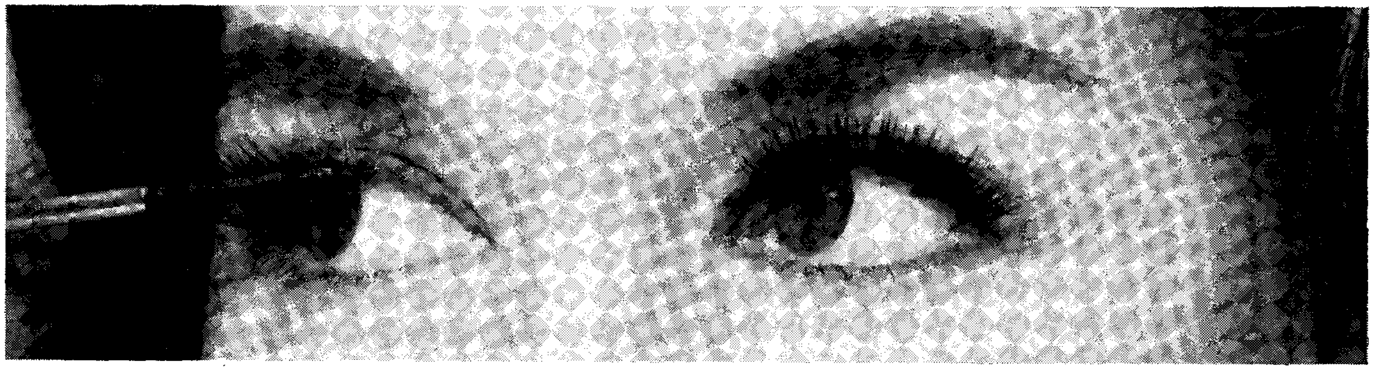

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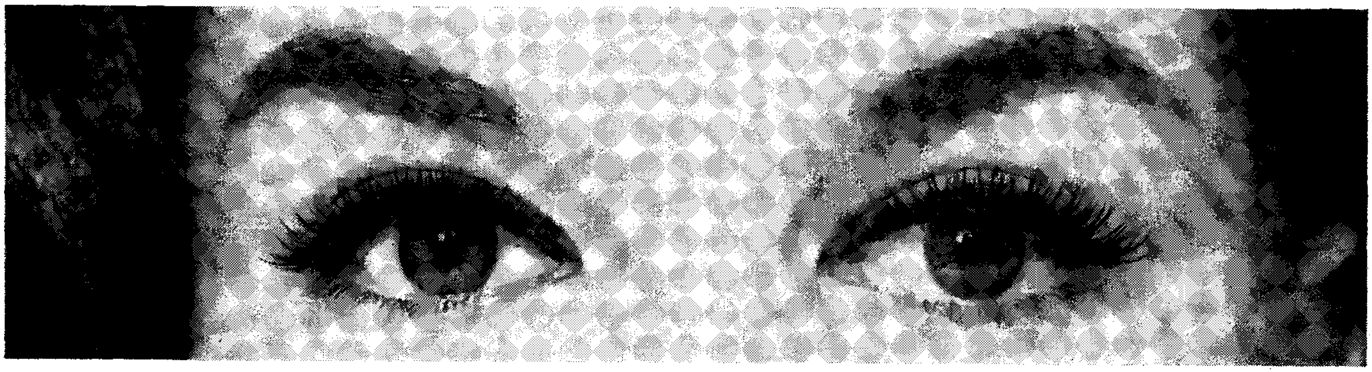

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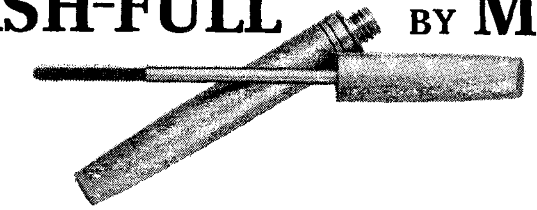

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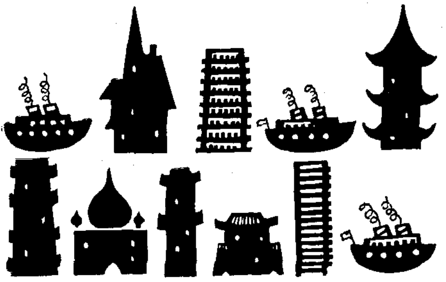

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dress of silk linen (orange is the color I remember) with a cowl neck, a deep yoke, and a tiny belt; $75. The matching coat, which is $145, gets a drawstring tie at the waistline and inserted pleats at the hem.

The comprehensive bathing-suit department, on the same floor, owns stuff designed by Pius Wieler of Switzerland, with blouson tops and very brief underpinnings. (It seems to me that the first things of this sort I ever saw were also at Bonwit and also came from Switzerland.) They're of Helanca—some plain, some printed, some both. And, they tell me, the chemists have at last come up with a white Helanca that is opaque even when it is soaking wet. It goes into a suit with a skirt and a high, tucked Empire waistline.

In the sports department, on the fourth floor, John Weitz, a hero of mine, is well represented, occasionally by the most dynamic of prints, as in a buttoned-down-the-front dress of pure silk that's all stripes of orange and blurred Kelly. Another really-truly silk, in a harlequin print (narrow diamonds in royal, fuchsia, and yellow, for one), makes simple one-piece dresses (these are $155, for a clue) as well as two-piece arrangements with a modified cowl neck, and others, in formal length, with a sleeveless camisole top. And I just flipped over the three-piece Weitz cabaña deal of pink-and-white polka-dotted silk—a bra, little-boy shorts, and a full-length skirt that wraps and wraps and wraps around you. Down-to-earth, if not necessarily down-to-beach, stuff is contributed to this department by Kiyyo of California, such as tapered slacks of wool jersey in American Beauty, orange, champagne, or a couple of other hues; $19. Both long and short skirts ($28 and $19, in that order) of the jersey, accompanied (if one wishes) by sleeveless overblouses in a wide variety of colors, are on hand, too; $10, mix or match.

Bergdorf Goodman has kidnapped the works of Tiktiner, of the French Riviera, thus bagging vivid confections indeed, for the Tiktiner designers wallow in the likes of bright pinks, bright turquoises, and canary yellows. I'll start with a tunic of real surah in a bright-pink garland print. This descends to the knees, and there's a big slit in it both fore and aft; pants of silk linen in, say, a solid vivid pink go under this. The whole deal is $145. There are separate bias surplice tops of a thin pure silk in melon pink, say, that wrap several times around the waist; your mod-

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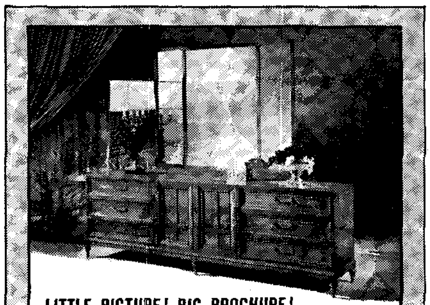

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esty decides how low the plunge of the décolletage should go—maybe right down to your slacks. A taut bias-cut camisole with short shoulder straps is of a flamboyant silk-linen print, and there are matching pants and an unmatching cummerbund; $95. Tiktiner is also capable of absolutely clean-cut looks. As evidence, there's a princesse dress, at $110, with a round neck and slanting pockets; it's of white cloqué cotton with a neat raised pattern. For the beach, Bergdorf can offer the accomplishments of Kent Scott, an American transplanted to Italy, who combines terry and cotton. A reversible beach coat of his is pink terry on one side and cotton in mottled purples and pinks on the other; $35. It also appears in variations of green. Matching cotton bikinis and one-piece bathing suits with little-boy legs are, respectively, $14 and $28. His, too, is a complicated outfit with a V-necked top of a cotton print of tiny pink flowers on dark green and an attached gathered skirt of pink terry, the skirt split so wide down the front that the accompanying knee-length shorts of the cotton are an absolute requisite. Again, there are bikinis and bathing suits (these with skirts and tiny terry straps) as companions.

De Pinna has been to Pennsylvania and there discovered a firm called The Vested Gentress, which sounds like New Hope but is really Valley Forge. An A-line tent shift (to drop over a wet bathing suit before you remove it) is done in gray-and-white vertically striped ticking; the sleeves are short, and the big red pockets, placed low, are adorned with the hand-screened black outlines of a mutually hostile cat and dog. It's $18. A rope belt is an optional extra. Sonni of California (brand-new to me, but seemingly well known to De Pinna) combines a fabric that has the look of fine linen with grosgrain. Slim dresses in pale olive, denim blue, or beige have bits of matching grosgrain outlining long, oval link detail down the front; $20. Two-piece dresses with overblouses wear grosgrain buttons down the back and a wide grosgrain strip at each side of the inverted pleat that goes down the front of the skirt. The Youth Guild weighs in with things in junior sizes, such as a dress of a linenlike fabric with wide openwork stripes down it and a belt slung low through loops. Black or beige is the choice; $35 is the price. Junior Sophisticates, another producer, thinks that junior sizes might like a long-tunic look just as much as their older sisters do, so

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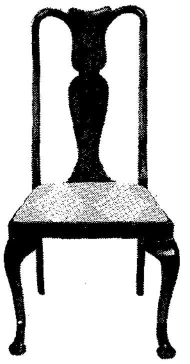

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it offers a two-piece tunic sort of dress that commences with a top of white Irish linen that has a band, eight inches wide, of yellow linen at the bottom. A narrow yellow skirt just barely peeks below it; $50 gets all.

LOLLING in reclining chairs is not taken into consideration at Abercrombie & Fitch, which believes in making the lively life more attractive than ever to people who golf, sail, fish, or just get backaches from pursuing croquet balls around the lawn. But there's nothing stern about the girls' bright-yellow slicker from Sweden, though it looks rather like the one the Scott's Emulsion boy wears. It's made of a cotton that's undergone a mysterious treatment, and it has toggle closings and a hood that is peaked in front and is lined with black cotton. (It shows up in non-Emulsion red or white, too, and I can see it in any one of these colors as a duster over vivacious summer prints.) The cost: $22. Just as frivolous is the pith kind of helmet done in Styrofoam in one or another pastel hue (the stuff the Christmas-tree snowmen are made of) with all kinds of small birds and flowers and other nonsense sprouting from it—even one with an appliqué tiger, for a safari touch. This conversation piece is just $8. Italian wool knits (the firm in this case is Heatherton) make good-looking double-breasted jackets, in luggage or navy, to be worn with white skirts that have matching vertical stripes. Another Heatherton idea is a synthetic that resembles the old-time heavy Italian silk knit. Printed in a sprawl of oranges and yellows, it makes a sleeveless shirtwaist type of dress. From another place, and simply for fun, come four-inch squares of batik cotton in every imaginable pattern and combined to produce (1) slacks that knot above the center-front zipper and (2) straight at-home ankle-length skirts with a double ring fastening at one side of the waist; they're $20 apiece. For real countryside, there is real Indian madras (this one won't bleed, because it's waterproofed) in a number of tartans to make below-hip jackets, zippered down the front ($22.50), as well as hooded jackets that come to the knees. All have elasticized wrists. The firm of Phelps is likewise devoted to durable rural living. You can see samples (the stuff won't be in stock for a week or so) that I think are worthy indeed. Marvellously simple pants, slightly tapered, of cotton in what Phelps calls Sailing Blue go with matching toppers. The pants, which have curving pockets, are $26, to give you an

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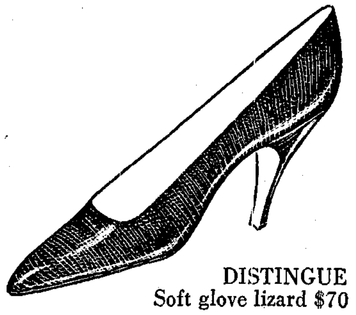

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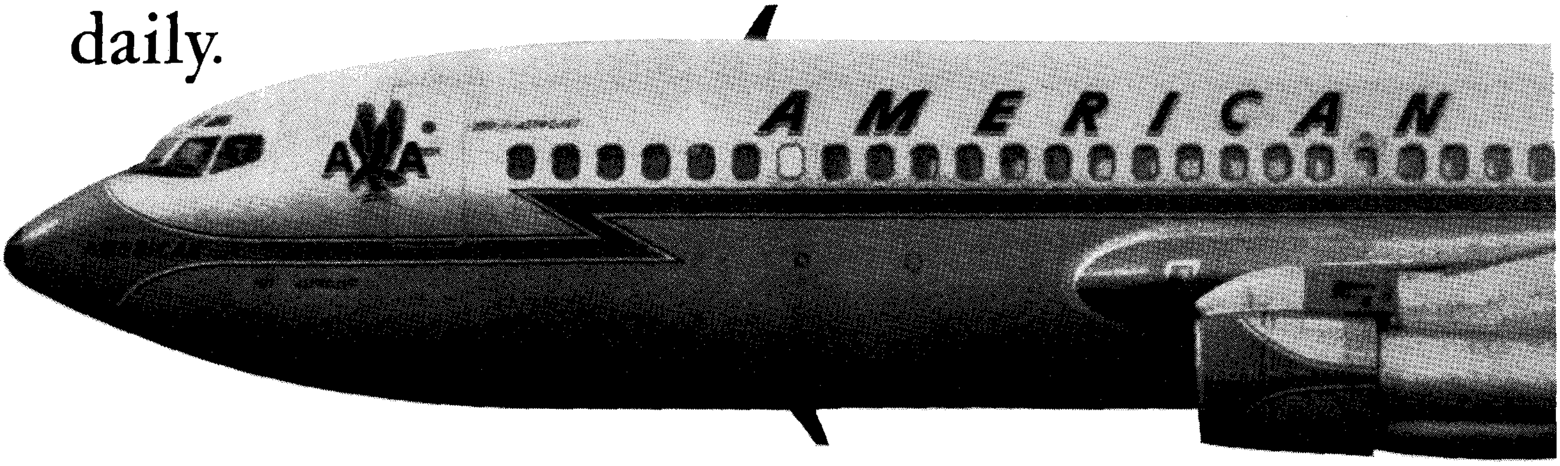

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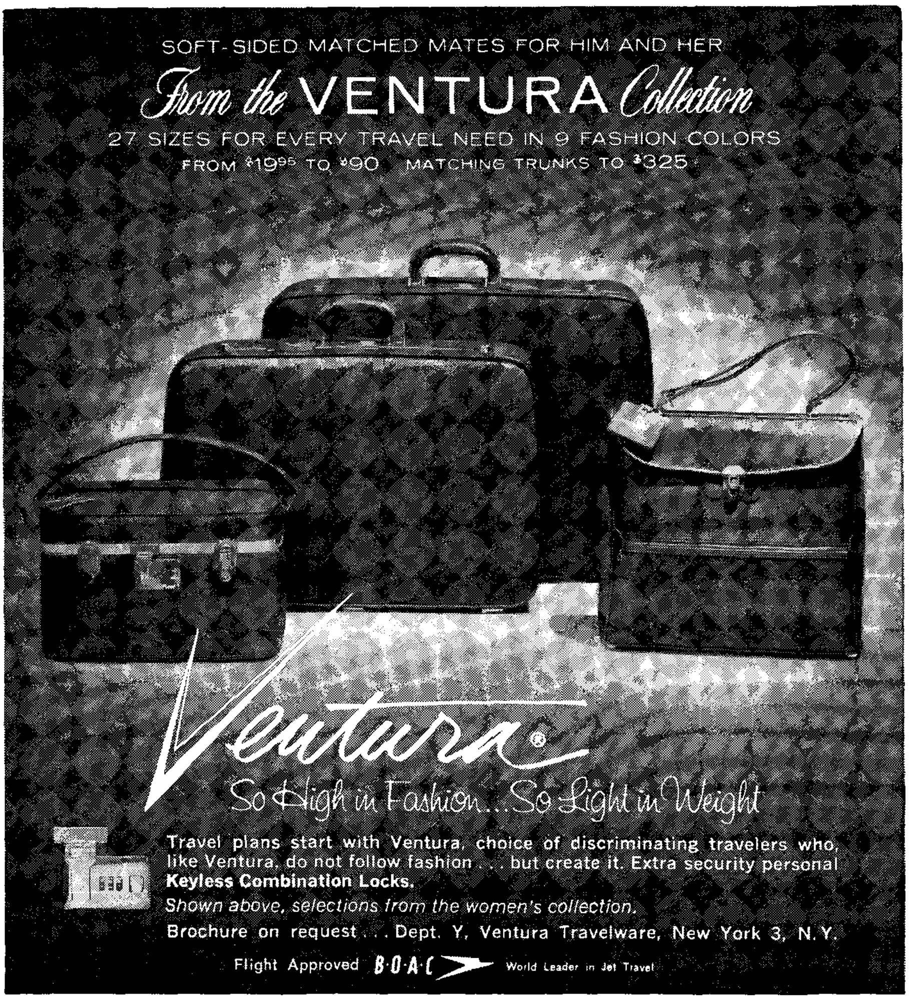
idea. The reversible toppers can be hip-length, with concealed snappers down the front, or three-quarter-length, with hoods. Phelps wins some sort of prize for the damnedest bibbed apron in the world—a purported cousin, but thrice removed, at least, of the aprons cobblers used to wear. I saw it in sailcloth with mustard and navy stripes, partly vertical, partly horizontal. There are three vast zippered pockets—one across the diaphragm, two below the hips—that could accommodate a brace of huge sandwiches each or a brace of one-pound brook trout. There's a further pocket, an open one, below the waist, for carrying claw hammers, trowels, butterfly nets, barbecue forks, paintbrushes, bottles of Tabasco, or a bottle of spirits. Whatever a girl's hobby, there are plenty of places on this to pack away all the equipment she could possibly need, though she'll look a bit knobby after she has packed herself.

DON'T ask how many departments there are on the third floor of Bloomingdale's, but I know that I counted up to five. Everything I saw at B.'s is on that level, and a high level it is, at that. In the quest for dresses, the establishment has unearthed a new designer—Dominique of California, who's full of suave grace. Proof of this is a sheath of a white stuff that looks like linen. The squares on it, not much more than half-inch ones, seem to be hand-drawn. Long sleeves and a rounded oblong neck are part of the picture; $35. Real linen, orange in hue, produces a dress with a V neck and a long, straight tunic cut. The binding is pale mauve. A wide band, well below the hips, of green chartreuse encircles this; $65. A skimp by Estevez is of pink rayon on which streaks of olive green slant from one shoulder almost to the hem on the other side; $69.95. Sloan has chipped in with a dress of white piqué that is princesse, the skirt with an A line. The big short sleeves are gathered around the armholes and embroidered with flowers—red, blue, green, and orange—to give it a gentle south-of-the-border touch; $49.95. For the beach, Cabana has committed a maillot of Helanca in bright yellow with a drastic décolletage in front, and the thin strap across the shoulder blades unbuttons for anyone who wants to be tanned to the waistline in back; $18. Both cabaña and hostess life are dealt with by Mr. Gee's long skirt of silk that bears a gigantic Paisley design. There's a tall slit up one side, and a matching scallop-edged overblouse that ends below the



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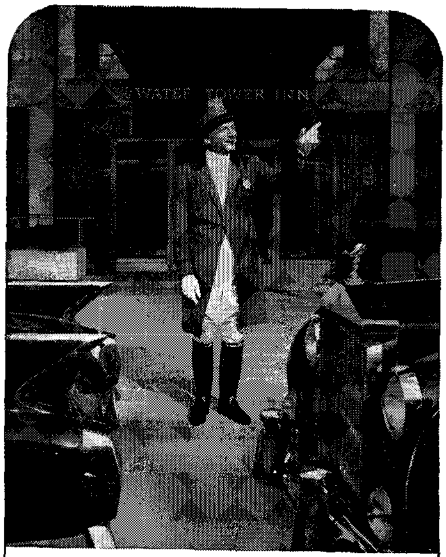

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hips goes with this. Skirt and blouse are $30 each.

IT isn't just for masterly reproductions of Paris originals (though these are what got the high-bracket uptown customers downtown in the first place) that women keep going to Ohrbach's. On the second floor is the Cruise Shop, which is ready with as sprightly a set of bargains for an extensive wardrobe as can be discovered anywhere—a wardrobe for a long cruise or simply for a long stay. To begin, there are Hawaiian bathing suits that have got away from the batiks and the sarong wraps. Some have solid-hued bottoms of Helanca and shirts and bras of rayon print—all in chrysanthemum patterns, say. Others start with maillot panties of orange Helanca that has a suède look, and go on to a top, attached in front, of rayon in a mad chintz print and two tails that may be lashed together to make a sash. Long shifts (these are only $5.99) are of blue, orange, or taupe cotton on which a spiky bamboo sort of scheme has been imprinted. These are slit at the sides. From our mainland come rapturous things in white terry, such as a short, clownlike tent that flares widely where it ends, at mid-thigh, and on which there are three big clown terry buttons below the V neck; $3.99. More white terry, now in a vast print of cherries and leaves, constructs a narrow wraparound shift that ties on one shoulder; $4.99. White wool turtleneck sweaters with narrow horizontal stripes in light blue, yellow, or green are up at $5. From Switzerland we get pullovers of cotton velours with moderate cowl necks and in many colors. (These are in the Sportswear Boutique, on the fourth floor.) I was completely won over by something from a non-yodelling country—a muu-muu with long sleeves and a gathered skirt that is attached to a deep yoke. It's of heavy white cotton with red and navy stripes across the yoke and the big pockets, which are placed low; the stripes are vertical on the skirt. Among the other merry separates is a shirt of black cotton with white pin dots and a round neck, plus little ruffles of white cotton lace at the wrists and some of the edges. More formal are the dresses of pink, blue, or oatmeal Irish linen; the bottom of the rolled-over collar on the long overblouse is scalloped, and so is the base of the overblouse.

On the second floor, in the suit department, there is a rash of blazer jackets, one of them in a white ribbed wool. There are two flapped pockets on one

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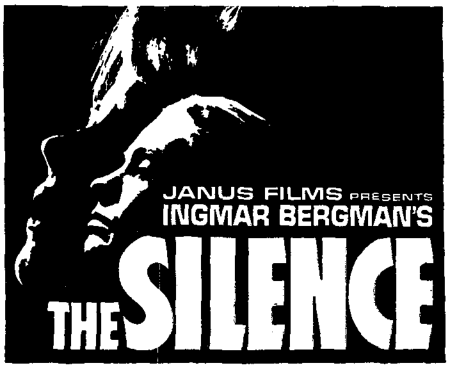

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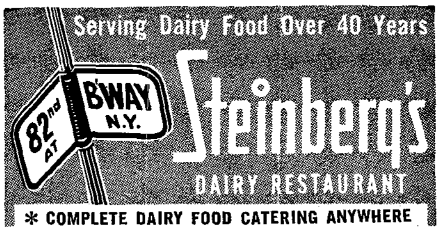

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side and one on the other, and a square of brass buttons sits well below the long lapels; $16.99. Mohair suits of a Chanel cut also abound (now we're on the fifth floor). One—pink or white—is collarless, and black frog fastenings go down the front; $65.

MACY's Little Shop has gone in for Italian cotton jersey, very smooth and very firm. Two things it does are a pair of short shorts and a hip-length top. It does knee-length beach shifts, too, with a button-down shirt panel. The top descends to a down-pointed V in front, and all this is in a bright color; the bottom ascends to two up-pointing Vs on the hips, and all this is in a contrasting color. The rest of the Italian jersey here is print—bright blue with black and white sprawls on it, for instance. The examples I've described are $39.95, which indicates that the Italians have an excellent idea of how to cash in on the present American passion for a foreign label.

In the third-floor South Shop are Catalina's Beach Sponge bathing wraps, the stuff of which is a synthetic, Antron, with a chenille air. They have deep V necks and elbow sleeves, and they end just above the knees. The colors are solid and vivid (yellow, purple, a warm pink, to name three), and the cost is $12. Rose Marie Reid, who used to be utterly feminine, is giving what's called the men's-wear look to a bathing suit with a little-boy bottom and suspenders of gray sharkskin; the attached top, with an oblong neckline in front and cut square to the waist in back, is of a darker sharkskin. And Jantzen, which used to be a no-nonsense Annette Kellerman kind of firm, has borrowed—like some other firms—Grandma's lingerie for the beach; i.e., white cotton eyelet embroidery for a charming below-the-hips shirt with an oval neck and tiny ruffles at the wrists. (This would be nice indoors, too.) Jantzen also puts the stuff over cotton in blue or a hot pink to make a little-boy one-piece bathing suit with a camisole top.

AND now would everyone mind going South somewhere, and quietly? I have a lot of overdue hibernating to do. —LOIS LONG

•

After 64 years, the New York University School of Commerce is getting a new name. In September it will become the New York University School of Commerce.—*New York University Alumni News.*

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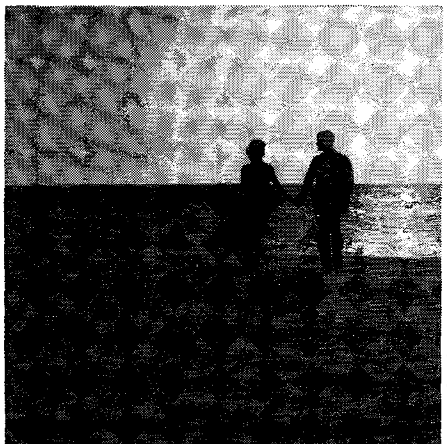

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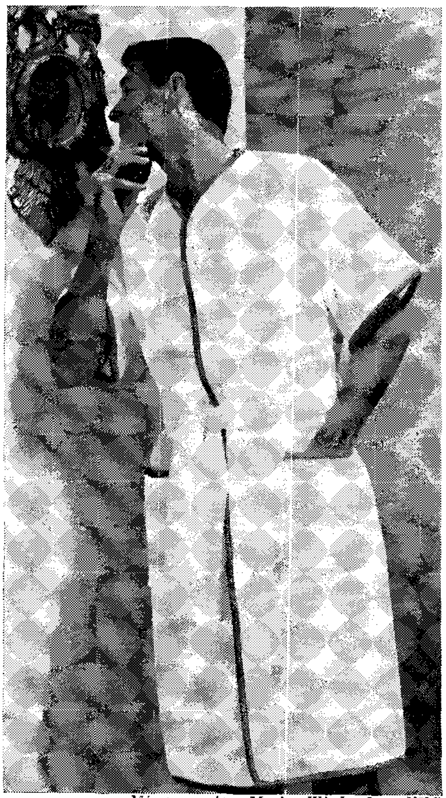
THE RACE TRACK

Fast on the Grass

IT turns out that this department was a bit hasty in forecasting that Mongo would run for the Bougainvillea Turf Handicap at Hialeah last weekend, and win it. His stable had other plans for him. Oh, well—the Bougainvillea was as thrilling a race as you'd care to see on TV, and as fast a one. Thanks to the hot early pace set by Charabanc, and to the dash through the stretch by Parka, who won by a neck from Sunrise Flight, the mile and three-sixteenths was run in 1:53⅘, which is only two-fifths of a second slower than the American record, set at Arlington Park in 1959 by Round Table. As it happens, Parka, a six-year-old gelding sired by Arctic Prince, was bred by Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, who owns Mongo. Like Mongo, Parka is at his best on grass courses, and he has done very well for the Pelican Stable, which took him out of a claiming race for $10,000 three years ago. He's earned ten times that much since. Mongo did run last Saturday, all right, but it was in a betless exhi*bition gallop, along with three other* horses, at seven furlongs on the main track. He was clocked in 1:22⅘, which was the second-fastest seven furlongs of the meeting—and gave him a smart workout for this weekend's Seminole Handicap. As you know, Kelso's ankle trouble is keeping him out of the Widener Handicap on Washington's Birthday, so Mongo is also going after that one.

Certainly the most talked-about occurrence at Hialeah last week was the defeat of Roman Brother, who was generally expected to be one of the season's leading three-year-olds. Though it was his first start since last November, he was regarded as such a sure thing that he was backed down to 1–5, but the best he could do was finish third to Delirium and High Finance. (Can you imagine two better names to figure in such an upset?) He paid $2.20 to show, and if he'd been out of the money the exodus of horseplayers would have been greater than if Biscayne Bay had frozen over. It was the opinion of most observers that Roman Brother—who began slowly, made up a lot of ground, and then tired—was not fully tuned up, and that he'll do better next time out. Now everyone is waiting for Chieftain,



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who arrived the other day, to run. Some people think he may be the favorite for the Flamingo.

Colonel Martingale opines that the recent Florida breeders' sale of two-year-olds, at which a hundred and forty-five colts and fillies brought $1,538,500, is going to make California and Kentucky look to their laurels. The animals are all of racing age, and buyers can get quick action on their investments, but $70,000 for a filly by Rough'n Tumble—her name is Treasure Chest—is one for the book.

So many horses have been entered to run for the high dollar at Santa Anita this winter that on four occasions the management has had to split a stake race (three were fifty-thousand-dollar events) and run it in two sections. The most recent was Saturday's Santa Margarita, for fillies and mares. The first division was won by Curious Clover, who had brought off a 38–1 chance in the Santa Maria a fortnight before. This time, she paid only $21.20. The second went to Batteur, the favorite. She belongs to William Haggin Perry, who deserves a break; he owned poor Lamb Chop, you know. Another stablemate of Lamb Chop, Face the Facts, is also putting up a good show out there. Early in the meeting, she breezed home in La Centinela Stakes, and the other afternoon she took the Santa Ynez, at six and a half furlongs, by ten lengths in fast time. It remains to be seen how well she'll fancy the mile and a sixteenth of the Santa Susana a fortnight hence. That extra distance has been the undoing of many a fast front-runner.

Sorry to keep dragging Space Skates' name into these notes, but, just for the record, he won the Burch Handicap at Bowie last Saturday, beating Bonny Johnny, Lansing Lane, and nine others for the fifteen-thousand-dollar purse. Money makes the mare go—and makes the colts go, too.

—Audax Minor

◆

Brussels, Belgium (Reuters)—The Senate Foreign Affairs Committee unanimously agreed today that Belgium should recognize Communist China—but not necessarily now.

Senate Pres. Paul Struye announced the decision.

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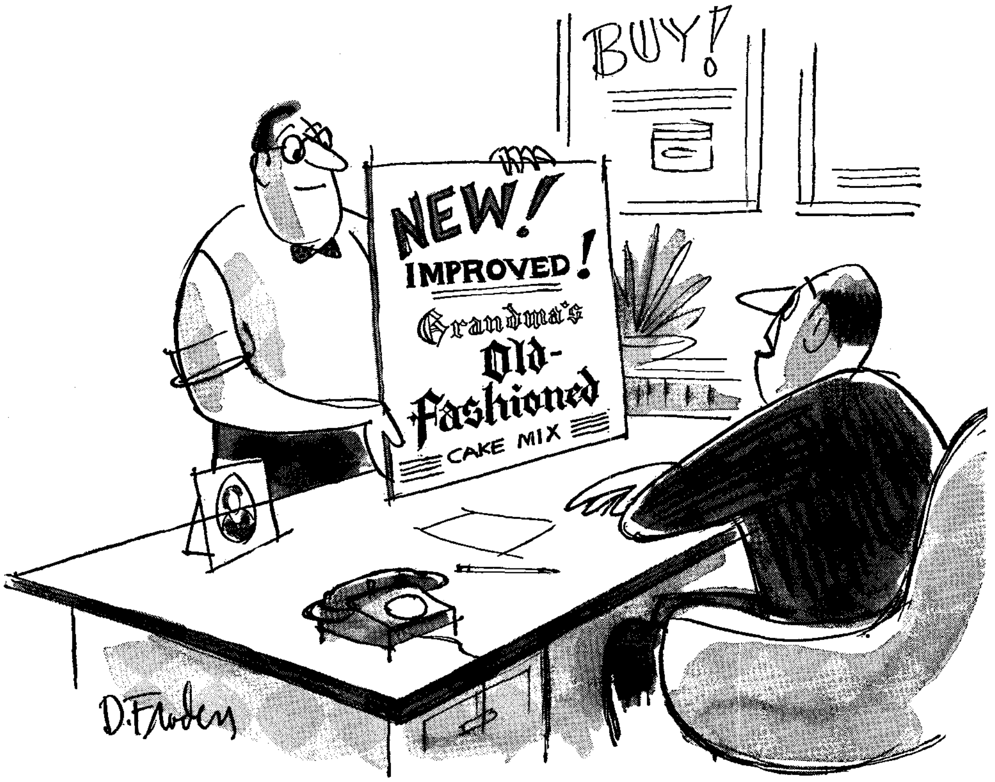
BOOKS

The Camus Notebooks

IN 1942, a twenty-eight-year-old writer born in Algeria came to France to stay. Between 1936, when he was twenty-two, and the date of the decisive voyage, Albert Camus had left Africa several times, but he had always returned. (From the summer of 1940 until November, 1942, the ships of non-belligerent Vichy France plied unhindered between Algiers and Marseille.) The Allied landings in North Africa in the fall of 1942 made Camus's decision irrevocable. He was cut off from home. From then until his death by automobile, early in 1960, he was part of the political and literary history of France. The first Camus pieces I ever read must have been in *Combat*, a Resistance newspaper printed in illegality in France and brought to me in 1943 and 1944 at my London hotel by a Free French friend. They were unsigned, of course, but since Camus was the leader writer of the paper, they must have been his. Concurrently he was publishing openly in France "The Stranger" and "The Myth of Sisyphus," and writing for the Paris stage; the Liberation found him internationally famous before he had been translated. He had the double advantage, upon his introduction to the world public, of being both new to his readers and a seasoned artist. The newness gave him the false aura (and one he did not need) of a prodigy, an effect all the stronger because he looked much younger than he was—like a grave, precocious boy. When he first visited New York, shortly after the war, he was thirty-two, but I wrote that he reminded me of a character in the comic-strip "Harold Teen," an impression aided by his absurd suit, the product of a French tailor whose patterns evidently dated not only from before the war but from before the great crash of 1929. (His New York publisher, who was bringing out "The Stranger," hadn't offered him an advance on future work and he had already spent his advance on "The Stranger," so he was in no position to improve his wardrobe.)

This exaggerated impression of youth increased the public shock when he was killed, at forty-six, a remarkably young age for a President but not for a writer. Few readers, for example, think of D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930) or Gogol or Maupassant (they were forty-three) or F. Scott Fitzgerald (forty-four) or Thoreau (forty-five) as having been cut off in his springtime. And in Paris, where writers' reputations age particularly fast, Camus had already become so dated to the advance guard that he was being rediscovered by its forward elements, a phenomenon discussed in the Paris weekly *L'Express* by a critic named Georges Suffert not very many weeks ago. "For a certain portion of the intelligentsia, Camus is dead," M. Suffert wrote. "He had commenced to disappear in the early nineteen-fifties, when he expressed some reservations about the significance of Stalinism." This was the period of his public quarrel with Sartre and Mlle. de Beauvoir. "He was buried for good and all when in the midst of the war in Algeria he refused to take sides." This was the occasion of his break with *L'Express;* his old friends of the Left could not understand that for him, an Algerian, the choice was harder than for them, of Paris, who had in most cases never seen the place and wouldn't have liked it if they had. Similarly, for many Northerners it would be no great personal sacrifice to turn the Gulf States over to Bolivia, even though Faulkner felt differently. "But he is read; he has never been so much read," M. Suffert continues. "This is something of a consolation for the intellectuals: in truth, for an intellectual, an intellectual who is read is not altogether an intellectual." M. Suffert might have added that to win the Nobel Prize is an even greater disaster for an in writer than to have a best-seller. Camus had received the Nobel in 1957, and it had settled his hash with the prophets.

But even while Camus's price in the literary futures wavered, his literary executors labored over the literary remains, the unpublished manuscripts. They began, wisely, with the private notebooks that he kept from 1935 until 1942, the date of his emigration. (There are others, they say, running from 1942 until just before his death.) Published in Paris last year as "Carnets," the first batch has now appeared in the United States under the title of "Notebooks," translated by Philip Thody and published by Knopf. It takes us back to Camus's beginnings as a writer, in that strange country that was so emphatically not a province of France, as some official ass during the late war proclaimed it to be. "Notebooks" proves Camus's case all over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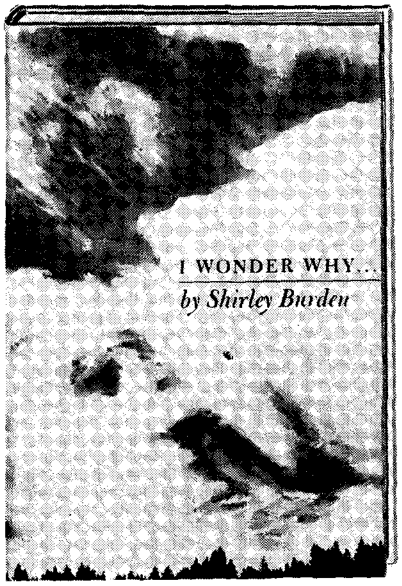

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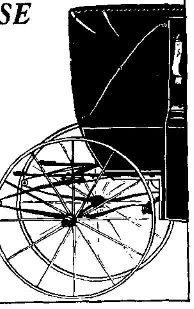

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again: He was not only a great writer but a great man, almost before he ceased being a boy. He was the foremost North African writer in a Western language since St. Augustine, his fellow-townsman. They were both born near the present Bône, which was the Saint's Hippo. Camus was the product and the portraitist—and, as it was to turn out, the legacy—of one of those episodes, like the kingdoms of Jerusalem and Acre and the Greek cities of Sicily and Magna Graecia, that almost succeeded in becoming nations. They have been particularly numerous in the Mediterranean, which saw the Mohammedan kingdoms of Spain, the Latin kingdom of Cyprus, the Crusaders-turned-squatters of the Morea, the Saracens of Sicily, the Hellenistic Greeks of Alexandria, the Vandals in North Africa. Listing them becomes a game, like naming vanished makes of automobiles.

In each of these microcosms, the transplanted culture took on new characteristics. The vine in new soil and climate gives a different wine. The Frank born in Syria or Cyprus, no matter how pure his blood, was unlike his French ancestors; the Spanish Moslem so differed from other speakers of Arabic that families like Ibn Khaldun's continued to call themselves "Spaniards" for centuries after their expulsion from Seville. It is unlikely that while these states flourished, people born there thought of themselves as members of an ephemeral society, speaking a dialect soon to be reabsorbed into the parent stream of speech when the natives drove them home. Almost surely they thought the future lay with them, the new, and thought of the land of their origin as "the old country."

The European-ruled Algeria of Camus was just such a world—"our ridiculous little Europe," he called it once, inconsistently characterizing Oran as "our Chicago." (Without having seen Chicago, he had absorbed it from books.) And in 1930, when Camus was sixteen and an agile goalie for his football club, the French and his fellow-Algerians of European descent were jointly celebrating the centennial of the conquest of Algiers. A centennial symbolizes stability; it reassures. The French Alger that had almost wholly replaced the Corsairs' Al-jezair on the seaward side of the great hill rising from the shore looked as viable and durable as Sydney or San Francisco. Of the buildings in the foreground, on the first tier above the docks, only the Great Mosque and the Mosque of the Fish Market dated from before the conquest. The others, sheltering the big banks and ship-

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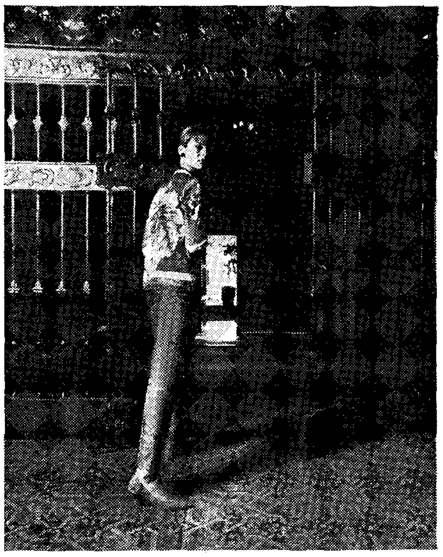

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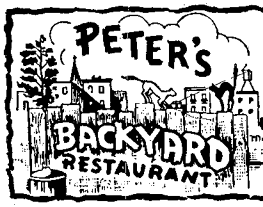

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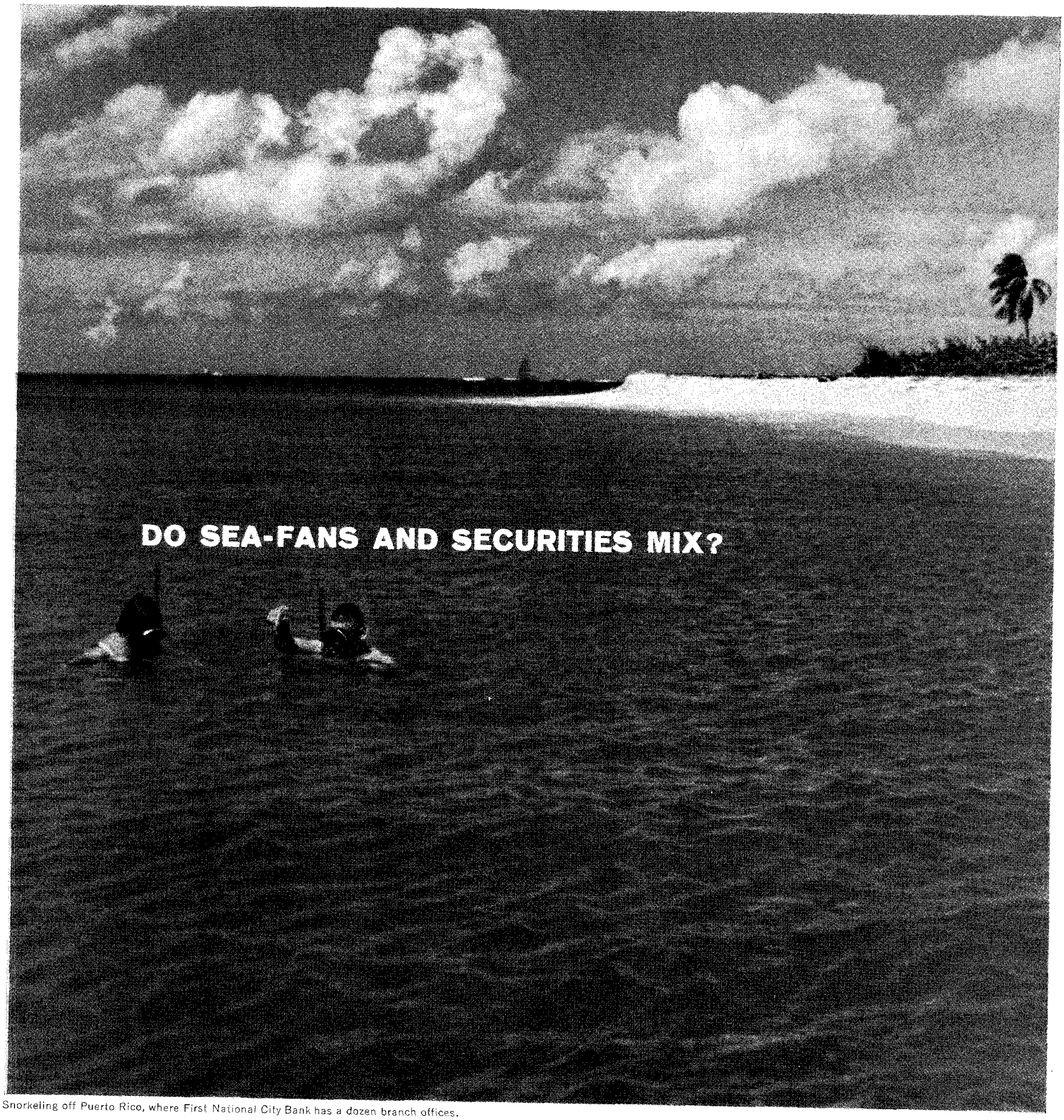

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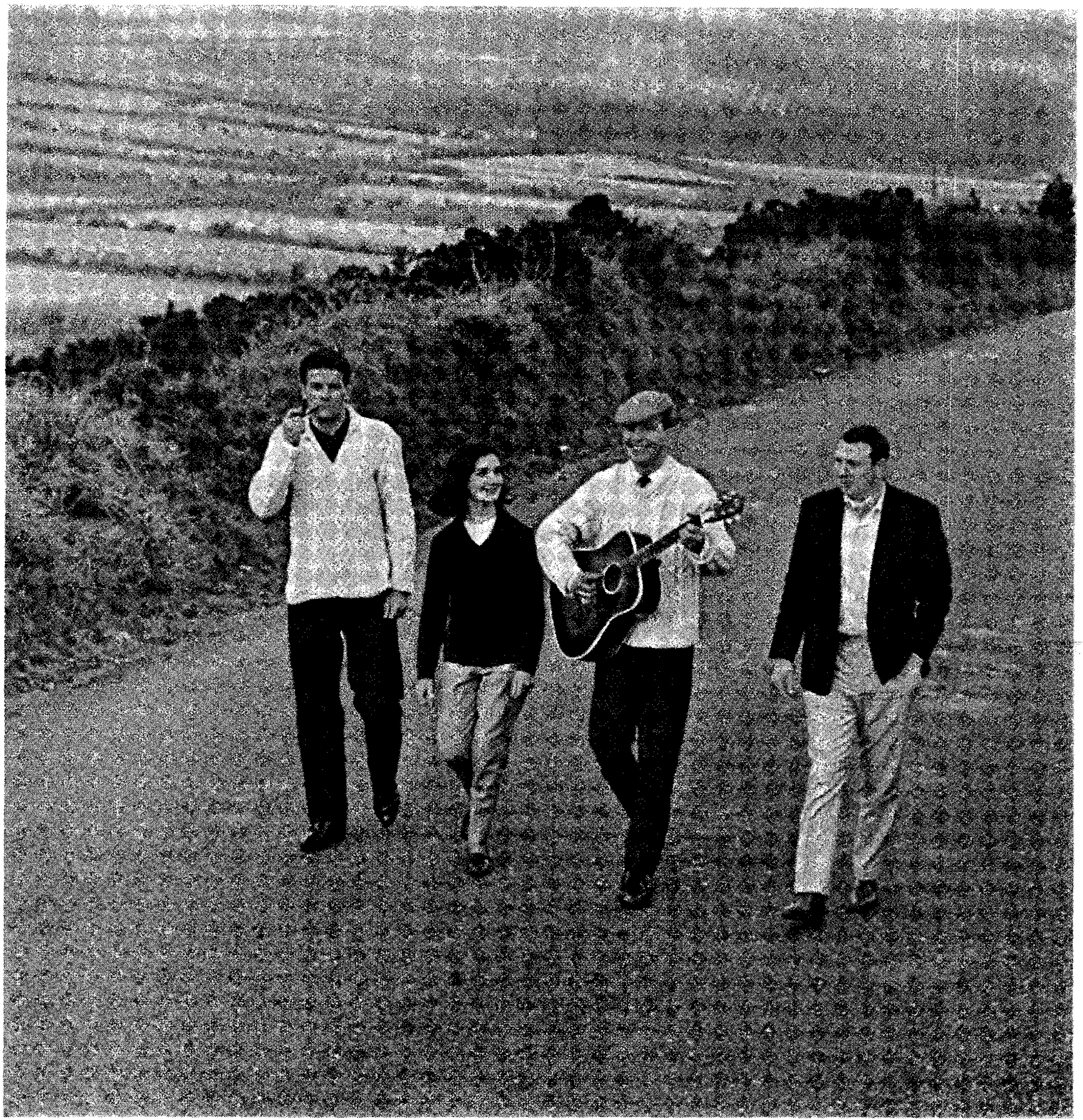

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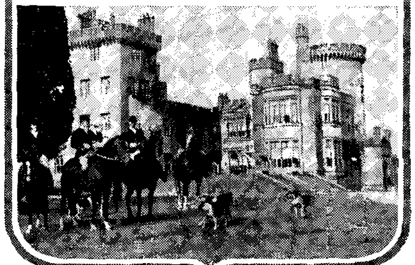

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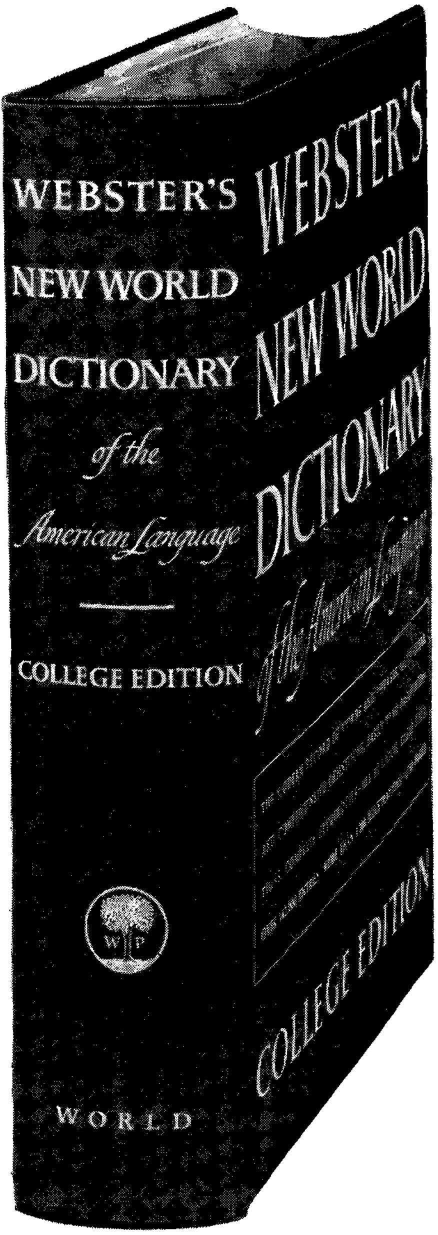
ping companies, were of the period of Napoleon the Little, and had colonnades like those of the Rue de Rivoli. On the next tier above were the then best shopping street, the Rue d'Isly, and, leading up from it, the Rue Michelet, with its university and its turn-of-the-century apartment houses. Above that, the buildings were newer and finer as the city swung south and west and climbed toward the golf links, but atop the oldest quarter of the city—the northeastern—the Casbah, with its cubical whitewashed houses, persisted, a combination slum and reminder. The Casbah housed the Moslems, who were the city's underproletariat. The French-French representatives of the great companies exploiting Algeria, and the Algerian-born millionaires, lived in the villas high on the hill and were the oligarchs, stronger than any government. The bourgeois, no matter where they were born, inhabited the nineteenth-century flats around the business center.

But Camus's people, the breed that had taken form during the century, principally inhabited the crowded quarters of Bab-el-Oued, in the north of the city, and Belcourt, in the south. They were the descendants of poor Europeans—Spaniards and Italians as well as French—who had come to the vast new country to improve their fortunes. They had found that the country was indeed vast but that most of the land was intractable, and that the best of the arable parts had been preëmpted by the *colons* who brought money with them. Like their kind in other new countries, they had fallen back upon the ports, where they could count on at least occasional work. Until about 1900, the non-French settlers outnumbered the French, and the change since then to a French majority was effected by naturalization rather than by any fresh French influx. Even the French were from ethnically various regions—Alsace (after 1871), the Midi (as was to be expected), and Corsica—whose widely separated inhabitants would have been unlikely to intermarry in large numbers if they had stayed home. Thrown together under strange skies and circumstances, all these groups, and minor dashes of others, like the Maltese, mingled and cross-mingled and remingled speech as well as blood until they formed a homogeneous variety of human being as different from the French of the Métropole as Australians are from Englishmen.

Linguistically, they were even farther removed from the official mother country, because their spoken language took over not only words but constructions



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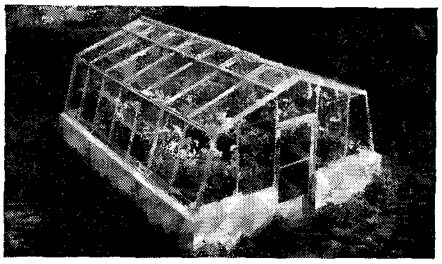

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from Italian and Spanish and, most of all, the colloquial Arabic of North Africa. During the centennial, E.-F. Gautier, a famous student of Islam and North Africa, wrote, "The patois of Bab-el-Oued is being born under our eyes. . . . A study . . . might throw light, by analogy, on the manner in which French, for example, grew away from Latin." The study has since been made, under the title of "Le Français d'Afrique du Nord," by A. Lanly, who published it in 1962, just as the subject of his researches was about to become a dead language. Camus savored and cherished this language; "Carnets" is full of examples affectionately jotted down, so the book has almost a bilingual flavor—lost, naturally, when it is turned into English. Camus had from the first—in addition to a remarkably pure, poetic French style, learned at school and from reading—a command of this street language of Algiers, learned in the street. That gave him an arresting change of pace. The men he encountered were mostly dockers and artisans; a few were clerks. The women were often part-time domestics. Camus's mother, a war widow of 1914, was one of these cleaning women. There were two economic strata among these people—poor and bone-poor—with high mobility between the two levels. When the father of a family lost his job, they dropped to the second category.

Since the swimming season is long, and since Belcourt and Bab-el-Oued are both near the water, flirtation, seduction, and courtship were alike amphibious, though an idyll that began on a buoy in the wake of an incoming ship might reach its peak in a formal declaration by peppermint drop. Camus, when he was twenty-three or so, said, in a long essay called "Summer in Algiers," which he published there: "In the neighborhood movies, in Algiers, they sell mint drops inscribed in red with phrases useful in love: 1) Questions—'When will you marry me?' 'Do you love me?' 2) Answers—'Madly.' 'In the Spring.' [A proletarian version of the conversation fans of the eighteenth century.] After having prepared the terrain, a man passes them to the girl beside him, who either replies in kind or pretends not to understand. At Belcourt, marriages have been launched and whole lives bound together by an exchange of peppermint drops. And that gives a good idea of the child-people of this country." He was nevertheless invincibly attached to this people: "What there is to love at Algiers is what everybody lives by: the sea to be seen from every street corner, the weight of the sun, the beauty of the

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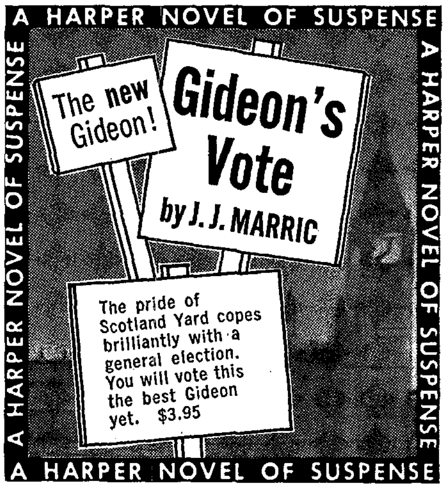

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breed." It was an evanescent beauty, though. A girl had one supreme season on the beach, the first when men were aware of her, he wrote. After that, the bloom was off, and there were new girls. The men matured early physically, had their joys early, and were sad after thirty; they spent their latter years supporting their families and listening to the brags of the new generations of long-distance swimmers with lacquered hair.

The French system of public instruction has always favored the exceptional child whose qualities are manifested early. In Camus, this precocity was given purpose by his passionate need to please and then protect his mother. (This was a particular imperative in the folk ethic of Belcourt; the first commandment of the Algerian tough, again according to "Summer in Algiers," was "never to let his mother down.") Camus's teachers detected him early, and a series of scholarships took him up through secondary school and the University of Algiers. In 1935, then, when he began to write in the first of the present series of notebooks, he was already an intellectual, a term to which he gave his own definition: "An intellectual is someone whose mind watches itself. I like this, because I am happy to be both halves, the watcher and the watched. 'Can they be brought together?' This is a practical question. We must get down to it. 'I despise intelligence' really means: 'I cannot bear my doubts.' I prefer to keep my eyes open."

But he was an intellectual in a society of simple, sensual people, and as hedonistic as they. There was much that was Greek in this mixture, as he knew. "An Athenian proverb put the man who could neither read nor swim in the very lowest class of citizens," he says in the "Notebooks," and "I must write as I must swim, because my body demands it." The second is a speech that he puts in the mouth of the hero of a projected novel, but it employs a simile valid only in a country like Camus's own, where the swimming season is long. I cannot imagine a European of chilblained Europe writing "as I must swim" as if it were "as I must breathe."

At another point in the "Notebooks," Camus writes, "Villages grouped around natural sites, each living its own life. Men dressed in long white garments, making simple, precise gestures that stand out against the permanently blue sky. Narrow paths bordered with Barbary fig trees, olive, carob and jujube trees. On these paths, you meet men with brown faces and clear eyes, leading donkeys laden with olives. And these

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men and trees, gestures and mountains, seen side by side, give birth to a feeling of acceptance mingled with joy and sadness. Greece? No, Kabylia. And it is as if suddenly, across the centuries, the whole of Greece had been set down between the sea and mountains, reborn in its ancient splendor, with its laziness and respect for Fate hardly emphasized by the nearness of the East."

Here the men with the Grecian-vase gestures are not of Camus's "breed" but of the one that held the country first—Berbers. All his life, he felt near to the Moslems. As a journalist for *Alger-Républicain*, a newspaper of the Left, he reported and protested the injustices done to them. But here his halved-brain theory operated. With one half of his mind he believed that the Moslems and the Europeans could share the country amicably if the Moslems got their rights. With the other half he knew that his hope was only academic, since the Europeans would never make such a concession. But he refused to accept the implicit conclusion that the two parties would eventually fight it out. The Moslems, like the weighty sun and the blue sea, were necessary to him.

By the time he made the first entry in the first notebook, he was sure of his vocation to write, and the entry shows that he could, magnificently. It also shows that, at the age of twenty-two years and six or seven months, he already had a lifetime to write about. (Stendhal's "Diary" for 1806, when he was of approximately the same age, is calflike by comparison; he was not sure whether he wanted to make a fortune through his uncle's political influence, go back into the Army, or write a successful play, so that he could keep a carriage and actresses.) "One can, with no romanticism," Camus writes, "feel nostalgic for lost poverty." He and his older brother had outside jobs by now, and could support their mother. "A certain number of years lived without money are enough to create a whole sensibility. In this particular case, the strange feeling which the son has for his mother constitutes his whole sensibility. . . . I think that the world of the poor is one of the few, if not the only one, which is wholly turned in upon itself, so that it forms an island in society. It is quite cheap to go there and play at being Robinson Crusoe. But someone who has dived down right into it has to say 'over there' [indicating a real distance] when talking about the [bourgeois] doctor's house next door. . . . All this must be expressed through a study of the mother and the son."

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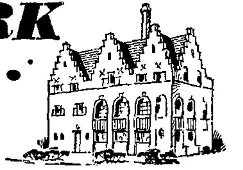

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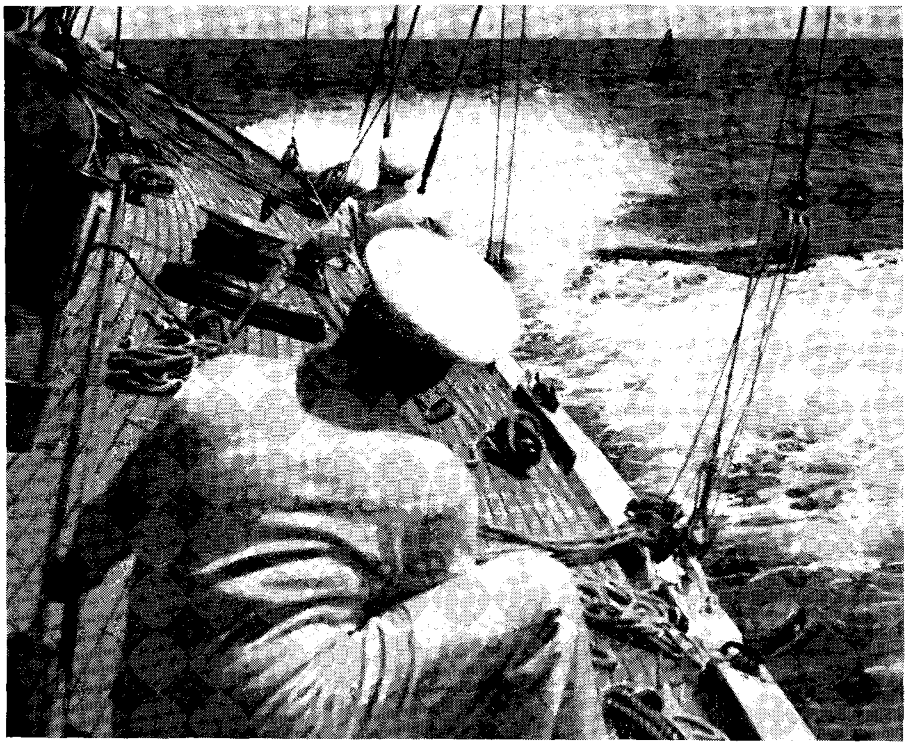
writes, according to Mr. Thody, "You cannot create experience. You must undergo it." I prefer a version closer to Camus's—"You don't provoke it. You suffer it"—but the sense is clear either way, and since it is Mr. Thody's translation that I am reviewing, I do not propose after this to substitute one of my own for it as I go along, as drama critics sometimes write for their readers the play they think the author should have written. (The style of a writer like Camus, who is sensitive to euphony, cannot in any case be set over whole into another language, and Thody is all right on substance.)

"Notebooks" is a diary not of events but of emotions, usually provoked by things seen or experienced, and of thoughts, often straight out of books read; the entries of the second class are often merely quotations. "Notebooks" is also a magpie's nest of conversations overheard and vignettes or anecdotes that Camus thought might be used in future stories, but he was a highly selective magpie. These anecdotes, often brutal, always realistic, afford a counterpoint so opportune to his more introspective entries that the reader might sometimes suspect a plan, as if the boy writing in his notebooks had known that they would be read. There are two of these in the first six pages: one about a dying woman's resentment of her friend's imminent recovery (they had expected to die together) and the other a Stephen Crane-like bit of horror in twenty-two lines, beginning, "They had already had too much to drink and wanted a meal," the rest of which I shall leave to you to discover. Many analogies between Camus and Crane present themselves besides the two young men's precocity and their tuberculosis—their romantic realism, their taste for understated violence, and their championship of the poor, although Crane on the Bowery was a bit of what Camus called a Robinson Crusoe.

Immediately after that story of the two drunks—Camus's small counterpart of "The Blue Hotel"—comes to an end, there is an entry under the date of January, 1936, that reflects an experience suffered after his football days: his first two long bouts of tuberculosis, with their attendant fear of death, which had intensified his love of life almost beyond endurance. He lies alone in his bed by daylight. "There are also five rays of sunlight patiently pouring into the room the white scent of dried grass. . . . If a cloud covers up the sun and then lets it through again, the bright yellow of the vase of mimosa leaps out of the shade. . . . A January after-



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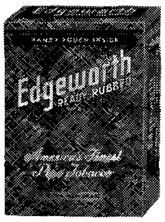

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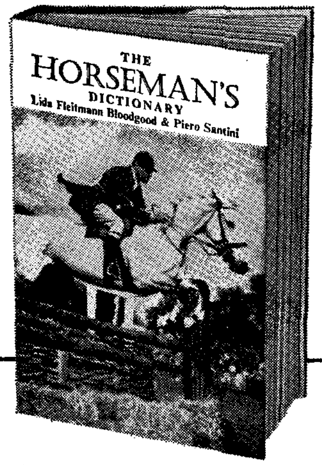

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noon. But the heart of the air is full of cold [as the Algerian winter often is]. Everywhere a thin film of sunlight that you could split with a touch of your fingernail, but which clothes everything in an eternal smile." And, in the last paragraph: "Eternity is here while I was waiting for it. . . . I do not know what I could wish for rather than this continuous presence of self with self. What I *want now is not happiness but awareness.* One thinks that one has cut oneself off from the world, but it is enough to see an olive tree upright in the golden dust, or beaches glistening in the morning sun, to feel this separation melt away." This is a foretaste not only of "The Stranger" but of "The Plague," with its theme of the individualist's return to the common fellowship.

In these few pages we know the man and the themes that have made him and that he already commands: poverty, the Mother, irony (as in the tale of the dying woman), hatred of death and a tenacious love of life, an interest (born of his environment) in violence, and the sun, the Algerian sun, on almost every page: "Yesterday. The sun on the quays, the Arab acrobats, and the port leaping with light."

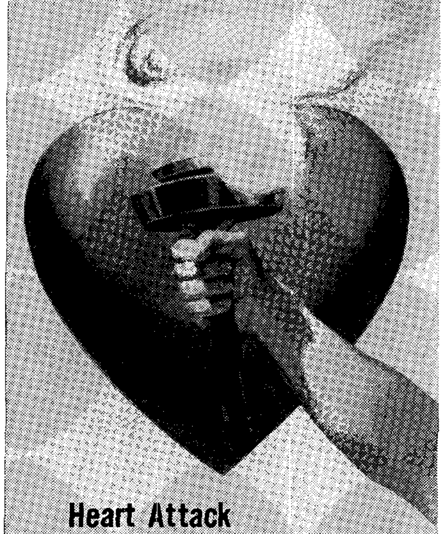
He leaves timidly for a voyage: "What gives value to travel is fear. . . . In a foreign country, the sun bathing the houses on a hill in golden light. A more intense emotion than that produced by the same sight in one's own country. It is not the same sun. I know perfectly well that it is not the same sun."

It is a book to which one can return, at almost any page, with assurance of pleasure, seeing in it (with the assistance, partly, of Thody's footnotes) the threads that Camus before 1942 would weave into "The Stranger" and "The Myth of Sisyphus," and the first bit set aside for "The Plague." But it is intensely enjoyable for its own sake—a long conversation with a companion who does not pall. —A. J. Liebling

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Winter's Tale, by Nathaniel Benchley (McGraw-Hill). The scene of this smiling diversion is a summer resort (not much different from Nantucket) in winter, and the story has to do with a struggling young New York theatre director who is hired to organize an amateur production there of "You Can't Take It with You." As might be expected, he has his troubles—with the cast, with the community, and with



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fate—before opening night and the inevitable local triumph, but Mr. Benchley is inventive enough to contrive a set of troubles so outrageous and a triumph so sly that we can have no serious complaints.

TWO BY TWO, by David Garnett (Atheneum). The story of Noah and the Flood, attractively revised to include a pair of stowaway nymphet twins. Through the eyes of these enchanting girls (whose mother was one of Methuselah's mistresses), Mr. Garnett shows us the ugly, scheming antediluvian world, the months of suspended animation aboard the Ark, and the glorious promise of the new green earth. The result is obviously open to allegorical interpretation, but it might best be taken as simply another of Mr. Garnett's charming celebrations of the sweetness of life for those sufficiently alive to taste it.

GENERAL

THE MINISTER AND THE CHOIR SINGER: THE HALL-MILLS MURDER CASE, by William M. Kunstler (Morrow). An excellent account—the author is a lawyer who can write—of one of America's classic crimes. The bodies of the Reverend Edward Hall and his mistress, Eleanor Mills, were discovered on September 16, 1922, in a field near New Brunswick, and the detection of their murderer was undertaken by every Dogberry in New Jersey, with worse results than Shakespeare's comic constable achieved. Four years later, the dead man's widow and her two brothers were tried and acquitted—rightly, the author thinks. Mr. Kunstler has the facts in hand and a good sense of the affair's durable human-interest and period-piece attractions, and his suggested solution isn't at all bad.

A TIME TO RECALL: THE DELIGHTS OF A MAINE CHILDHOOD, by Helen V. Taylor, with illustrations by Erik Blegvad (Norton). Girlhood recollections of Waterboro Center—with a few side glances at Saco—before the First World War. Mrs. Taylor writes with easy art of a number of interesting persons, including herself as a little girl. Nothing, it seems, could be more fun than what she did—haying, berrying, boating, sleighing, fishing, swimming, and miscellaneous child-type scrambling around a lovely countryside—except, perhaps, reading about it.

ANTHOLOGY OF ISLAMIC LITERATURE, edited by James Kritzeck

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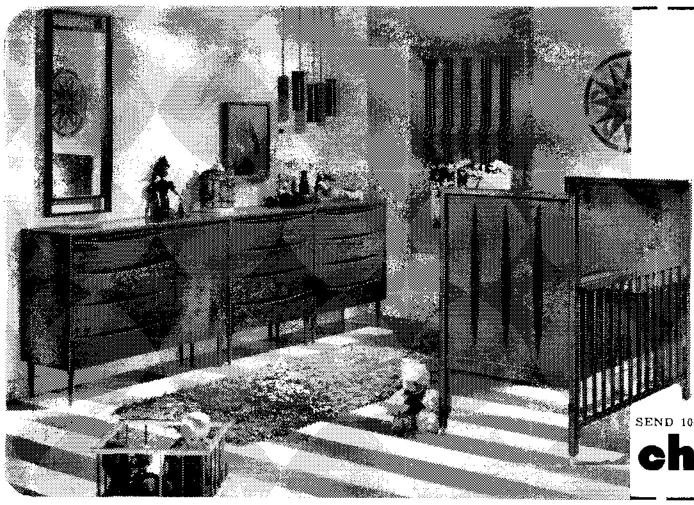
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DELACROIX, by Lee Johnson (Norton). Eugène Delacroix, the early-nineteenth-century Romantic whose work ran directly counter to that of the official "classicist" school of David, Ingres, and others, was one of the key figures in the later development of French painting. Alone, and way ahead of his time, he rediscovered Constable—now recognized as a major inspiration of the Impressionists—and he also developed in his own painting techniques a good many of the coloristic devices that the Impressionists, again, made use of later on. The present book, though it is rather skimpy, is neatly arranged and competently written. Delacroix's own journal offers by far the best insight, but this gives a good running survey of the artist's career. Seventy-one illustrations, twenty-four in full color.

•

THE WEATHER . . . Today . . .
Partly cloudy and a little colder Saturday and Saturday and Saturday night with a chance of some light snow flurries.—*Hot Springs (Ark.) New Era.*

And everybody creeping around in his petty pace.

•

The Lancaster City Health Department announced today that due to the increased demand for birth and death certificates they must be ordered at least one week in advance. Telephone orders are not accepted, Dr. L. L. Kersell, health commissioner, said.—*Lancaster (Ohio) Eagle-Gazette.*

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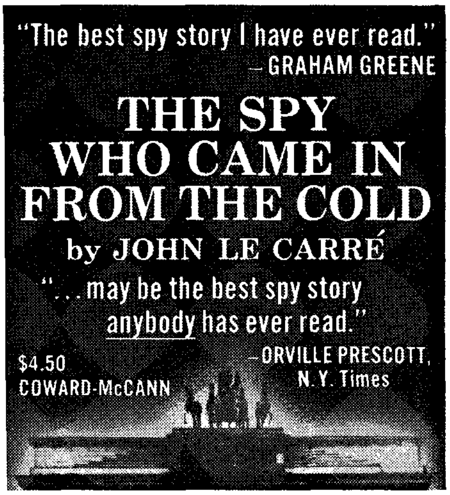

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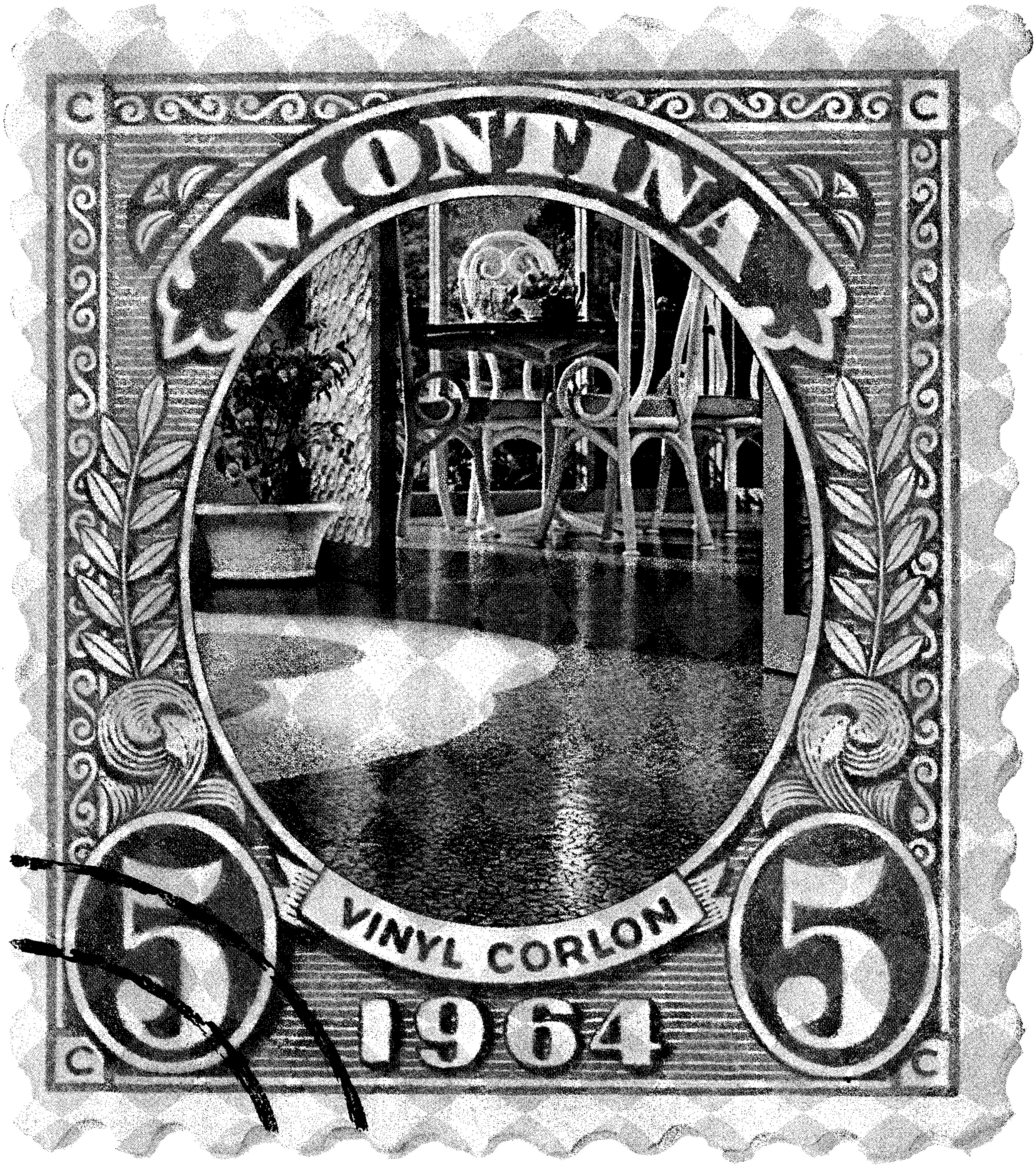

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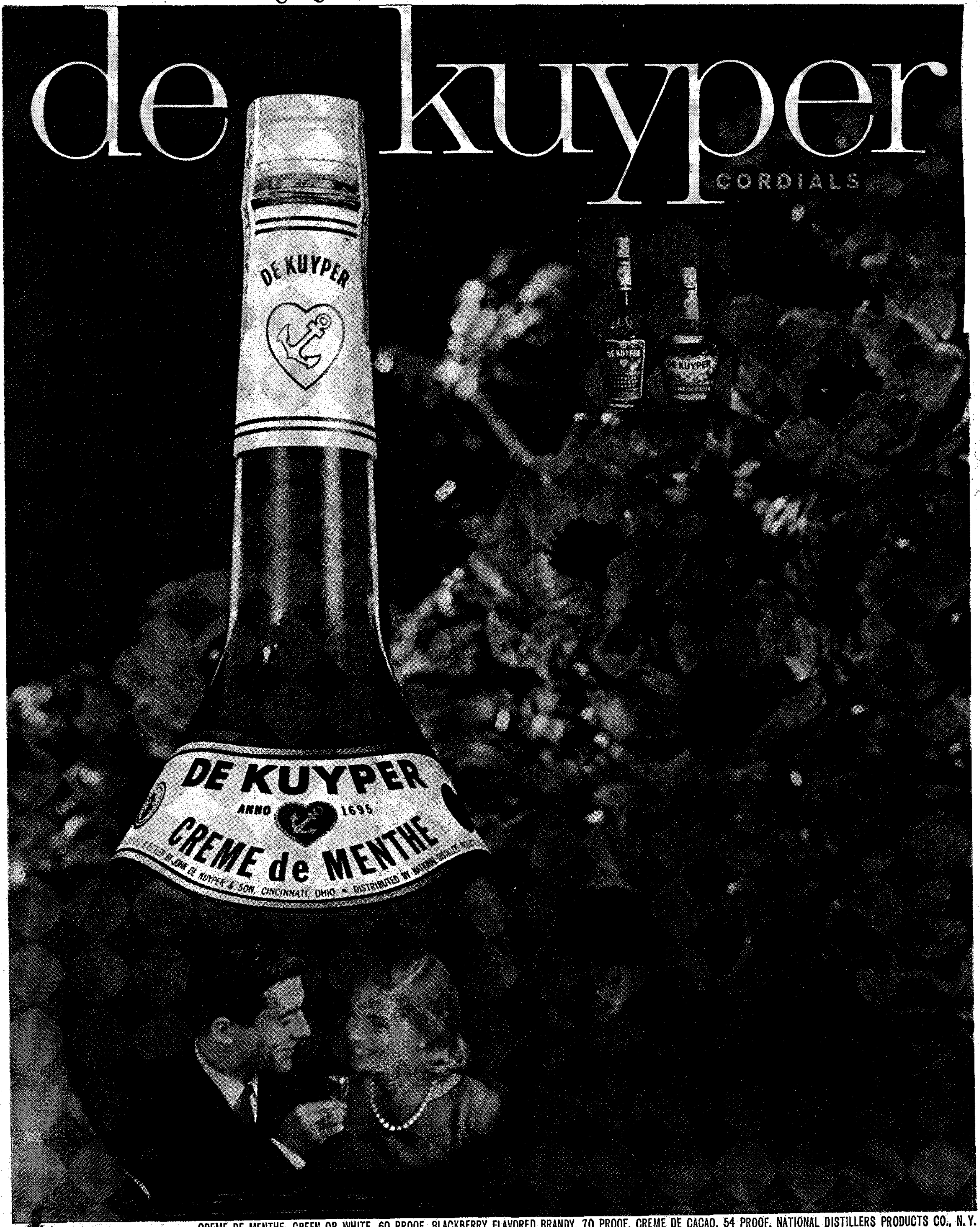
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